

WESTERN THE HOME MONTHLY

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OCTOBER, 1912

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. XIII.

Published Monthly

No. 10.

By the Home Publishing Co., McDermot and Arthur Sts., Winnipeg, Canada.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the Western Home Monthly is \$1 per annum to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription price to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

REMITTANCES of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more it would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order.

POSTAGE STAMPS will be received the same as cash or the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills. We prefer those of the one cent or two cent denomination.

WE ALWAYS STOP THE PAPER at the expiration of the time paid for unless a renewal of subscription is received. Those whose subscriptions have expired must not expect to continue to receive the paper unless they send the money to pay for it another year.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Subscribers wishing their addresses changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

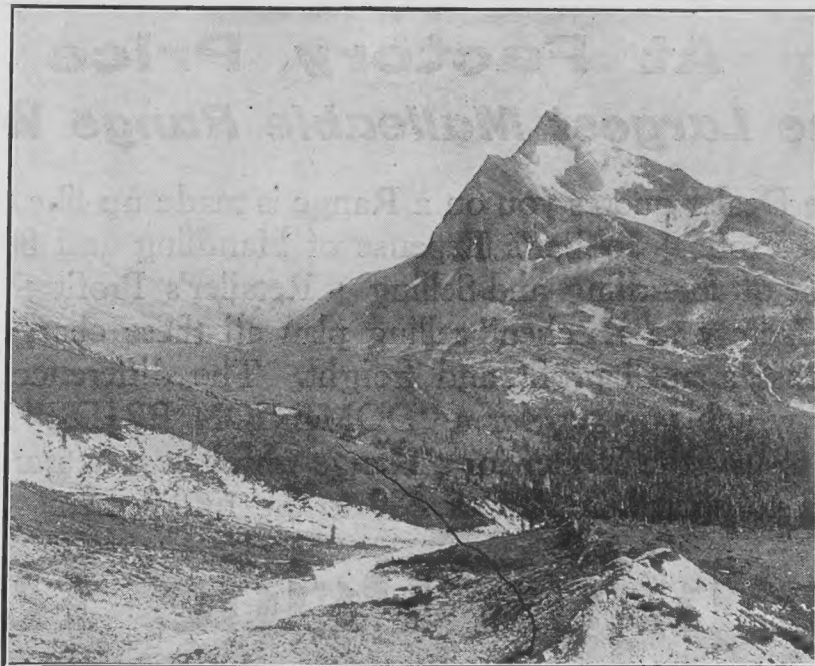
WHEN YOU RENEW be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

A Chat with our Readers.

We are naturally very much gratified to receive from day to day letters from readers from all parts of the Dominion, and even beyond the confines of our own land expressive of the pleasures they find in The Western Home Monthly, and declaring that they find improvement in each issue. It is hardly necessary to add that this is the most pleasing kind of information that can reach a publisher, and we assure our subscribers that no effort will be spared to sustain and add to every merit that the magazine now possesses.

One thing in which the publishers and editors take special pride is the number of Western contributors, men and women, known not only for their contributions, but by their service in the community. Who, for instance, is better known or has

more to make known the possibilities and the development of Western Canada than Mr. Dale. His contributions to The Monthly have created a wide spread interest. On the scenic beauties of the Pacific Coast—its fisheries—plant and bird life he is a first authority. Of the many descriptive writers who contribute it is only necessary to mention such names as Burton; Clairmere, who knows the Mountains so well; Bartlett of Arden, an authority on early history; Cuthbert of Vancouver; Lutton of Montreal, who gives such graphic descriptions of conditions in his province and who enjoys the distinction of having interviewed more of the great men of the Empire than any other Canadian journalist. The names of Meredock Green and W. R. Gilbert as writers of serious articles as well



The Guardian of Moose River Pass.

a greater influence than the popular pastor of the Central Congregational Church Winnipeg, the Rev. J. L. Gordon, who preaches to the largest congregations in Western Canada from Sunday to Sunday, but through this journal he reaches even a wider constituency than he can from his pulpit. His messages of comfort and cheer to young men are perhaps the best thing of the kind published on the Continent. The department conducted by Mrs. Pearl Richmond Hamilton in the interests of young women is most helpful, and her knowledge of life and her good sense appeal to her readers, and many are the letters of appreciation that we receive for this column. She is compelled to answer scores of appeals for help and direction.

Perhaps there is no name better and more favorably known in Western newspaperdom than that of Miss Cora Hind. In her "Quiet Hour" column she has inspired and enriched the lives of many. The Philosopher and the Editor of the news page have succeeded in pleasing readers by giving light and wisdom in small parcels, dealing as they do with interesting and vital topics in a brief and telling way. Bess has given her practical talks and she has a host of friends.

Another contributor worthy of particular mention is Bonnycastle Dale whose articles have appeared in each issue for some months. Perhaps no one has done

as fiction will be recognized by readers. Then there is that great Scottish authority, author and poet the Rev. W. Wye Smith, so well known throughout our own and other lands, with his Scotch column in each issue. Among the writers of pure fiction it would be difficult to find in any country of like population such writers as Banman of Lowe Farm; Hemmingsstone of Wapella; Donan of Algoma; Miss Keene of Edmonton; and Mallet of Lamont. Then among the names of those who have furnished Western verse which has been so much appreciated we have the Rev. D. S. Hamilton; Miss Jean Walker; Mrs. McLeod; Miss Beveridge, and 'Francis' who is Western in spirit if not in habitation. There are specialists such as Mrs. Salisbury, professor of Domestic Science in the Manitoba Agricultural College, and Principal McIntyre of the Normal School, Winnipeg; Principal Laidlaw of the Greenway School and their articles have been interesting and authoritative. Our readers will agree that this forms a splendid aggregate of which any magazine might well be proud, and we have mentioned but a few. With the beginning of the winter season bigger things still are being contemplated. We shall hold what we have, but we are ever reaching out for more, and will at all times welcome articles dealing with Western life in all its phases.

Just WHY



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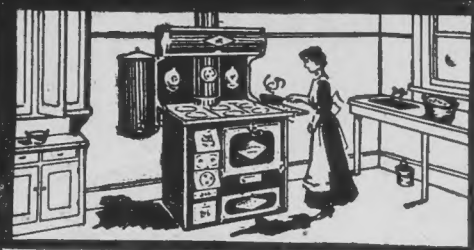
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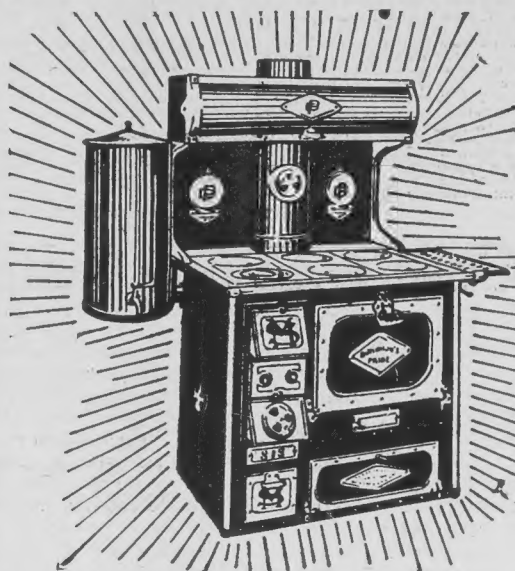




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THE price which the Dealer quotes you on a Range is made up like this—Manufacturing Cost + Manufacturer's Profit + Jobber's Expense of Handling and Selling + Jobber's Profit + Retailer's Expense of Handling and Selling + Retailer's Profit + Freight.

By our direct "Factory to Kitchen" selling plan all these charges are cut out except the actual manufacturing cost, a small profit, and freight. The difference to you is the difference between the \$41 to \$49 which you pay for a "DOMINION PRIDE" Range and the \$69 to \$78 which you would have to pay the Dealer for a Range which cost as much to make.

Are you anxious to contribute \$25 or \$30 to the middlemen? In the

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Here is a Book Worth Having

IT TELLS about cooking from the time the Cave Dwellers used to put hot stones in the pot to boil it. The Book contains interesting information gathered from many sources and is illustrated profusely.



"The Evolution of the Cook Stove"

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The "DOMINION PRIDE" is made of tough, strong malleable iron and the best blue polished steel—materials that will neither warp, crack nor break, so that it will last a lifetime. It is made in the largest Malleable Iron Range Works in Canada, and each range is backed by our unconditional guarantee.

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Canada Malleable and Steel Range Manufg. Co.
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OSHAWA **ONTARIO**

When writing it will be a distinct favor to us if you will mention this paper.

What Shall a Man do for his Wife?

Man! a word with you. Do you remember how twenty or thirty years ago as a young man you sought the society of the charming lady you asked to become your wife. You didn't own much then. A spare quarter was a luxury, attendance at a paid entertainment was an event. Yet you found nothing too good for your girl, and you paid out gladly, and even made a fool of yourself into the bargain, by doing things you are angry to think about to-day. And what did you not promise the girl? You would think of her always, cherish her, comfort her and be a good and loyal helpmate. That was thirty years ago.

Now, how is it? You have made some money or you own some acres of land, so that you are known to the world as a man of means. You are fairly well fixed. You have accomplished this result by close economy. You have made saving a matter of habit. "To have is to hold." You have grudged every cent that ever went out of your fist. You paid by cheque rather than in coin of the realm because it did not seem to make such a strain on your heart strings. And as for your wife, you developed or tried to develop in her the same close spirit. If she agreed with you it was because she wanted to please. Yet if you stop to think it over the thing she was yearning for and the thing you promised her all these years you never gave. She didn't want your money. She didn't want a bank balance. She wanted your affection and she wanted you to show it as you did before you were married. But you have had no time for it. You have even persuaded yourself that it is unmanly to tell your wife that you appreciate all her years of sacrifice on your behalf. In other words you have denied that feeling is the greatest and divinest thing in man, and you have made yourself a brute. When Christmas comes other men give their wives a kiss and a ring or some other token, and some honest manly word of appreciation, but you let the day go by in a grudging fashion and rave about the silliness and extravagance of the season. You have led in a crusade against the Santa Claus myth. Yes, sir, in all theological discussions you are an authority. Talk is cheap. But in practical kindly deeds—deeds of honor, love and duty—you are a mockery. When your marriage day first came round, you remembered it, and you actually spent enough money for ice cream for two. When the next one came round your wife had to remind you of it, and never since has it been so much as mentioned. Do you know what any decent man, with such a good wife as yours would have done on such occasions? There would be nothing good enough in all Canada to get if he had the money to pay for it, and if he hadn't the money he would have told his wife all that she was to him, and he would have taken her out for a walk or found for her a bouquet of flowers. Man! I'm ashamed of you. You have grown small and selfish. You should be a refuge and a solace for your wife. If you ever think of her in a kindly way she does not know it, and she is clean dispirited and disgusted. In a great lonely land what is a woman to do who has no husband to comfort her? In the name of all that is good and holy, what is a husband's first duty if it is not to make his wife's life full of love and sunshine and beauty? Away with your money! It is dirt. Away with your scheming. It is profitless. Be a man! Pour out your soul! Live a free, joyous, thankful and somewhat demonstrative life, because in so doing you will enter the Kingdom.

Look here! you say you will not spend money on finery, because you hate conceit. Just halt a minute. You are more conceited or rather vain than the dummy in a shop window in spite of your profession. Do you remember how, when Brown came over last week you showed him through the new barn—a testimony to your thrift and economy—do you remember how as he praised it all, your heart and your head swelled and you thought yourself to be one of the lords of creation. You were rotten with pride. Your wife's delight in dress and comfort is just as permissible as your pride in your property. And yet you left your good wife to wear her life out in that miserable little shack that has never been added to nor enriched all these years. You have implements and hired help, she has nothing but her honest hands and her faithful heart. And she doesn't mind the work, but she does like a word of appreciation. Wake up man! Be a man! That is all.

Should you think this onesided then write the other side yourself and if you have a good case gladly shall we find room for you to have your say.

A PICTURE PUZZLE—FIND THE ETHIOPIAN.

It is about two years since the Western Home Monthly published some facts and figures dealing with the cost of living, in which it was shown that the prices paid for the necessities of life by the ordinary wage-earner were preposterous when compared with the prices paid to the original producer—whether farmer or manufacturer. The articles written were pretty severely censured by a few middlemen who pleaded innocence, and who claimed that the figures presented were not authentic. The

public, however, did not look at the matter in this way, and the agitation then begun has gradually gathered force until to-day we have a real live inquiry, and promise of municipal markets in all the large towns of the West. And, of course, the cry continues on the part of all the dealers that there is no robbery. Yet when a farmer can get no more than thirty seven cents for potatoes in wholesale lots, the grocery stores are selling them to the laboring men at a dollar a bushel, and when some gardeners are permitting their beans to rot on the growing plants because it does not pay them to gather them at one and a half and two cents a pound, the consumer in the dark alley must pay ten cents if he wishes some for a Sunday dinner. And it is also the same with manufactured articles. The "spread" in prices reminds one of the quotations for flax in the markets of Manitoba and Minnesota, or of the street prices and the elevator prices for wheat, in the olden days in Western Canada.

And yet, there is a universal cry "No guilt here! these hands are clean!" "Bless you," says the manufacturer, "I make next to nothing on my business these days. Power is so expensive, labor is so high, new machinery cost so much to instal, money is so tight and credit so bad, that it is only by the strictest economy I can live. It is only by claiming one-third of each workman's labor as a reward for giving him the opportunity to work, that I can get along at all. Surely if I pay a man twenty dollars a week I should make ten dollars as my share, because I put up the money and take all the risk. And what does it matter if I have seventy-five employees? I have all the greater risk, and if you want proof of my poverty just compare my home and the rings and gowns of my wife and family with those of my workmen, who are toiling just as faithfully, and risking everything they have."

And the railways, have they not been charged publicly with charging exorbitant prices, and are they not now demonstrating clearly that they are not guilty? Even now the Commission is about to receive evidence that the injustice is not in this quarter. Let us pause while the case is presented. Nor are the jobbers guilty. They are all poor men—notoriously so. Did you ever know one of them who owned more than two launches or more than six automobiles? Nor is it the ordinary retail dealer who is guilty, for everyone from the butcher to the grocer is able to prove to a demonstration that between cost and selling price there is the smallest possible margin.

If this is the state of affairs as between manufacturer and consumer, the situation as between the farmer or the market gardener and the consumer is even more remarkable. Mr. Whelhams, a well known market gardener near Winnipeg at a public meeting last month gave figures, which point conclusively to the existence of a large Ethiopian somewhere. It might not be a bad idea to publish a vegetable picture-puzzle with a prize for the first person who discovers the concealed "colored gentleman." Here are some of the figures:

August 15:

Potatoes. Price offered to grower 45 cents a bushel. Price asked from consumer \$1.25 a bushel.

Cabbage. Price offered to grower 1 cent a pound. Price asked from consumer 10 to 15 cents each.

Beets. Price offered to grower ½ cent a pound. Price asked from consumer 6 pounds for 25 cents.

Carrots. Price offered to grower 1 cent a pound. Price asked from consumer 6 pounds for 25 cents.

August 27:

Potatoes. Price offered to grower 35 to 37 cents a bushel. Price asked from consumer 70 to 75 cents a bushel.

Cabbage. Price offered to grower \$8 a ton (1-4 cents a pound.) Price asked from consumer 5 to 10 cents each.

Beets. Price offered to grower ½ cent a pound. Price asked from consumer 8 pounds for 25 cents.

Carrots. Price offered to grower 40 cents a bushel (60 pounds). Price asked from consumer 8 pounds for 25 cents.

French Beans. Price offered to grower 2 cents a pound. Price asked from consumer 10 cents a pound.

Peas. Price offered to grower 2 cents a pound. Price asked from consumer 10 cents a pound.

Of course there are two sides to every question. The greatest wholesale vegetable dealer in Winnipeg commenting on Mr. Whelhams figures had this to say. "If he is satisfied that it is so easy to make money out of it he should have no difficulty in securing capital and there are at present three empty stalls in the market, one or all of which he can rent, and if he will take a lease of them for a year, we will welcome him to a share of the trade with open arms and even pay half of his rent for the first three months to help him give a practical demonstration of how vegetables can be sold at or near cost and the seller remain solvent."

Your intelligent readers will readily understand that we have no "lead pipe cinch" on the vegetable trade, producers being at liberty to sell when and where they please. But the thing that has impressed itself most on me with regard to the trade is that

the gardeners in this vicinity are not willing to go to the trouble and expense of storing their produce and marketing as the trade demands, their only thought being to turn the produce into money as soon as grown, consequently the market is flooded at this time of the year and further many of these men will come to us when we are carrying all the stock we can dispose of and insist on our purchasing their load at some price because they may have sold us in some former time of scarcity. This method of handling by the gardeners compels us to do all the storing and is productive of considerable loss to us and is also responsible for our having to keep in touch all the time with the produce men of the South so as to be able to supply our trade the year round.

We are quite willing to show to any interested party that on the year's turnover we do not make more than a fair rate of interest on the capital invested, and that if it were not for our wholesale trade we could not stay in business at all, so far as the retail end of our trade is concerned we do not make enough on it to pay the wear and tear on delivery equipment necessary to handle it."

But what they do not explain nor can any of the middlemen explain is why the price of commodities keeps up when the market is glutted. Granted that 10 cents a pound is reasonable for beans in the early season, why should they not go down to three cents later on? Why retain a maximum price the whole season through? Are these men afraid that if the price once is lowered it will never rise again?—Well, be assured it is going to lower one of these days, and towards that end the municipal market, with ample storage facilities, will be common in every great centre, co-operative purchasing and selling.

It is a monstrous thing for any man or corporation to exploit poverty. One half a cent on coal oil is little for ten gallons but it means a fortune to the man who owns all the wells and an annual toll of hundreds of thousands to a great territory like ours. One third of a cent extra for freight seems little on paper but it soon makes a million dollars pass from the pocket of the poor man into the coffers of the rich. And so it is all the way through. We all ignore trifles and it is trifles put together that make up the astounding mass. The ocean is made up of rain drops. In our mad rush towards individualism we have overlooked the fact that we have made robbery possible in a thousand forms, and the prices paid by consumers indicates that in one of its forms it is practiced by somebody in our midst to-day. Every man who can assist in this investigation, who can help to get the original producer full value for his wares, and the consumer a fair price for his necessities will prove himself a public benefactor.

NOT FOOD BUT SERVICE.

Apropos of this question of the cost of living, a very valuable contribution has recently been made by one of the Chicago churches. A dinner consisting of five courses was given to one hundred and fifty people and the cost was fourteen cents a plate. The very same dishes served at a prominent hotel in the city at the prices marked on the daily menu would have cost three dollars. There is a "spread" that any one can appreciate. How can we explain the difference between fourteen cents and three dollars? The only answer is this, that it is not the food but the service which costs. It is the building and its furnishings, the retinue of servants, the music, the art treasures, and all the forms of luxury, that bring up the prices. The waiter who keeps guard over a man's hat indirectly charges more than the church society did for its whole dinner. This craving of ours for display in servants, silverware, liveries and all the rest, explains the increased prices not only in the high-class restaurants but in the humbler homes. Blessed be the man these days who can live the simple life.

A STRIKING ILLUSTRATION.

A good illustration of the fondness for display, for conspicuous waste, was a ball recently given at Newport in a palace which overlooks the sea. It was peculiar in this that it was essentially a man's ball—their dresses outshining those of the ladies,—for all the men came not in evening dress nor dressed as clowns and peasants, but arrayed in the gorgeous robes of Eastern potentates. The host wore a turban studded with jewels. One of the guests wore a white Turkish costume with a red sash and fez and rapier; another wore the dress of an English officer when on service in India. Another was arrayed in white satin as an Indian rajah, another as an Arabian prince and so it was throughout.

It is difficult to make a word-picture of the house the theater and the guests. No account absolutely correct will ever be printed. Both men and women with the talent for remembering details supposed to be abnormal, were absolutely stunned by the magnificence, so far as everybody and everything was concerned. Both men and women of good eyesight say (Continued on Page 47.)

MAGIC

BAKING POWDER

MADE IN CANADA
CONTAINS NO ALUM
CONFORMS TO THE
HIGH STANDARD OF
GILLETT'S GOODS.



BRIGGER'S Pure Jams and Orange Marmalade

Put up in 16 oz. glass jars and in 5 lb. sanitary double-top gold lined tin pails.

Brigger's Pure Jams are made from clean, sound Niagara grown Fruit and Granulated Sugar and are guaranteed Absolutely Pure.

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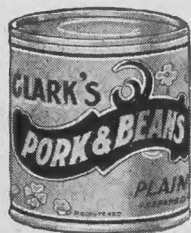
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CLARK'S PORK & BEANS



The value of BEANS as a strength producing food needs no demonstration. Their preparation in appetizing form is however a matter entailing considerable labour in the ordinary kitchen.

CLARK'S PORK & BEANS save you the time and the trouble. They are prepared only from the finest Beans combined with delicate sauces, made from the purest ingredients, in a factory equipped with the most modern appliances.

THEY ARE COOKED READY—SIMPLY WARM UP THE CAN BEFORE OPENING

W. Clark, Montreal

Sick headaches—neuralgic headaches—splitting, blinding headaches—all vanish when you take
Na-Dru-Co Headache Wafers
They do not contain phenacetin, acetanilid, morphine, opium or any other dangerous drug. 25c. a box at your Druggist's.

NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED.



Mysteries of the Straight Trail.

Written for the Western Home Monthly by W. I. Thomas, Minnon, Alta.



An eruption of volcanic language had broken out somewhere inside the barn. Ned Walsh stuck his head in through the door with the query: "What's up?" "Look at that brandin' iron," said the ranch foreman, vindictively shaking it under Ned's nose. "See that?" he growled pressing it against the barn wall. "Twisted, it touches at two catiwampus corners and the other two corners don't touch at all. Fine job o' brandin' it would do, wouldn't it? There aint no way to fix it here and we'll soon be through cuttin' out the calves; just about ready to heat 'er up, you might say. It will have to go to Nealy's shop to be straightened."

"Send Nelson," said Walsh, "he aint no good cuttin' out calves an' we can't handle them bawlin' cows short handed."

"He'd get lost an' then we wouldn't have no brandin' iron; losin' Nelson wouldn't cut no ice but the brandin' iron,—gee."

"Lose nothin', it's only ten miles on a straight trail, how's he goin' to get lost?" "Hi there, Nelson, come out here," yelled the foreman.

A young giant strolled leisurely out from the shack toward the barn. At least he stood six feet two, was broad

Old Sandy stood nibbling a wisp of hay on the far side of the corral. Though only an old horseman would have noticed it the slight dip in his fore legs told why he was not helping to cut out the calves, for if there was an expert at that job on the ranch it was Old Sandy but he had had too much of it for the good of his legs. He was superannuated, just a trail horse, a trusty. He had bucked his last buck long ago. The tenderfoot, with much fumbling of straps, got the saddle adjusted and jogged away down the trail toward the creek. He turned to the left according to directions and followed the straight trail through devious curves, twistings, half circles and zig-zags. "According to geometricians," he said to himself, "a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. A straight trail seems to differ from a straight line in that particular." He was scarcely out of hailing distance from the corral when he came to a Y in the trail. He was tempted to ride back to inquire which horn of the Y was the straight trail. He would have endured the jeers of the cowpunchers and taken a chance at getting as much fun as annoyance out of it but it occurred to him that undoubtedly there were more Y's and that if he rode back every time he came to one he would probably be a long time getting to Nealy's shop. He stopped and studied the horns



The Steamer Dock Tete Jaune Cache, July 1912

shouldered and had several other points supposed to belong to giants but instead of a cowpuncher he was a college man out on his last vacation before taking up the more serious work of earning his living.

"Do you think you could ride over to Nealy's with this here brandin' iron without losin' yer fool-self?"

The youth wore "a smile that wouldn't come off." That depends upon how carefully said Nealy has hidden himself among the intricacies of your bally wilderness," he answered.

"You can't miss it," said Walsh. "All you got to do is to follow the trail. You take the first trail to the left after you cross the creek below here and that's a straight trail leadin' right to Nealy's door." A cowboy's "straight trail" is the mystery of mysteries to a tenderfoot. It winds around a hill, runs up a draw, winds around another hill and down another draw, never holding any one direction for ten rods at a stretch. Frequently you come to a Y and which horn of the Y is the straight trail? But a cowboy thinks that inability to follow a straight trail is a sure sign of inborn mental weakness.

"I suppose I might risk my precious person on a perfectly straight trail if you are willing to risk the branding iron," said Nelson.

"You lose that brandin' iron an' when I find the two o' you I'll brand you right in the middle o' that noble brow o' yours with it so'st you won't get lost again, but if you're goin' to tackle the job saddle up and hit the trail lively or it'll be dark before you get there an' then you will git lost, sure."

of the Y for a time. "Ah, do you observe, Sandy, that one has been used more than the other? I wonder if a straight trail is the most travelled trail instead of the shortest distance between two points. We'll take a chance, Sandy. But the Y was not the greatest mystery of the straight trail. Just at sundown he rode out upon the top of a long gradually sloping coulee bank. The coulee was broad rather than deep and instead of the usual rapidly flowing creek at the bottom there was a broad muskeg, shallow water with no current, willows and rank grass and mystery of mysteries, the trail ended abruptly at the top of the coulee bank. "Bless us, Sandy, do you suppose the straight trail leads down into the earth or up into the sky?" He stopped amazed, a creepy feeling running up and down his spine. He had once read a blood curdling tale of a mysterious trail which lead strangers into the heart of a wilderness where it faded out and left them in the midst of many perils. Here was a distinct, well traveled trail to the edge of the level prairie, but just where the slope of the coulee bank began it vanished into the unbroken, apparently untrodden prairie grass. A less venturesome spirit would have turned back but it was not Nelson's way. He was in the habit of going ahead even when men as well as circumstances stood in the way.

"Do you suppose we have lost the branding iron, Sandy? Looks that way. We seem to have lost the straight trail at any rate. If we have been going right so far, Nealy's shop must be on the other side of the coulee. If it were farther up, or farther down on this side, riders going

to it would have cut across the prairie farther back. Maybe the last fellow who happened along broke the trail off here and dragged the end across the coulee before he noticed it was loose. We will have to go over and see, old man."

He rode down to the edge of the muskeg. Sandy began that blowing noise of the nostrils by which a range horse announces that he scents danger. Another little shiver crept up Nelson's spine. Was there something dangerous about the place then, something spooky of which Sandy's instinct warned him? As this thought came into his mind Sandy's fore feet cut through the wet sod and he sank in soft mud almost to his front knees. "Oh, that's it, is it? you are afraid of getting mired. Well it's up to you, you have had experience at this sort of thing and I haven't. I am placing my faith on your judgment so wade in and do your best." With much struggling and floundering and splashing of mud Sandy reached the middle of the muskeg, but he was not an extra large horse and with a two hundred pound man on his back he could get no farther. He made a mighty effort to raise his fore feet but was unsuccessful. Nelson saw at once that the longer he stood there the deeper he would settle into the mud. A small bunch of young willows grew just in front of him. Sandy had been aiming at this when he mired. Without hesitating a moment Nelson, grasping the reins in one hand, scrambled at the willows with the other and succeeded in landing himself well besmired with mud on comparatively firm footing. Now Sandy, boy, I have a pretty solid perch here, I'll pull and you lift and maybe we can hoist you out. All ready, heave ho. Sandy, relieved of Nelson's two hundred pounds, and with Nelson's strong pull on the bridle lunged at the bunch of willows. As Sandy is too good natured to be selfish and inconsiderate of others it is probable that, in the excitement of the moment, he failed to properly compare his bulk with the size of the willow patch. At any rate he landed so suddenly and forcefully that Nelson was dislodged and hurled sprawling into the mud beyond. Gathering himself up he made a hasty inspection and remarked: "Sandy, my dear fellow, with the last chunk of mud you threw my way you succeeded in hitting the last clean spot on my hitherto immaculate person. As we can't get any dirtier than we are we may as well take to the mud. It doesn't look as bad ahead as what we have been through." He was surprised that the soft spongy sod above the mud did not break through under his feet as it did under Sandy's for Sandy's feet were much smaller in proportion to his weight than his. When they were finally out upon solid earth he looked back across the muskeg and up at the point where the trail had disappeared puzzling over the mystery of it. Suddenly he exclaimed: "Sandy, I've discovered the spook, the bogieman that haunts this place, the dragon that swallowed the trail. Every fellow who rides this way thinks he knows better how to cross this muddy mess than any other fellow. One rides for a point up the coulee, another rides down, another strikes farther up, another farther down; no two ride for the same point; as they don't ride in the same place they don't beat out any regular trail. I wonder where they get together again on this side. We must find that straight trail, you know, Sandy, we have played on this fly-paper so long that it is nearly dark."

He rode to the top of the coulee bank. There was no trail in sight. "Do you think it is up or down the coulee, Sandy? I leave it to you." The going was easier down the coulee and of course Sandy turned that way. When they had gone a considerable distance and found no trail Nelson stopped and turned the other way. "If it is farther up the coulee than the place where we crossed I am afraid it will be too dark to see it before we reach it," he said. He recognized the place where he had crossed when he passed it. It was already too dark to see the ground very distinctly, but he rode on till he could distinguish nothing whatever. "It's certain that we've lost the branding iron this time, Sandy, but we'll move on. It's of no use to try to go back across that muskeg in the dark." He rode on, a mile perhaps and then as he rounded a curve in the coulee bank, "Hi yee, joy, Sandy, a light" he cried, "it seems to be right on the edge of the coulee bank. It

may be Nealy's place after all." Sandy was hungry and at sight of the buildings began to quicken his pace. He was about to break into a run when Nelson pulled him up short. "Easy Sandy," he said under his breath, "what in the world can that mean?" From the direction of the light there came the sound of a girl's voice singing to a piano accompaniment. That might not have been so strange a matter but it was a voice of exceptional quality, thoroughly trained and the accompaniment was played faultlessly on a piano that was in perfect tune. What could be the meaning of such music found in a settler's shack, for from its outline and dimensions it could be nothing else.

Leaving Sandy at the corral he walked to the shack and rapped on the door. A man a little past middle age came to the door, evidently not a farmer nor a rancher except the clothing. He was dressed like a farmer.

"I'm lost," said Nelson, "what do you think about sending out a search party to find me?"

"Come in," said the settler, "till we have a look at you and see if you are worth searching for."

"I'm not just what you would call fixed up for inspection but I might be of use to you in advertising the quality of your soil if you think of going into the real estate business."

At this a flood of mirth almost overwhelmed the entire family. The mirth was out of proportion to the joke, Nelson thought till he had begun to feel acquainted and the settler's daughter said: "That real estate proposition was one on Dad. He is generally a very good humored person but he has one big grouch and that is on real estate, real estate men and everything which has to do with real estate."

"How does that happen?" asked Nelson.

"Oh it was a little real estate deal of Dad's that sent us out here into the wild and woolly wilderness. He should not feel so wrought up over it, though, for while we all thought it a dreadful calamity at first we are all glad it happened now we are here, even Dad himself."

"You like it here then?"

"Indeed we do, we have just begun to live since we came here. Poor Dad had a good job in Toronto, too good and not good enough. By keeping his nose always on the grinding stone he supported us according to the most approved modern standards, but he could never get anything ahead with which to go into business for himself until the Hunt and Nelson Real Estate Company made an opening for him and he dropped into it and fell clear through" another laugh from the family which luckily covered Nelson's surprise and momentary bewilderment.

"He went into the real estate business?"

"Yes, he had a thousand dollars in the savings bank which he had saved for a rainy day, in case he should be sick and couldn't earn a salary for a time. It took him an awful time to save it, how many years Mother?"

"Seventeen."

"Seventeen years and he saved it all by scrimping it out of himself, going through the year without a vacation when the young men without families working for the same firm were spending a month every summer out in the woods or taking a trip somewhere. I could cry every time I think of it if it hadn't brought us such a jolly piece of luck."

"Luck?"

"The best luck in the world. What is that modern beatitude about the man and the two blades of grass? Blessed is the man who makes two blades of grass to grow where one has grown before. That is it, isn't it? Well, Hunt and Nelson were after that blessing. They told father that they had a nice little piece of real estate in the edge of Toronto which they would let him have for a thousand dollars and which he could sell in a year for two thousand. There would then be two thousand dollars in the savings bank where one had been before, but at the end of the year Hunt and Nelson said that the real estate crop had been poor and that they couldn't sell Father's real estate for the thousand dollars which he had put into it to say nothing of the additional thousand. Misfortunes never come singly, you know, and at about that time the firm father worked for transferred its business to another company and father was out of a job. We didn't realize how fast he was getting old till the worry over the job

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brought it out. The whole family were determined that he shouldn't get another job. We thought that as he had begun to gamble in real estate he had better throw again and perhaps he would win next time. We thought that the Dominion Government offered a better chance than the real estate companies. The government offers to bet you one hundred and sixty acres of land against ten dollars that you can't come out here with nothing and live on prairie grass for three years, but the grass isn't so bad if you know how to prepare it. First you put it through a cow, then you make part of it into butter and part into pigs and sell the butter and pigs for other things which you need to eat. Father thought it would be a terrible come down but he was mistaken. None of us would go back to the old life for anything. We live in our own house instead of a rented one; we own everything about us; we are interested in it; Father is at home instead of in another man's office and best of all

we do as we like instead of following social precedents. I sit here and talk to you in my everyday clothes. In the old order of things when a young man was announced it was incumbent upon me to fade away and after keeping him waiting for an hour present myself bedecked in the gladest of my glad rags. The cities would suffer if more people knew what the prairie is like, but you haven't had anything to eat since noon have you? Mother we must fix up some prairie grass for him."

"We'll put your horse up and feed him," said one of her younger brothers and the two of them started for the corral to look after Sandy's comfort.

In the morning when he had enquired the way to Nealy's shop and was about to start, the whole family gathered about to say good by after the fashion of the frontier and as they shook hands Mr. Walton said: "you haven't told us your name nor where you live."

"I'm almost afraid to," said Nelson,

"but here goes, my name is Nelson and I live in Toronto."

"Whoopee, gee," exclaimed one of the lads, "another one on Dad; he has always been afraid that Hunt and Nelson would hunt him up and sell him some more real estate, funny that you have the same name and come from the same town but Nelson was a good deal older man than you; he was a big fellow like you though."

"He is my father," said Nelson.

An embarrassed silence settled over the family. "Now that the cat is out of the bag would you mind telling me where that piece of real estate which you bought is located in Toronto, Mr. Walton?"

"I have forgotten the numbers but I will go to the house and look it up for you."

"Save yourself the trouble, dad, I know where it is," said the elder of the boys and he gave Nelson the exact location.

"I know the property," said Nelson, "How much have you in it up to date, Mr. Walton?"

"About twelve hundred dollars including taxes."

"Do you wish to sell it for that amount?"

A look of surprise passed over the faces of the family, even eagerness was depicted on the face of the younger boy, pictures danced before his eyes of the saddle horses they would buy and the addition that mother wanted built on the shack and the horses dad needed for the breaking plow. They almost held their breath as they waited for dad's answer.

"Perhaps it isn't business to say so but I would be more than glad to get my money out of it. I don't know whether it is because the youngsters have grieved me so much about it or what but I have always said that it could lie there and rot before I would take less for it than it cost me but I would be satisfied with that and glad to get it."

"I think I could sell it on a five per cent commission and get more than that out of it for you if you care to take a chance, but if you want a sure thing I will buy it at twelve hundred and take a chance myself and I'll tell you frankly that I think I would make money on the deal."

"That would suit me perfectly. If you are making something out of it yourself I shall not be humiliated by thinking that you are buying it out of pity for us and remorse for your father's sins."

"Well, boys, that's one on my dad. I'll have to tell him about it. It is a good example of the different ways in which a thing may appear when looked at from different points of view. The men of father's company of course, are not in business for their health, but they are as honest as average men can be expected to be and they know that it is to their interest to forward the interests of their customers. A satisfied customer is the best possible advertisement, you know. They advise their customers to buy where they think they will make money and invariably invest some capital of their own in each district in which they are pushing sales; but they sometimes make mistakes and sometimes unforeseen, unexpected hindrances to the development of a certain locality prevent its natural increase in value. This has been the case where your investment was made. When the Hunt and Nelson Real Estate Company began to push that locality they had been given every assurance that the street leading to it from the main part of the city was about to be paved; but a man who owned an entire block between it and the city wished to hold his property for a number of years at as low a cost as possible. He has succeeded in delaying the paving of the street to lessen his taxes until this last summer. The pavement is finally completed and that property is going up and my offer is still good to sell it on commission at the best price I can get or buy at your price."

"It is yours," said Mr. Walton, "and I hope you make the extra thousand which I had designs upon. The twelve hundred will be good enough for me."

"Very well. I think that in the daylight with your directions I can find Nealy's shop and get this branding iron fixed and when I get back to the ranch I will write father by the first mail and have the sale put through. When I get returns I will be back with the papers for you to sign and your money. I must thank you for the pleasantest experience I have had on the range. You have convinced me that more people who are living in eastern cities would be happier out here." As he took leave of them the boys were enthusiastic in their good wishes. Mr. and Mrs. Walton were genial and wished him well. Miss Walton's free, easy, informal manner of the evening before had congealed into a lady like reserve. He wondered why. Had he seemed patronizing in his offer to help them out. She surely didn't think he had tried to beat her father. He had given him his choice between the deals with full information. Had she taken him at first for a Westerner like themselves and then made up her mind that he was a snob when she found that he was interested in the Hunt and Nelson Real Estate Co.? He puzzled this problem over and over as he rode. The picture of her face as it was when he last looked at her was indelibly fixed in the back of his mind's eye. He could close his eyes at any time and see it, its expression, its every line. What did it mean? Was she displeased with him or not? He could not tell and the more he puzzled over it the less cer-

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Made of 2-ply Egyptian yarn, with 3-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, sky, pink, bisque. Box of 4 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$1.50.
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No. 2404—Medium weight Cashmere. 2-ply Botany yarn with special "Everlast" heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, navy, myrtle, pearl gray, slate, oxblood, helio, cadet blue and bisque. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

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tain he became but he could not get it out of his mind.

Two weeks later he rapped again on Mr. Walton's shack door. "I did a better job crossing the muskeg this time he said. I dropped the lariat over Sandy's head and kept out at the other end of it while I led him across. I find that I don't sink well when he has only his own weight to carry. He can't splash mud the length of the lariat and these high boots keep my feet dry."

"Yes," said the younger boy, "but you could ride him across without any trouble if you went at it right. There are all kinds of stuff growing in the muskeg; under some of it the ground is very soft; under other kinds of growth it is almost as firm as the prairie. You have to zig-zag about a bit but if you keep your horse walking on the right kind of growth you get along all right."

"Why, Dick," said his mother, "a little boy should not be telling a man what to do."

"He is all right, Mrs. Walton, I am a tenderfoot and anxious to learn. Dick, what do you say to piloting me across when I go back and showing me what sort of growth I should ride on? Once I saw it I would be all right afterward. Is Mr. Walton in?"

"The range steers broke the fence last night and he has gone to fix it. See where the fence runs over the hill yonder, he is just beyond the hill."

satisfied the curiosity of the family by exhibiting the twelve hundred dollars and passed the word around that no mention was to be made of the real estate deal in Nelson's presence. "He sold the property for fifteen hundred," he said, "and seems to feel uneasy about the three hundred profit which he made, at any rate he feels uneasy over something in the deal. We will do nothing to attract attention to it."

Supper was ready when Nelson came in. It was a good recommendation of the modified prairie grass which the government offers as rations for settlers doing government duties on the homestead lands: a soft rooster browned to a turn with saskatoons from the coulee instead of cranberries and jelly made from wild raspberries, vegetables galore from the garden, rolls with fresh butter from the spring house and genuine home made mince pie.

After supper they organized an impromptu quartette with Miss Walton, soprano; the older of the boys, tenor; the younger boy, whose voice had not begun to change, sang contralto; Nelson, bass while Mrs. Walton acted as accompanist. They sang college songs, love songs, old and new; scraps from operas that everyone knows and from the latest brought in by the stage driver. It was a merry evening and at its close when Nelson indicated that he was about to start for the ranch the family was unanimous in proffering the usual frontier hospitality.

General Booth.

(In Memoriam.)

Chas. W. McGee, Moose Jaw, Sask.

"Promoted to Glory!" We cannot bewail thee,
Though bitterest tears be our meat day and night;
"Promoted to Glory!" Where nothing can ail thee,
Earth's darkness exchanged for Heaven's pure light.

"Promoted to Glory!" From leading our legions,
Not parted for ever, but gone on before;
"Promoted!" Exalted to Paradise regions,
"Promoted" not perished. "Than conqueror more."

"Promoted to Glory!" Thy mantle desiring,
We plead that thy spirit upon us may fall;
Thy works, thy example our hearts re-inspiring,
Though dead, thou dost speak; and though silent dost call.

"Promoted to Glory!" Blest General, we'll follow!
By blood and by fire, our foes we'll defeat;
We'll "love one another," scorn earth-joys so hollow,
And march on until "in the Morning" we'll meet.

Nelson turned Sandy's head toward the fence and rode off to find Mr. Walton for he was certain of his attitude toward the real estate deal. As he could not determine whether Miss Walton thought that he was trying to play the munificent benefactor or that he was trying to drive a sharp bargain, he preferred to settle the matter with her father alone.

"You didn't leave all trouble behind in Toronto, I see," he said as he rode up.

"No, farming and ranching cannot both be managed conveniently in the same locality. This country belongs to the ranchers now and we will have to put up with a few annoyances till it becomes a farming country. How is business in Toronto real estate?"

"Fine, I sold the property which I bought from you for fifteen hundred dollars. I have the papers making the transfer directly from you to the purchaser. Here is your money. We will have to go to the station and get the papers fixed up before a notary. It would have been a better deal for you if you had sold on commission."

"Don't talk about a better deal, this seems too good to be true. I must drive a few more staples and then we will go to the house."

As they approached the buildings Mr. Walton said: "Put up your horse and feed him while I put my tools away and I'll meet you at the shack."

Before Nelson arrived Mr. Walton had

All except Miss Walton who was busy looking for a song, a last song for the evening while the rest of the family urged that it was late and a long way to the ranch. The boys were especially anxious that he should remain till morning to look at a saddle horse on a neighboring ranch which they hoped to buy, but he said that he and Sandy both knew the trail and that he would probably be in yet before all of the cowboys on the ranch were in bed. After a last song he rode away in the crisp autumn night. Presently he was surprised to find himself singing, cowboy fashion, a rollicking western song. "I believe the West is getting hold of me, Sandy," he said.

Nelson's visits to the Walton homestead became so frequent that it made him the butt of endless jokes and off-hand witticisms from the cowboys. Finally autumn with frosty nights and days of mild sunshine turned the prairie from green to variations in russets and yellows, and the bushes and trees along the coulee banks flamed forth in crimson, purple and gold. It was time for Nelson to return to Toronto if he were going into the real estate business with his father, but he was not sure that the prairies and the free out door life did not suit him better. There lacked but one thing to make him certain. Did Marjorie Walton love him as he loved her. He must find out at once. He had tried several times to bring the matter to a test, but she had so skill-

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SEND FOR CATALOGUE

fully evaded him that he was not certain whether she had done so intentionally or not. As he saddled Sandy after noonday lunch at the ranch he was resolved to bring the matter to an issue and trust to luck for a way.

Fate seemed to be against him. It was growing late in the afternoon and he had gotten scarcely more than a passing glimpse of Marjorie for her brothers had monopolized him. They were showing him the new horses, eager for his advice in the plans they were making for farming with a little ranching on the side. "Which do you think make the best all-round work horses, Clydes or Percherons?" one of them was asking when Nelson saw Marjorie leave the shack door in the direction of the spring with a pail on her arm. "In just a minute," Nelson answered, "I'll tell you when I come back." A few long strides brought him up beside Marjorie. "That looks like a big pail for a girl to carry," he said.

"Yes," she said, "the boys usually bring the water from the spring but I saw that they were very much interested in the horses and did not like to interrupt them."

"Wont I do for one of the boys?" he asked.

"Perfectly," she said, "it doesn't look as though carrying a pail of water would trouble you much." She stopped and handed him the pail as though she were going back to the shack.

"Oh, you'll have to go with me to show me the way. I have never been to the spring."

She looked at the well beaten path and then laughed as she looked up into his face and said: "It's a straight trail, you can't miss it."

"But the last time I tried to follow a straight trail I got lost, you know, and stuck in the muskeg too. What would become of your bucket of water if I got lost that way again?"

"I suppose I oughtn't to let you get lost," she said and they started up the path toward the spring together.

"Whew, it's the largest spring I ever saw," said Nelson when they reached it, "and right at the head of the muskeg."

"Yes," she said, "it makes the muskeg. If the coulee bottom had more grade there would be a spring stream instead, but as it is nearly level, the water instead of running away in a stream spreads out over the flat and makes the muskeg. Riders could avoid crossing it by riding around the spring but it is a mile and a half from the trail; up and back make three miles. They would rather cross than lose the time. People out here are just as anxious to avoid losing time as are those who live in cities. There are so many things they want to do in getting started. Ever since the leaves put on their autumn colors I have wanted to get some of the prettiest branches for decorating the house but I have not dared to ask the boys to help me get them. They are so busy getting ready to winter the stock. The coulee bank is so steep and the bushes are so thick that a girl couldn't climb there on account of her skirts. I think Dick's clothes would about fit me. I would have put on a suit and climbed after the branches which caught my fancy if I hadn't been afraid some one would come along."

"Let's get them now, I can climb up there like a squirrel."

"But they are on the opposite side of the coulee from the house and mother will be waiting for the water. Isn't it odd that trees and bushes never grow anywhere in this country except on coulee banks facing north?"

"I have an idea that that is because if trees or bushes start on the open prairie or on south slopes the early warm spells start the sap. Then cold spells come later and freeze them while the sap is running, while those early warm spells do not affect the growth on the north slopes enough to start the sap, and then the north slopes do not dry out in the hot summer months as the south slopes and level land do."

"Well, you see we built on the south slope because it is warmer and the light lasts longer in the short winter days. That makes it impossible to carry the water to mother and get the tree branches at the same time, so I suppose we'll have to go back with the water."

"I can fix that all right. I'll go back with the water and you start down the north side of the muskeg and pick out the branches you want. I put these knee high boots on in order to lead Sandy across the muskeg without getting my feet wet. I'll cross right at the house and

climb after the branches you point out."

"That will be splendid; we'll do that." When Nelson returned across the muskeg it proved more difficult than they expected to make selections satisfactory to Marjorie's taste; there were so few branches that were perfect on close inspection though the general effect was good viewed from a distance. There were broken leaves and leaves that failed of the color which adorned their mates. In their quest for perfect branches they wandered farther down the coulee than they thought unkindful of the distance till Marjorie exclaimed: "Why, the sun is going down. O, it will be dark before we reach the house; it is so far up around the spring."

"We can fix that," said Nelson, "it's not very far to the house, the way the crow flies, from here. We'll imitate the crows."

"Do you chance to have a flying machine in your pocket?"

"Not exactly but I can carry these branches across the muskeg, then come back and carry you across and the crows time from here to the house wont beat ours so very much."

Marjorie's face flushed a little and she looked a trifle frightened. While she hesitated a moment between the long walk around the spring and being carried across the muskeg, Nelson started across with the branches. When he came back, without hesitation as though the matter were settled he said: "Now, little girl, you next," and picked her up in his strong arms almost before she knew it and walked to the edge of the muskeg. She sat rigidly upright, discreetly leaning away from him. At the edge of the water he stopped and said: "Marjorie, if you lean so far forward and I unexpectedly step into a hole or catch my foot on one of these trailing vines I will pitch ahead too fast and we'll both fall into the drink."

"O dear," said Marjorie.

"Yes, that's me," said Nelson.

"O, you know that isn't what I meant."

"Yes, I know, but really now, you will have to hold on to me so that we keep our balance together or we'll never get across without tipping over."

She slipped one arm over his shoulder cautiously and leaned a little nearer. As he stepped into the water, pretending that he had stepped into a hole he stumbled a little. The arm slid round his neck and held on tightly. Before he reached the centre of the muskeg he caught his foot and lurched forward suddenly. Both arms went round his neck and clutched him in fear of the water for it was getting deeper.

"That's better," he said, "you're learning."

"Bah, what nonsense you talk," she said, "I believe you did that on purpose."

He stopped and laughed till the situation became precarious. "See here you mustn't make me laugh any more or I'll drop you sure," he said, from here on the bottom is bad and the water is deeper. If I stumble between here and the bank there will be no joke about it. It will be you and me in the drink. I had to have you trained for the bad going before we reached it. Here goes; hold on, now."

She held close, her head beside his. A soft, little silken curl strayed across his temple. Almost before he knew it he had kissed her. "I couldn't help it," he said in a voice that was new to her. The railery was all gone out of it. His whole soul was in it. She said nothing but he felt her arms draw a trifle closer. When he reached the bank, before setting her down he said: "Marjorie, if I homestead out here will you live in my shack?"

"Yes, and we'll make it the prettiest shack in the country."

"We'll ask Hunt and Nelson to the wedding and those cowboys at the ranch who started me out on this straight trail."

"You told me you were a mind reader?"

"So I am," replied the professor.

"Well, why do you hesitate? Why don't you read my mind?"

"I'm searching for it!"

The Cynic:—"What are you thinking of, Mary?"

Mary: "I am dreaming of my youth."

The Cynic: "I thought you had a far-away look in your eyes."

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Elizabeth Ann.

A Complete Story by Emily Pearson Finnemore.



IS a common saying as women never tell the truth about their ages, which, in my opinion, is a bit hard on womenfolk in general. At any rate, if there should be any truth in the saying I'm going to be the exception, as they say proves the rule—I'm forty, turned. An' Zachary walked into the village on the very day, my birthday. I met him plump as I come down the steps of Ashby's with a pound of candles in my hand. An' you might have had me for the asking.

"Good day," says he, cool as a cucumber.

I couldn't have answered if my life had depended on uttering words. I stared at him till my face must have been as red as a cherry; I could tell by the warm feel in my cheeks.

"Why," says he, as if it might have been but yesterday week he went off to foreign parts to dig for gold, "if 'tsin't 'Lizabeth Ann!" He laughed an' showed as he'd lost a good many of his teeth, an' went on: "I should have thought you'd have changed a lot more than that."

"Why should I?" I said as sharp as you please, for the way he said it ruffled my temper.

Then he laughed again.

"Ai, t' be sure, why should ye? Jist forty year old this very day."

I stared at him.

"How'd ye know that?" I asked him.

"Oh, I can do a bit o' 'rithmetic," he answered me back, laughing all the while in just the way he used to 20 years ago. "There's five years betwix' you an' me," he went on.

"T' think you should remember!" I says, all pondering in my mind about it. An' he looked at me for all the world as he used to twenty years ago—with that twinkle o' mischief in his eyes as you never could tell if he meant what he said or not.

"Why shouldn't I?" he says, with the taunt in his voice as made me mad as a March hare in days gone by, when he said, "If I was to ask you to marry me,

'Lizabeth Ann, I daresay you'd say 'no,' being sich a contrairy gal as ye are?"

"Course I should!" I told him as quick as I could get the words out of my mouth, for it hur' a gell's pride t' be held lightly by the man she—well, I'd got a bit of a liking for Zachary in them days.

I think it was the way he walked—there was such a swing in his body, an' such a reach of the leg as he crossed a field—I could tell it was he half a mile away. An' then his voice was different from other people's, an' then his eyes, for all the mischief in 'em, had a sort o' light shining in 'em—ah, well, them old days are buried under a good many joys an' sorrows.

"I suppose you made a big fortune out in them foreign parts?" I says to him.

"Well," he answers me back, considering his speech a bit careful, I thought, "Maybe no better nor if I'd stopped at home."

"What a silly you must have been to go, then!" says I.

"Maybe so, maybe not," he said, looking at me with that twinkle in his eye again; "but there was somebody else as was a silly beside me."

"Who was that?" I asked him.

"Ah, who was that, I wonder!" he laughs.

Somehow I got red in the face once more. It was that tantalising way he had of looking at anybody.

"Have you come back to Basset's End to live?" I asked him.

"That'll be as it happens," he said "I'm looking up old friends for the present, an' old places as well. Mother's dead."

"This many a day," I told him.

"An' my sister Rose married—"

"An' a widder now," I said.

"Ai, ai," he says. Then waited a moment before he asked me, "Are you a widder as well, 'Lizabeth Ann?"

"Me! A widder! Not likely!" I said.

"I didn't know what might have happened in all these years," he says. "I ain't ever been a wife," I told him, tossing my head as proud as I could. "I never felt that way inclined."

"Well, t' be sure—you allays was contrairy," he says.

"Humph!" I cried. "I ain't such a lot of opinion o' marryin', countin' by what I see other folks come to. Besides, I never see the man yet as I'd give up my independence for!"

"Jist the same 'Lizabeth Ann!" he laughs out, as merry as a cricket.

"Why should I be different?" I asked him.

"Why, some on us get wiser as we get older," he says.

"Dunno about that," I said back, "depends upon a body's character—if ye be a fool in the beginnin', so ye'll continny to the end o' the chapter."

"Ai, ai," he agreed. "No fool like an ole fool," they say."

My cheeks burned. I was always a bit hasty tempered. "Oh," I says, "forty ain't s' fearful old as ye seem t' think."

He laughed till the tears were in his eyes, an' it made me feel madder than ever.

"I can do a day's work with the best, same as ever," I went on, "there ain't a mite o' difference in me since I was 20: an' I ain't got no more nor two or three grey hairs, an' I'm straight in the figure, too, an' some might say lissome as well. Oh, no, I don't give way to ag: as some women do. I've noticed it's the married ones as age the soonest by a lot."

An' there stood Zachary, laughing an' laughing till I wanted t' box his ears for a silly idiot.

"You allays had a mean'spirited way o' makin' fun o' folks," I said to him, "but that's no commendation o' your manners!"

He pushed his hat to the back of his head. "'Lizabeth Ann!" he says, tryin' to stop laughing, "I ain't seen another woman like you in all my travels."

Didn't I tip up my chin then!

"I hadn't the least notion I was sich a

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"I was a moderate user of coffee and did not think drinking it hurt me. But on stopping it and using Postum instead, my heart has got all right, and I ascribe it to the change from coffee to Postum.

"I am prescribing it now in cases of sickness, especially when coffee does not agree, or affects the heart, nerves or stomach.

"When made right it has a much better flavor than coffee, and is a vital sustainer of the system. I shall continue to recommend it to our people, and I have my own case to refer to." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

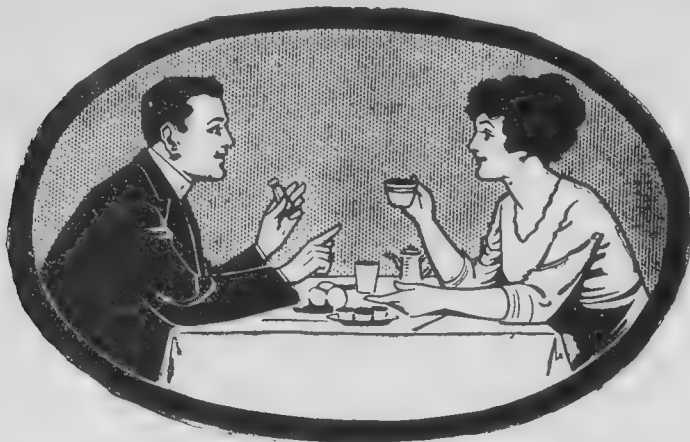
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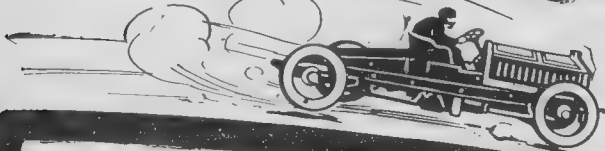
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figure o' fun as that comes to, Zachary Pellington!" I says, short an' sharp, an' walked off without another look at him.

Well, I sat through that livelong afternoon, staring in front of me, an' thinkin', as if there was nothing in the world more important to be done. An' 'tisn't a habit with me; I'm a brisk body, with plenty of work to keep me from such folly—with a cow to look after, an' butter to make, an' a good-sized garden to keep in order. But on that afternoon, there I sat like a stone image an' things were running through my head at such a pace I was 'most giddy, an' at four o'clock there were tears rolling down my cheeks. I got up then, an' stirred about a bit for very shame; but 'twas solemn truth—me, 'Lizabeth Ann May, cryin' like—well, like a baby, an' all on account o' that meetin' with Zachary Pellington after he'd been gone twenty years to make his fortune. By what he said it looked as if he hadn't made much of a fortune after all; but he was the same Zachary jist as he said I was the same 'Lizabeth Ann.

'Twas the queerest thing how peppery my temper always was with Zachary—he'd got that trick o' rubbing me up the

almost worse than the thoughts—I felt dreadful about that.

It was past seven in the evening when I mustered up enough courage to go upstairs an' unlock the top right-hand drawer in my dressing-table. My heart was beating at a fearful rate, an' though it was a chilly evening, I was perspiring like summer. An' I took up a little red silk bundle an' went downstairs an' laid it on the table. It was a bunch o' flowers an' leaves, all dead an' dry, tied up in one o' poor father's old silk handkerchers.

I loosed the knots, an' there was the bits o' brown withered things. I blushed hotter an' hotter, for you must know Zachary gave me them flowers the Christmas before he went away, an' I'd kept 'em all them years, an' every Christmas time I used to fetch 'em out o' the drawer an' set 'em out in a blue china vase same as if they was fresh. "Few bits o' things I picked to make a Christmas posy for ye," he says, when he brought 'em, just in his off-hand way.

Well, this should be the end; the bits o' withered stems an' leaves shouldn't go in the blue vase never no more—I was going to burn 'em now.

The clock went half-past seven, an'



A view in Assiniboine Park Winnipeg.

wrong way, as they say, like a cat, an' 'twas a part o' my nature t' turn round an' scratch him. An' it didn't seem as if twenty years had made a bit o' difference!

I tried to drink a cup o' tea an' get sense into my head again. But them thoughts mastered me all the while; an' every now an' again I felt the roots o' my hair gettin' warmer an' warmer till I was blushing red as a peony. An' all on account o' them thoughts. You see, 'twas this way: Zachary went away when I was 20 an' he was 25, an' he'd never been heard of any more, not even when they tried to find him when his old aunt died an' left him a leggiecy. Everybody said he must be dead. An' I should never have done what I did if I'd thought he was alive, but it didn't seem any harm to let your mind dwell on a dead man. An' so I'd been remembering everything Zachary had done, an' everything he'd said to me, an' just how he looked, weekdays in his working clothes, Sundays in his pepper-an'-salt suit, an' the way he stepped an' smiled, an' the twinkle in his eye—I never should have let myself down so low as to recall what a live man was like, it wouldn't have become me. Well, I honestly believed he was dead, an' then there was another thing,

there come a knock on the door, an' footsteps in the pasage, an' Muster Miller o' High Dyke farm put in his head an' says, "Good evening, 'Lizabeth Ann."

There was somebody behind him.

"I've brought ye a visitor," says Muster Miller, an' with half an eye I see it was Zachary.

They sat down, an' it was just then my eyes dropped on the posy in the silk handkercher, an' for a moment I felt as if I should drop—I'd forget about it for an instant while they were coming in. But I tried to console myself that nobody could know what it was, an' men wouldn't ever take the least notice of anything lying on the table.

"Zachary's bidin' along of us up at the Dyke," says Muster Miller.

"Oh, indeed," I said politely.

"But he's on the look-out, he tells me, for a place to settle in. What about the Barley Patch?"

The Barley Patch was a farm as belonged to me.

"Ai, ai, what about the Barley Patch?" chimes in Zachary.

But I didn't look at him.

"Tenant's under notice, ain't he?" says Muster Miller.

"Yes," I said.

"Heard of another?"

"Not at present."

"Then maybe you'll have no objection to me," says Zachary.

Then I looked in his eyes and smiled as bold as brass. "You take a farm?" I laughed.

"Why not?" says he.

"You've got too old for hard work," I told him.

Muster Miller laughed. Zachary, he didn't exactly laugh, but the twinkle in his eyes seemed to dance like a spark. "I doubt it," he says.

"Well, I don't want ye for a tenant," I said straight.

"Bless us!" cried Muster Miller. "He'll sure to pay the rent."

"Money ain't everything," Muster Miller, I told him, as superior as you please.

"But it's a precious deal o' use in this world, anyhow," he says back.

"At any rate," I said, "I don't want Muster Pellington for a tenant. I'm looking out for a young man with plenty o' strength to work hard—one as'll put the land into good condition again. Brownlow as is leaving, he's let the land get into a fearful poor state."

I spoke as lofty as if I'd been a milady, and Zachary a poor laborer. Then all of a sudden I felt myself flushing hot as fire, for Zachary had got the corner of his eyes on the dead posy.

He looked up at me rather quick. "I'm in my prime, an' better nor a strip-ling," he said.

I tried to smile. "Oh," I told him, "you an' me know what one another's age is well enough."

"Yes," he laughed. "You're forty to-day, an' I was jist thinking as you'd wore a lot better nor them bits o' flowers ye got on the table there."

My face went scarlet. I could see it in the glass.

"Oh, them're some old things I turned out of a drawer to burn," I answered back.

"Looks as if they'd been dry enough to burn this good bit," says Muster Miller.

"So they have," I agreed as careless as I could, "but I dare say Mrs. Miller can tell ye how things get put away in a drawer an' left year after year—I stopped, feeling dreadfully silly."

"What did ye ever put 'em in a drawer for?" asked Zachary.

"Some fancy at the time," I said, an' took the posy in my hand. "I was jist going to burn 'em as you some in," an' I went an' flung the poor bits o' things on top o' the coals.

CAREFUL DOCTOR

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It takes considerable courage for a doctor to deliberately prescribe only food for a despairing patient, instead of resorting to the usual list of medicines.

There are some truly scientific physicians among the present generation who recognize and treat conditions as they are and should be treated, regardless of the value to their pockets. Here's an instance:

"Four years ago I was taken with severe gastritis and nothing would stay on my stomach, so that I was on the verge of starvation.

"I heard of a doctor who had a summer cottage near me—a specialist from N.Y.—and as a last hope, sent for him.

"After he examined me carefully he advised me to try a small quantity of Grape-Nuts at first, then as my stomach became stronger to eat more.

"I kept at it and gradually got so I could eat and digest three teaspoonfuls. Then I began to have color in my face, memory became clear, where before everything seemed a blank. My limbs got stronger and I could walk. So I steadily recovered.

"Now after a year on Grape-Nuts I weigh 153 lbs. My people were surprised at the way I grew fleshy and strong on this food." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Zachary watched them withered stems an' leaves cackle an' burn wi' that tantalising twinkle in his eyes, for all the world as if he knew how old they were an' who had first gev 'em to me.

"Why don't ye burn the hankercher as well," he says in a minute, "it looks as old as the posy."

"It's older," I told him, "but I shouldn't dream of destroying that. It belonged to poor father."

"Well," he said, getting up, "an' ye wunt take me as a tenant for the Barley Patch."

"No, I won't," I said. "You ain't the sort o' man I'm looking for."

He grinned as wicked as when he was twenty. "Very good. That's the second time in yer life ye've refused me, ain't it?"

I began to say something, I don't recall what, all in a hurry, but he burst out laughing, an' waved his hand to stop me, an' crossed to the door.

Muster Miller went after him, looking quite mystified.

* * * * *

Brownlow left the Barley Patch at Michaelmas, an' I hadn't got a new tenant. This was a serious consideration to me, because the rent of the place was a substantial part o' my income. I hadn't heard whether Zachary had found a place yet, but I wasn't going to regret refusing him.

'Twas a stormy autumn, an' I went no further than church an' about the village for more than a month. It was a bright day in November when I decided to go up as far as the Barley Patch to see if the windows were safe; for mischievous lads often find a lot o' fun in shying stones at the windows of an empty house. I must have them boarded up for the winter if so be nobody took the place, but I was loth to do it in a hurry—it seemed like no hope of a tenant turning up.

I went in at the front gate an' walked up the path between the box borders. I always had a sense o' pride in, being the owner o' the Barley Patch, an' I should dearly have liked to live there myself, only I mistrusted myself whether I could manage a farm an' make it pay properly.

I come to the front of the house an' then stopped an' stared. For every single window was boarded up as neat an' tight as could be. I went round to the back an' it was just the same. I was puzzled. I looked up an' down. There was a sort of cared-for appearance about the place. The doors of the out-buildings were shut an' fastened as tidy as if somebody had just put the place right for the night. I was completely mystified.

"Whoa!"

The sound was close in my ears. I crossed the yard an' looked over the wall, an' there was a team of horses plodding along the field an' a man guiding the plough. It was Zachary Pellington.

I stood like a statue till he caught sight of me, an' then his face broke into a smile, an' he came on down the furrow towards me an' stopped.

"I don't quite make out what all this means, Muster Pellington," I said, speaking stiff an' polite.

"Don't ye?" says he. "Well, I'm practising, getting my hand in, larning to do things how you like 'em, so as ye might change ye mind an' take me as a tenant, as nobody ain't took the Barley Patch."

"You're taking great liberties, Muster Pellington."

He pushed his hat back. "Ai, ai," he says in an agreeing way. "I been in the habit o' taking liberties wi' you, 'Lizabeth Ann."

"So you have!" I cried, in a heat.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed. "Then ye shouldn't let me."

"I don't see how a lady's to help it when a gentleman's rude," I said.

He throwed up his chin an' laughed as loud as a crowing cock.

"Ain't you got no farm o' your own, Muster Pellington?" I asked him solemn an' quiet.

"No, I ain't look no further nor here," he says. "I'm in hopes you'll relent an' take me on after a bit."

"As to that," I said, speaking all on the spur of the moment, "I'm thinking



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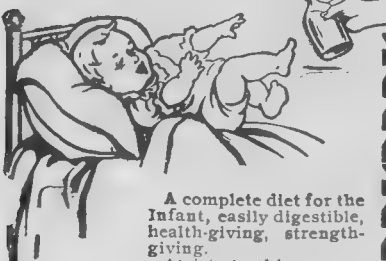
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most likely I may come here to live myself."

I wasn't going to look as if I wanted a tenant bad enough to take him.

"Most sensible thing ye could do!" he says at once. "Wi' a capable man at the head of affairs—"

"Oh," I broke in, "I ain't ever needed a man t' manage my affairs for me yet."

"Ah, that's how 'tis ye don't know how much better they'd flourish if ye had one. Look how Brownlow took ye in."

So he had; an' I couldn't deny it. "Who boarded the windows up?" I asked him—sharp an' quick.

"I did," he says.

"Most unwarrantable piece of impertinence on your part," I told him.

An' then he just grinned in my face so wicked I simply turned right round an' walked away as fast as I could.

* * * * *

What I'd said more in pride an' anger than truth I stuck to. I was on my high horse an' decided, as no tenant offered for the Barley Patch, I'd fulfil my secret ambition and go an' live there myself, letting my present house with the field adjoining. An' a tenant offered for that almost at once, so that I was to move to the Barley Patch after Christmas.

I wouldn't have told anybody, but I was very nervous as to how I was going to manage a farm. An' odd as it may seem, I'd never been up to the Barley Patch since the afternoon in November when I found Zachary ploughing there, but I'd heard talk buzzing about the village how free he was making himself with the place. There was some smiles,

What are ye doing on? I'm forty year old—an' ye know it!"

"Course I do," he says, more quiet than he'd ever spoke before. "I ben countin' the years every one as went. An' now look ye here, 'Lizabeth Ann, I brought ye a Christmas posy twenty years ago an' ye burnt it only to other day. Now, we can't wait for this un to dry up an' be burned in twenty year again. What do ye say to bein' married all ready to go to the Barley Patch? an' me settlin' about buying Piggott's place to join on —"

"You take my breath away!" I broke out.

"So I will!" he says, an' bent his head an' kissed me plump on my lips.

I pushed him away. "How dare you, Zachary Pellington?" An' my voice was shaking.

"You been loving me for twenty years, 'Lizabeth Ann; them bits o' dead flowers told me that tale."

I was panting for breath, an' the tears were blinding me.

"You haven't any right!" I stammered.

An' he come close again an' put both his arms round me, an' says, "Yes, I have, 'Lizabeth Ann, 'cause I been loving you longer nor twenty years," an' there an' then he kissed me once more, an' I burst out crying on his shoulder.

Ah, dear, that was a Christmas Day!

An' Zachary's got a lot more money than he pretended, an' has domineered over me to the extent of buying my wedding frock—a real grey silk down from London. I have to admit how pleased I am, because I've always admired grey silk so much. An' I'm storing the new Christmas posy so as to

"One step won't take you very far—

You've got to keep on walking;

One word won't tell folks what you are—

You've got to keep on talking;

One inch won't make you very tall—

You've got to keep on growing;

One little ad won't do it all—

You've got to keep 'em going."

too, at my expense, but I pretended not to see anything nor to know anything.

The clock struck eight on Christmas morning just as I sat down to breakfast. An' there was a tapping on the door when I was stirring my tea. Before I'd got farther than the passage the door opened, and there stood Zachary. I stopped, staring at him. For in his hand he'd got a posy as near like the one o' twenty years ago as two peas in a pod.

"A Merry Christmas, 'Lizabeth Ann," he said, an' come to'ards me, holding out the posy.

But I couldn't have lifted my hands to take that posy if you'd crowned me to do it; I felt giddy an' stupid, an' so misty about my eyes.

An' what did Zachary do but step close to me, an' push the flowers into my hand.

"I want t' know if ye're going to keep 'em twenty year to burn 'em in 'the end," he says, the tinkle in his eyes as bright as stars.

I sank back against the wall. He shut the door.

"How d'ye know?" I began, but he stopped me.

"I jist do know, so there's an end on it, 'Lizabeth Ann," he says; "an you ain't going to send me away a third time, are ye?"

"I never sent ye away," I said.

"Now, there's contrairiness!" he said.

"But 'twouldn't be 'Lizabeth Ann if ye wasn't as contrairy as the wind."

"I ain't contrairy!" I burst out.

"All right, ye ain't," he laughs. "That's a bit more on it. Now," an' afore I knowed what he was about he'd put his arm round my waist.

I cried out, "Zachary Pellington!

keep a few of the leaves fresh enough to wear in my frock on the wedding day.

We go to the Barley Patch on February the first.

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The Little White Girl.

By G. B. Lancaster.



HE left-hand corner seat near the window commanded the best view in the lounge. From it Strickland could rake the full stretch of the hotel corridor, the stairs, the glass-ed-in balcony that took the rays of the winter sun, and—when he stretched that long neck of his—a triangle of Swiss mountain scenery, with snow-heights and jagged pines and fret-work chalets, just exactly as you see it in the guidebook.

One forenoon from his corner seat Strickland saw the green-aproned porter bearing a battered suit case and an old

army great-coat down the corridor. The suit case was marked R. A. G. and, in conjunction with the great-coat, told Strickland a whole three-years' history in one eye-blink.

"Good Lord!" he said. "They're together yet, then! And here! Well, that does beat the universe."

The man next him asked questions, and Strickland gave answer piecemeal, with his cigar going out and his eager eyes watching the corridor.

"I saw them last in Malay . . . and in Madagascar before that. And once on the Australian diggings. Windham's a retired captain of some native Indian regiment. He was invalided out of it, but I've seen his eyes when a troop goes

by. Duce knows what Gary is, except that he's the most lovable fellow the Lord ever made—and the wildest. But Windham sticks to him. We called them David and Jonathan out in Malay."

The man next him indicated that he had heard those names before, and saw the new-comers pass with some disappointment. Windham was light-built and spare. He walked with a limp and his military mustache was turning gray. But he had the liteness of a cat, and the tenacity of an ant, and Gary was the only living thing which had ever bounced Windham. Gary followed, with his blue eyes roving and his big body swinging carelessly. His lips were puckered into a whistle and his crisp curly hair was roughened. The man next Strickland grunted.

"Your Gary is a pretty tough proposition," he said. "And there are some jolly girls here. I think we are going to have what our waiter calls 'some excitements.'"

"The little White Girl can beat them all hollow," said Strickland. "But no one's had the wit to find it out yet. Gary will, or he's not the man he used to be."

But it was Windham who found it out first. And this was the very next morning in a little low smelly village shop where Windham tried to explain in execrable French and fluent Hindostani and curt English that he wanted nails—many nails—hammered into his boot heels, and two assistants and the proprietor told him in polite German-Swiss that they could not guess what the Herr desired.

Then the little White Girl spoke at Windham's elbow.

"Perhaps I could make them understand," she said.

Windham whipped round with a sharpness learned in places where a man's life is regulated by the crook of the trigger-finger. Then he uncovered. She was so little and light and young in her close-fitting sweater and round white cap; but the red lips and the dark eyes under the straight brows were more demure than nature made them.

"You heard?" he said, suspiciously.

"I—"

"They thought I wanted a chiropodist at first," said Windham, helplessly. "Now they think it's a lunatic asylum. There's only one sentence on boots in this confounded conversation book, and it says, 'I have very big feet.' A fellow couldn't go about saying that, could he?"

"Of course not," she said, gravely, but Windham saw the flash of a dimple somewhere. "Suppose I try."

She wielded the rough patois in a sweet decision that brought fulfilment on the jump. Then they went out to the keen good air and the run of sunlight on the snow, and the jangle of sleigh-bells and the merry laughter of children.

Windham dragged her toboggan and his own up the hotel slope, and he talked to the little White Girl as he not often talked to a woman in his life. But she was so eager, so interested, with her big eyes and pouted lips and the quick ecstatic movements of her hands. Windham caught himself watching for that dimple and feeling honored among men when it came; and when he turned into the lounge at last, and dropped down beside Strickland for a smoke, he discovered, with a shock of dismay, that he had laid bare for the little White Girl's inspection several of his very intimate thoughts.

"So you've discovered the little White Girl," remarked Strickland. "What has Gary been about to let you get inside running?"

"The little White Girl?"

"We call her that here. She never

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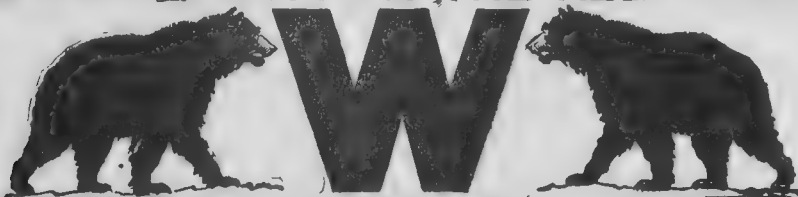
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wears color. Doesn't need it, either. She has been here a week, and the other women don't take to her—or her aunt. I don't wonder, for the aunt is the limit, and the little girl's too pretty. But she isn't having a good time."

"We'll alter that," said Windham with sudden daring. And in two days he and Gary did it. They tobogganed down the runs, three at a time, with waving caps and a rollicking joy in the danger. They skied and skated and climbed mountains, always with the little White Girl in the middle. They joined moonlight trailing-parties where the runners hummed on the crisp snow and it was necessary for Windham or Gary to hold the little White Girl very closely at the curves. Windham began to lie awake o' nights after these excursions. It was better than sleep to remember her brown-back hair on his face and the quiver of her eager body in his arms.

One day a gh. called the two 'David and Jonathan with a hyphen,' and Gary carried the joke to the little White Girl. Windham heard and was angry, but the little White Girl looked down on Gary meditatively.

"I shall call you Scylla and Charybdis," she said.

Gary straightened himself with a jerk. He was buckling her skies.

"What in the land—"

The little White Girl nodded her head. It was a way she had, and it invested her for the moment with a sweet intendment.

"You are both so very interesting and dangerous, you know. If a girl doesn't

"You'll not take her on that brutal thing again," said Gary.

"I shall do as I d— please," said Windham.

A silence dropped that seemed wide as the earth to the two. Windham limped over to the window. Something reminded him that he had never sworn at Gary before. That same something asserted that the odds were heavy he would do it again. On the slope below two little Swiss girls, with old-woman dresses and loaves of bread under their arms, slid downward on toboggans. Their cry of "Achtung" came up to Windham, mixed with the jangle of sleighbells, the sound of a distant band on the rinks, and the solemn boom from the monastery tower. The jagged snow-tops stood sharp and clean against the rose and opal of sunset, and down the valley, where the mists drew, red eyes opened drowsily as though waked from sleep. Then Gary said:

"I say, you're walking lamer, old chap."

"A bit." Windham's gratitude rushed into words. "Lost some skin myself. I—I saved her all I could, Gary."

"I know." Gary lit a cigarette carefully. "I was a brute, old man. But I do think no end of that little girl."

"You think no end of about ten little girls a year."

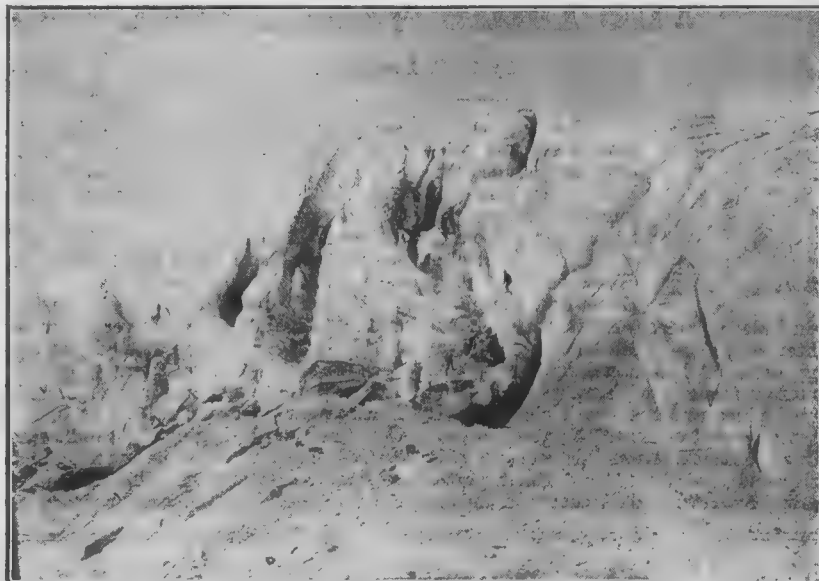
"This one's different."

"They are all different."

Gary laughed.

"You unbelieving Jew," he said, and went out.

But Windham stood long at the win-



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fall in love with one she's bound to do it with the other. I'm quite safe, of course, because I love you both. But others may not be so cosmopolitan as I am—or you?"

Then she glided swiftly down the slope, with her long skies running smoothly and her mischievous laughter flung down between the men as a challenge. Gary drew his last strap-buckle up, steadied himself, and shot after her. For the first time in six years he had utterly forgotten Windham.

"If you've thrown the gauntlet, you little girl," he said, exultingly, "you'll find me on hand to pick it up."

From that day the hyphen ceased to join David and Jonathan. Strickland had spoken naked truth when he said that Gary was wild—wild; but the most lovable man God ever made." Swiftly, imperceptibly, the little White Girl began to know it. Firstly she laughed at herself, for she understood something of the world and of the people of it. Then she grew frightened, and snubbed Gary, and sat out many dances with Windham, and let him take her down the hotel slope on an auto-bob, and knock the skin off her elbow in an upset.

Before dinner that night Gary came to Windham's room.

"I've heard about your cur-ed carelessness," he said. "You might have killed her. D'you hear? You might have killed her, dear little girl."

"Rot," said Windham tersely. The calf of his leg was scarified and his head was aching. Besides, he knew already that he might have killed her.

dow. In these last six years Gary had ripped many holes in the universe, and Windham had mended them. He had asked nothing better of life than the permission to do it. Now—he leaned his forehead on the glass, shutting his eyes. For the rush of thought made him sick and giddy. If Gary ripped another hole here and called on Windham to mend it!

"... can't," said Windham in his throat. "Oh, God! ... I can't."

For two days this dread took the sap out of his life and held him apart from the whirl around him. He walked for long hours on the mountains, and their white solitudes spoke to him, telling him that he was a man in his strength and that he desired the little White Girl more than anything else in heaven or earth. Then he came through the chill keen dusk to the quiet graveyard around the monastery and stood there, seeking the peace that he could not find.

It was very still by the gray walls beyond the town lights. On either side the crucifixes stood up in black rows through the snow. In the little open chapel of the dead two lights flickered. Over the mighty shoulder of the mountain behind it one star lay, big and glorious. It linked the dead of earth and the quick of heaven together, explaining the infiniteness of life, and drawing the sting out of Windham's trouble. And then, down the track from the toboggan runs, between the silent crucifixes, came the little White Girl, alone.

She did not see Windham until she was close upon him. Then she said

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"Oh," catching her breath in a sob.
"Where's Gary?" demanded Windham, suddenly stern.
"He . . . he went the other way." Then she gripped Windham's arm. "Oh, I don't know what to do. I'm afraid. I don't know what to do."
"Tell me," said Windham.
"I—how can I? But . . . I must know. He says he loves me."
"Yes?" said Windham.
"And—it's just a fortnight, and I know nothing about him, really. You know. Do you—do you think I could let myself care?"
"Let yourself?"
"Now I could forget. In a little while I—I shan't be able to forget. Ah . . . which should I do?"
"That's your business and his. Ask him."
"I can't. You know . . . when he looks at me . . . and touches me . . . I can't think. And I must think. There's nobody to look after me but myself. Aunt is no use."

The words broke on a sob. Windham was silent. Against the white snow the crucifixes stood up very black, very clear.
"He's your friend," whispered the little White Girl. "You know him better than any one."
"Yes."
"Then tell me . . . can I trust him? Does he always mean what he says?"
"To me. Yes."
"But . . . to a girl?"

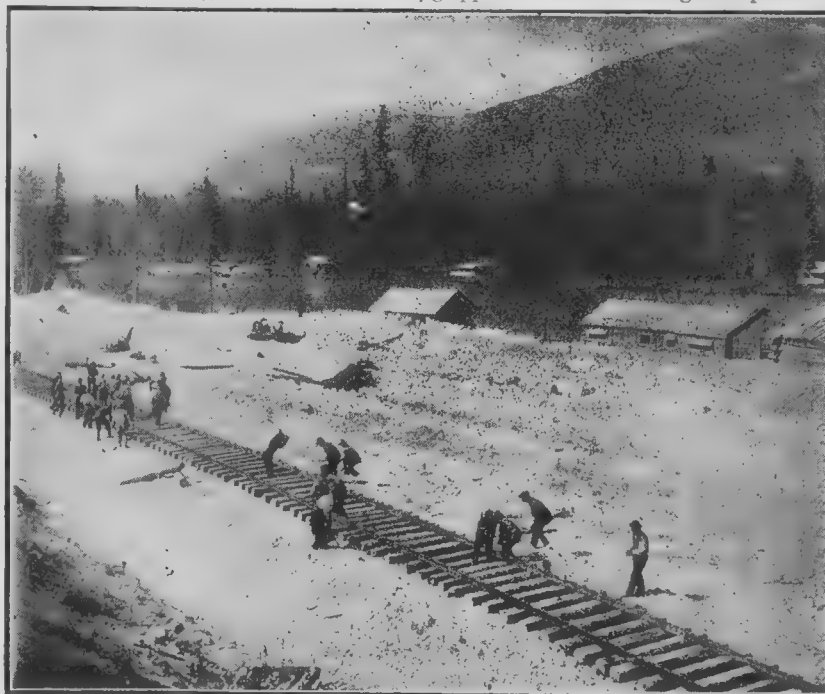
"Don't you understand? You owe me that much now."

"I don't understand. But . . . I will tell him."

She went down towards the lighted streets of the village, and Windham stumbled into the monastery chapel and dropped on a seat with his head bent down to the bookboard. He was cold—numb with cold. But he did not know it. All unsuspecting he had come suddenly upon his Gethsemane. He had trodden through it as he believed an honorable man should do. But the journey had taken him into the outer desert of thorns and blinding sand, and never in this world or the next would there be any going back.

Very long he sat there, unmoving. He did not know when more lights leaped out above the altar; when a monk passed up the side-isle, brushing him with black garments; when, obeying the tolling bell, a half-score villagers drifted in for the midnight service.

Then—sudden, strong, majestic—the chant of the monks clashed into the silence. The sound brought Windham to his feet, with pulses hammering in his ears. All down the dim church the altars glimmered out faintly. Either side the crucified Christs hung, patient, in shadow. Up the aisle the people knelt, in ones, in twos. And opposite stood Gary; Gary, looking straight ahead to the altar; Gary, with hands gripped on the rail and grim lips set.



Track Laying on the Transcontinental Railway.

"How should I know? Ask him!"
"You must know. Have there ever been other girls . . . ? Has he . . . done this often before?"

How often Windham could not remember. Through Gary's gay uncaring life it had been more times than many. But since Judas betrayed his Friend no man has done this thing lightly.

"Most men do. That needn't make a difference."

"It would to me. If I cared . . . and he forgot me. Oh . . . tell me! Do you think he'd be true to me?"

In the chapel of the dead the lights flickered. Above the hill the big star was burning yet. Darker shadows drew up in the graveyard and against the monastery walls. Somewhere down the valley a herdsman was jodelling, making wild music that tugged the heartstrings. Windham never moved.

"Tell me! Do you think he'd be true?"

Those black crucifixes . . . and Gary's frank laugh and frank eyes . . . and the little White Girl whose life hung in the balance. . . .

"No," said Windham.
Across the silence drifted no sound. The flickering dead-lights burnt down into blackness. The little White Girl spoke.

"Thank you. I'm afraid I have been very cruel to you."

"Cruel?" Windham laughed. "You don't know what you have been. How should you? When you tell Gary tell him all that I said."

"Oh . . . but . . ."

Windham did not look again. He heard the sonorous Latin chants peal out with that lure of unrest in them which belongs to the hearts of men who have pruned away earthly desires, earthly loves, earthly joys. He heard the music shake to passion and die to deadness, and the rattle of garments as the monks went out. He heard the people rise softly, and tiptoe down to the doors. He saw the lights fade one by one, until in all the church were left only one candle burning on a side-altar and two men who had been friends.

Then Gary trod across the isle.
"I did not come to speak to you," he said. "I came to do that."

The open-handed slap on Windham's face made an echo that ran along the walls. And then Gary swung on his heel and went out with quick crisp steps.

Next day the battered suit case and the old army coat left the sunny hotel on the mountain slope. But they did not go together. Strickland saw, and he sought the little White Girl.

"You have come between the finest friendship I ever knew," he said. "I hope neither of them will forgive you."

But, although she was a woman, the little White Girl was wiser.

"It is not me whom they will never forgive," she said.

Strickland had the opportunity of testing the truth of this some two years later, when he sat with Windham in an Indian shack up in North-west Canada, and waited for the dawn. There was snow from the door to the mountain crests, even as had been when he last

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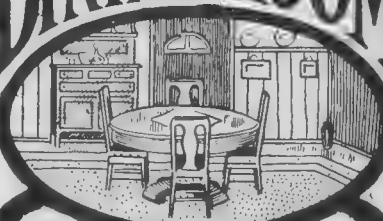
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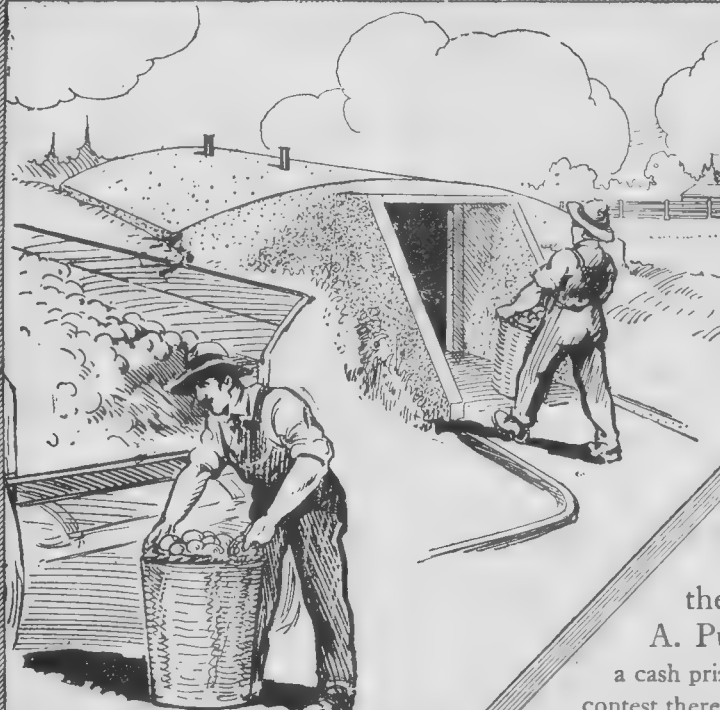
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met with Windham across the seas. But Windham wore the uniform of a mounted police officer these days, and the last flicker of his youth was gone before the direct uncompromising alertness that marked him as a commander of men.

Cunningly, over their pipes, Strickland strove to lead the talk back to the little White Girl and all that she had meant in two men's lives. But the lever of Winanam's will side-tracked him each time, and the long night dragged itself into a frozen pink dawn leaving Gary's name still unspoken. Then, beyond the shack end, the sledge dogs roused to bark in savage eagerness, and Windham looked at his watch.

"Good business," he said. "Hope he's brought decent dogs."

"The man himself doesn't seem to worry you any. If I had to go where you're going with only one human being to see me through I guess I'd take rather particular interest in that human being."

"Why so? All hired men are alike. They do as they're told—or you make them do it. He's got dogs with fight in 'em by the sound, I think."

Then some one hammered on the shack door, thrust it open, and walked in.

It was Strickland who came to his feet with an oath. Windham sat still. But on his left cheek he believed that the two-year-old slap from this man's hand was yet throbbing. He looked Gary between the eyes.

"Are you the man sent up from West-bikow?" he asked.

"Yes." Gary's face had gone suddenly hard as his voice.

"I start in an hour. Can you be ready?"

To Strickland the short silence was explosive with possibilities. Gary was unshaven and ragged. Suffering, cold, hunger, thirst had drawn lines on his face and struck the gay impudent light from his eyes. Beside him Windham looked an insensate steel-cold machine of the law. Between the two betrayal, insult, broken love made a barrier head-high.

"Yes," said Gary. Windham turned on his heel.

"You'll find my kit packed in the corner," he said. "My sled's outside."

Later Strickland watched from the shack as the two pulled out on the long trail where the icy hummocks and the frozen muskegs would greet them. Gary led, tramping the way out, with

the swinging arms and stooped shoulders of the snow-shoe lope. Windham followed, keeping the two dogtrains in the trail with keen eyes and voice. They breasted the slope where a few naked poplars showed grayly; loomed big on its crest for a moment and passed over. They were gone into the silent places that know the secrets of men's hearts and lives and guard them well.

Strickland shrugged his shoulders. "A hundred-mile trip in this weather to bring the fear of law to a mining-camp," he said. "I wonder which of those two will be needing the law on himself fore they get there."

It is probable that the same thought had entered into each man. For that one smite of Gary's hand had wiped out of Windham all but a bitter hate, and those half-score sobbing words from the little White Girl were a corroding acid in Gary's blood.

But day by day they faced the bleak distances and the stinging blizzard together. Night by night they slept in the twelve-by-twelve tent together. The earth was flat and desolate, white as a dead face, and pockmarked with bare scrub and rock outcrops. Their breath blew out before them in white clouds, and hung on their hair and mustaches in little icicles that clinked. Gary's hands got frost-bitten in heating the stiffened tent into folding position, and the pain kept him awake at nights. The old wound in Windham's thigh was a wearing agony. But they spoke no word of all this to each other. They spoke little at all except when Windham, tramping beside the flagging dogs, cursed when one lay down suddenly and knotted the team into a snarling inferno, or when Gary, defiant of the silent woods wrapped in their white mummy clothes, raised a reckless song through cracked and frozen lips.

Then evil days came on them. Smiting blizzards out of the Arctic held them crouched in their tent for many hours at a time. Food ran low. Two dogs died, and the remainder weakened swiftly. Gary realized the probable end of all first. For youth was hot in him still, and his limbs were strong. He looked across at Windham stumbling and reeling as he faced the stinging ice wind. He looked at the crawling dogs, and the sleds, with the lightened loads that yet were too heavy. And he felt his young blood rebell at thought of death here; death with Windham to know that he suffered; death with no living soul to grieve for him ever.

That night Windham's brain also jumped to the truth. And thereafter the two men watched each other furtive-

ly, like dogs circling before they clinch in fight. Once, when the Northern Lights made the midnight sky and the white shadowed earth into a quivering pale mystery of glory Gary got up, gathered his kit and the food-bags together, and went out, never looking at Windham. But a half-hour later he came back. The old worn strings of memory tugged too hard. And yet, at sight of Windham, the new hate sprang up again.

The cold grew more terrible. The moan of the ice-pack, uneasy about the feet of the pole, seemed to sound in their throbbing ears. The dogs, great hulking huskies, turned into starved devils that the men watched with unflinching eyes. But they pulled; they pulled until they lay in the lines and lay dead, and their mates, with slinking shame and sidewise looks, crawled round and ate them.

And thereafter the two white men reeled on alone through the solitudes, dragging the sleds, enduring to the utmost, seeking neither pity nor help one from the other. For, through gray day, black night, or pale dawning the wraith of the little White Girl walked between them, holding them apart.

Then, little by little, the brute that lives in each soul waked, craving the animal needs of food and warm drink, of fire and the companionship of kind. Death dogged them, nearer, nearer. There were hours when Windham longed to turn his face and reach his arms to her. There were times when Gary, feeling the fever of life leap yet along his veins, would have cried out in utter fear, in wild prayers. But, for sake of their pride and hate, each man was dumb.

One morning Windham fell in the trail and lay there. Gary, dragging the sled which held little but the tent that meant life, heard the ceasing of the snow-shoe crunch, and halted. But he did not turn, and in a moment he went on again. Sound, sense, feeling dredged out of him. He walked but he did not know it. Red on his strained blind eyeballs pictures of the past glowed vividly. There was no little White Girl in those pictures. Only Windham: Windham who had never failed him but the once; Windham who had been mate of his through good days and evil. Suddenly he halted, thinking he felt Windham's arm about his shoulder, Windham's voice in his ear, using the old affectionate words.

"Windham," he cried. But the sound fell back to him in the echoless silence. Then he turned and beat back to certain death and to Windham. Windham dreaming of summer and honey-bees and Gary's laugh in an English garden, opened his eyes suddenly to see Gary's face between him and the tent roof. He reached out with groping hands.

"I—was wanting you, old boy," he said.

Gary's hands shut on his. There was silence until Windham spoke again.

"I could have married her. She told me so later. But I never wanted her after that night."

"Nor I," said Gary, briefly. "You . . . meant more," whispered Windham. "That is why I—hated you so."

"Gary," he cried. "I had to do it. God knows I had to do it."

"I know," said Gary again. Brain-sight, heart-sight were clear to him now. They were his reward for the supreme sacrifice.

"Some one else'll do my work," said Windham, drowsily. "They can always shift up another pawn. Gary . . ."

"Yes, old man."

"She was the only woman who ever came into my life. But . . . you meant more."

Gary was shivering with more than the cold and the tension. He was looking at this friendship which surely was sanctified still. For Windham had laid the love of his man's life on its altar and Gary had brought his own life there to crown it. He stooped to Windham's ear.

"Windham. We never hated each other. We always loved each other best of all."

"Passing the love of woman," murmured Windham.

When Strickland met Gary afterward

in southern Alberta his curiosity prompted him to ask questions. Gary answered briefly. Then he looked straight at Strickland.

"The Indians helped me bury him where they found us," he said. But I've sent over to have a tablet put up to him in the little church down in Surrey. He was a Surrey man, you know. That'll tell you what you want to know."

The inscription, when Strickland came to read it, was brief. But it told him what he wanted to know.

Beneath Windham's name and the date of his death was written:

"For he loved his friend 'passing the love of woman.'"

Strickland rubbed his nose and grunted.

"The little White Girl was wrong after all," he said.

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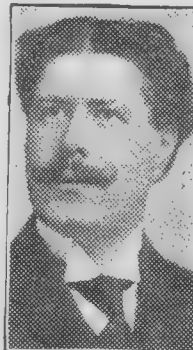
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Loss of the Steamship Asia

IN THE June issue of The Western Home Monthly appeared a brief description of the foundering of the steamship "Asia" in Georgian Bay on September 14th, 1882, when 123 out of the 125 passengers and crew were drowned. At the same time we also published a photograph of Miss Christy Ann Morrison, who with a Mr. Tinkiss were the only survivors.

We are indebted to Mrs. Harriet E. Burnett, Vancouver, who interviewed Miss Morrison on our behalf, and we

Miss Morrison, who is now Mrs. Fleming, gives the following graphic description of that terrible voyage:

"I bought my ticket for Grand Marias Mich., via Sault Ste. Marie, intending to visit my sister, who was living there. My original intention was to go by the "City of Owen Sound," and in fact, I had my trunks on board that boat, but I was detained by some friends and reached the wharf only to find the boat had already left. I accordingly got left behind, and wired to Presque Isle to have my trunks put ashore, and this was done while I, on the following day, booked my passage on the "Asia," and picked up my baggage at Presque Isle. My parents did not know I was going—I intended to surprise them, and I certainly did. A few of my friends who heard that I was going on the "Asia" advised me not to, as there was a very heavy south-west wind blowing at the time.

"We left Owen Sound at midnight, and in the early morning we were



Captain Savage of the ill-fated "Asia" who died of exposure in the life-boat.



The late D. A. Tinkiss (who, with Miss Morrison survived the wreck), died in Grace Hospital Toronto, of Rheumatism, 1902.

feel sure that her narration will be read with the greatest interest by our readers, as during the past few weeks we have received a large number of letters referring to this disaster from all parts of the world. Incidentally it may be mentioned that several garbled accounts of the disaster appeared in Ontario news papers since our June issue.

caught in a 'terrible storm. Hearing an unusual noise about eight o'clock, I asked the mate, who happened to be my cousin, what the commotion was about, and he replied that they were throwing the cattle overboard. I thought at the time that it was rather unusual to resort to such extremes as this, but little thought of the terrible experience which would be my lot before night. From eight till noon the storm raged and nearly all on board (myself included) were sea-sick. Under these circumstances, of course, nobody seemed to care what became of them, which always happens in cases of sea-sickness. In the afternoon the storm increased in fury, and a bride and her husband, who happened to be on board, put a life preserver on me, and urged me to make for one of the several life-boats which were being lowered.

"Tremendous seas were then passing over the boat, and it was only when the water was all around me that I gained the energy to jump into the water close to one of the boats. My cousin, Mr. McDonald, took me into the boat after I had been struggling some time in the water. Our boat upset three times, but fortunately righted itself on each occasion, but not before nine of the eighteen passengers had been swept away. Mr. Tinkiss held the rope at one end of the boat, while I had one at the other end, so that as the



John McDonald, 1st mate of ill-fated "Asia" died of exposure in life boat.

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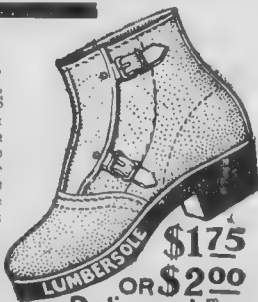
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boat turned over we managed to still hang on and not find a watery grave as most of our companions did that afternoon.

"We drifted about on the open stormy lake with only one oar to guide us to safety, and our plight seemed hopeless until in the evening we sighted land, and some one started to sing—

"Pull for the shore, sailor,
Pull for the shore,"

all of us promptly joining in the chorus. During all that dreary night we drifted slowly towards land, and although it

"After the investigation, I went home with my parents to Sydenham. The doctors ordered me to travel for my health, but as I had no means of doing so, Mr. Gunn, a lawyer of Walkerton, kindly invited me to his home, where I spent some time resting. I then had some photographs taken and wrote a short account of the disaster, which I sold to meet expenses. Some friends offered to arrange a benefit concert on my behalf, but my nerves were in such a condition that I could not appear in public as they wished."

This concludes Mrs. Fleming's narra-



1882
Christy Ann Morrison (now Mrs. Albert Fleming), Kilsyth P.O., Ont., only living survivor of the wrecked "Asia."



1912
Christy Ann Morrison (now Mrs. Albert Fleming), Kilsyth P.O., Ont., only living survivor of the wrecked "Asia."

was only a question of hours before our efforts would be rewarded, one after another of the brave occupants of our boat succumbed to the strain and exposure, and when we drifted to a small island next morning (Friday 15th) near Point au Baril, there were five lifeless bodies in the bottom of the boat, including Captain Savage, of Sarnia, first-mate Mr. McDonald, and second-mate Mr. McNab, of Sydenham.

"We could find nothing eatable on land, and we passed Friday night on the island, concluding that we were doomed to perish on land after escaping the stormy sea. On Saturday morning, however, we spied a sailing boat, the occupants of which proved to be an Indian and his squaw, who had been picking berries on an adjoining island. They gave us food and took us into their boat. Mr. Tinkiss, who in addition to myself, was the only other survivor, gave his watch in payment for our passage to Parry Sound.

"By this time the wind had abated, and we spent Saturday night in the Indian's boat in comparative comfort, reaching Parry Sound on the Sunday.

"Mrs. Miller of that town took me from the boat to her own home, nursing me and caring for me for two weeks till I was able to attend the investigation in Collingwood.

"In the meantime Mr. Tinkiss went back with the boat, "Northern Belle," for the five bodies which had been left near Point au Baril.

tive of this terrible marine disaster. Thirteen years later she married Mr. Albert Fleming, and together with their son, now live comfortably on their large farm, "Sylvian Leaf," about ten miles from Owen Sound. As Mr. Tinkiss died some years ago, Mrs. Fleming is now the sole survivor of the ill-fated steamship "Asia."

Wait Patiently for Him.

God doth not bid thee wait.
To disappoint at last
A golden promise, fair and great,
In precept mould is cast,
Soon shall the morning gild
The dark horizon rim,
Thy heart's desire shall be fulfilled,
"Wait patiently for Him."

The weary waiting times
Are but the muffled peals
Low preluding celestial chimes
That hail His chariot wheels,
Trust Him to tune thy voice
To blend with seraphim;
His "Wait!" shall issue in "Rejoice!"
"Wait patiently for Him."

He does not bid thee wait
Like driftwood on the wave,
For fickle chance or fixed fate
To ruin or to save.
Thine eyes shall surely see
No distant hope or dim—
The Lord thy God arise for thee,
"Wait patiently for Him."



Scene near Pointe Au Baril where life boat was picked up by Indian.

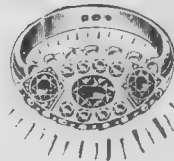
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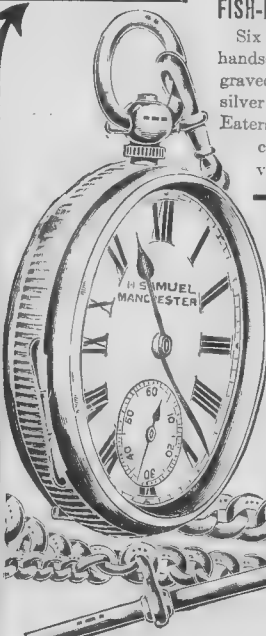
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Forfeits.

Written for The Western Home Monthly.



MR. Lionel Thompson's savings amounted to two thousand dollars — not a cent more or less — fifteen hundred on deposit in one of the Canadian banks and five hundred in the post office savings. He was a clerk in Ritson & Ritson's, the most important architects and estate agents of Belleville, and had worked himself up without any seemingly exceptional abilities into a position of eminence and dignity there. He had the reputation of being rather a niggardly, penurious young man, a little dull and retiring, but of undoubted respectability. He always did his duty conscientiously. Made no friends and in the privacy of his own room read such authors as Bacon and Milton. That, of course, meant something that did not meet the eye of the outsider. It is possible that Mr. Thompson was one of those not uncommon beings whose natural reserve and modesty are their own most unfair traducers. The majority of us have no such case of libel to bring against ourselves. When we have read a little of the aforementioned authors, we join some debating society, and are glad that people should know it. But unsociability in this young man was constitutional. It represented in him all that was subjective to a commonplace. Scrupulous regarding ordinary conventions in the matter of dress, a yearning towards the fields of romance, and he lived as a matter of fact, inside the shell of prosaic appearances, as a butterfly does within its chrysalis.

This kingdom, of course, must have its Clara Jane, and a real living, and

blossom-cheeked one it was. That is the one human compromise your romantic insists upon. Mr. Thompson's was Ethel Mayfair, the landlady's daughter.

Some people, especially the men, regarded Ethel as the beauty of Belleville. She certainly was a well-formed, graceful, young woman; and had, if we may be allowed the expression, a wild-rose complexion, full of fun and gaiety — one of those girls who are never still.

To outsiders it might have appeared rather presumptive on Mr. Thompson's part that he should aspire to the hand of Miss Mayfair, because he wasn't at all good-looking, had rather a stubby beard, and constitutionally appeared to be nothing like as well and strong as her, but his position was relatively much superior to that of the girl, who was a shop-walker in one of the small drapery establishments in the village. But it must be understood that girls of Miss Mayfair's type have often more commonsense in such matters than they are credited with, and know exactly how to play a winning game. It will be seen, in this case, however, that with all her womanly tact, she did for a time let the prize slip through her fingers.

She knew full well that Mr. Thompson in his quiet, impassive way simply adored her, and she liked him, too, and could appreciate his intrinsic worth at a figure immensely above the common estimate. It needed no incense of Bacon or Milton to present him to her mind as the model of a kind and good husband, and had even got into the way of looking forward to a future in his company, when, unfortunately, someone else intervened.

Mr. Thompson had always persuaded himself that at the moment his savings had reached two thousand dollars he

would take the long contemplated plunge into matrimony. The time had come and passed, the plunge had not been taken, and William Littleton was the cause of it all. Mr. Littleton had come suddenly and unexpectedly into Belleville, and made an arrangement with Mrs. Mayfair whereby he could have the use of the two back rooms. He was, so he said, an expert buyer of antique furniture for an old established firm in Ontario. "He was a tall, soldierly looking, breezy spoken gentleman with a fine, smooth complexion, and a lovely curling moustache, the color of the flax on a doll's head. Moreover, he dressed smartly, wore white gaiters, and flashed a good deal of jewellery, and also had plenty of that self-confidence which is always a mine of reassurance to the fair sex."

There was undoubtedly something attractive about him. Lionel was by and by to submit himself thoroughly to his spell. The man was so open-handed, so outspoken, such a sociable companion, that even when the patient, undemonstrative clerk had come to recognize in the new order of things the ruin of some long cherished plans and dreams, the personality of his rival held nothing but fascination for him. He could admit to himself his own ridiculous inferiority in the question of matrimonial selection to such a bright and masterful individuality. The two became fast, intimate friends, but none who had not heard the newcomer dwell on the lovable charms of Miss Mayfair would ever have guessed the loyalty which characterized one part of that unspoken compact.

Then the whole neighborhood was taken by surprise. Mr. Littleton was suddenly arrested one day in the street and marched off to the city gaol on a charge of obtaining goods by false pretences.

It was rather a curious charge, though, of course, the prisoner treated it very lightly. He denied, in short, that he had ever disposed of, for his own benefit, the costly furniture entrusted to his care for dealings with the great Ontario firm. And the most awkward part of the business was, that when the firm was appealed to, they denied all connection with the accused. In these days, commission agents often quote a sort of unauthorised charter, and it was on such that Mr. Littleton took his stand. He maintained when brought before the magistrates that he had a perfect answer to the charge, and on the strength of that assurance he was committed to take his trial, the magistrates agreeing to accept bail for his reappearance. That, however, he could by no means find.

One night after, as Mr. Thompson was sitting in his room, he heard a gentle tap at the door, and his heart throbbed as he cried, "Come in," because he had an idea who it would be.

The girl's face was very sad, and washed, it seemed, clear of its tender color, like apple-blossoms after rain.

"Speak right out, Ethel," he said. "You know, you can say what you like to me."

Her eyes turned to a smart little bureau standing in a corner of the room and came back again.

"He gave you that, Mr. Thompson, didn't he?" she said. "He was always so generous and kind-hearted."

"Yes, Ethel."

"Then you must believe in him as I do. But how can he put himself right, or get together evidence while he is locked up like this? It is terrible—a shame, a wicked shame—and no one in all the place can be found to answer for him."

"It was only one surety of two thousand dollars, I think," said Mr. Thompson.

"Yes," replied Ethel, "only that. And where is the risk or danger? In his letter he says, 'that if he could once get out, he would obtain proof in no time.'"

"I have just two thousand dollars by, Ethel—just that amount to a cent. If he could get out he could clear himself, and then you could marry him without dishonor."

She hung her head and sobbed bitterly.

"He was so fond of you, Mr. Thompson."

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G-8-12



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When shadows fall at close of day, Yellow Head Lake

He rose to his feet. "Very well," he said, "I will go and offer myself. I don't suppose they will refuse me."

She clasped her hands joyfully and looked at him with shining eyes. That evening Mr. Littleton was released on the personal security of his friend, the police being satisfied as to the bonafide of the bailman, and the ex-prisoner was quite boisterous in his gratitude.

"You reconcile one to human nature, old fellow," he said.

Mr. Thompson laughed shortly and rather blankly.

The very next day Mr. Littleton went off—as he said, to face the firm in Ontario, prove his innocence and heap hot coals upon their heads. He did not re-

turn to Belleville in the interval. His pride forbade him, he told Lionel, until he could lay his vindicated character at Miss Mayfair's feet, and with a rather peculiar look he said, "She is the sweetest creature on earth, and it would be worth while sacrificing a lot to gain her."

Lionel, for the moment, could not quite master the logic of that remark, although he agreed in its main contention.

Only an interval of a month separated the magisterial enquiry from the trial. It was marked at Belleville by the steady darkening and drooping of a cloud. Ethel took to avoiding Lionel, and he, for his part, got into a habit of hurrying into and out of the house

and of tightly sealing himself in his room when at home.

At the trial the prisoner, having been called upon in vain to surrender himself to his bail, the chairman gave utterance to some very strong remarks. It appeared that latterly the police had developed some suspicion of the good faith of their surety. There was the question of a bureau, a gift from the absconded bailer, which turned out to have been ordered by Mr. Littleton and not paid for. It looked so much like a case of collusion, in view of the intimate friendship that had existed between the prisoner and his guarantor, that the bench decided upon the extreme course of estreating the bail, while issuing a warrant for the arrest of the delinquent. Mr. Thompson, consequently, lost his savings and came within an ace of losing his character, and so went for a walk to think over the matter.

Outside Belleville lay Belleville meads, and a mile across the meads the meandering course of the little river Ellen checked itself at a sluice opposite the pumping station and thence fell into a pretty heavy weir to the lower level of the grassy pastures beyond. The water here was precipitated into a deep and dangerous pool, wherefrom, after knotting itself into a fast and intricate undertow, it bubbled away in innocent romplings through a shallow channel. But the spot itself was a lonely and unfenced one, and now and then a harmless life would fall a prey to its rather deadly glooms. Its reputation in this wise made it a spot generally avoided by strolling lovers.

It was growing dusk as Lionel approached it, and saw, as he pictured the vision, the undine of its hauntings stooping above the sliding green barrel of the fall. Undemonstrative as ever, he stepped swiftly forward, and caught her, not round the waist, but firmly under the arm.

"No, Ethel," he said, "that won't do." She gave a choking cry and slipped from him, crouching into the grass.

"If your dream has found a cruel waking," he said steadily, standing guard over her, "there may still be extracted some compensation from the plain prose of daylight."

She looked up, moaning, like a thing terribly hurt.

"It has dawned upon me, but too late. All your savings—and for him." "No, dear, for you," he said simply. "I had intended to propose to you the moment they came to that. It seemed



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to me a good sum to start housekeep-
ing on."

"Why didn't you?" she cried. "Oh,
why didn't you?"

He looked at her humorously. "Well,
anyhow, I do now," he said.

She gazed at him, seeming to catch
his breath. "Do you not realize that I
have ruined you, Mr. Thompson?"

"Not at all, Ethel. What would you
have thought of me had I refused to
answer your appeal? No chance for
me then, I expect. Besides, do you
think that I value you at a paltry two
thousand dollars? Things, as it hap-
pens, couldn't have turned out better
for me."

"You meant it for you and me," she
whispered, "and you gave it for me
and him."

"No, for you alone, Ethel."

She moved and wound her arms
around his honest thick legs, and rub-
bed her cheek against his trousers.

"You good, good man," she said.

As it happened, Mr. Ritson stood a
loyal friend to his clerk, and Mr. Little-
ton being shortly afterwards captured
and brought to unbosom himself, the
estrated bail was returned to its too
simple-hearted guarantor, and all
things flourished.

A good action is occasionally some-
thing more than its own reward.

Salmon Fishing in B.C.

Written for Western Home Monthly by D. G. Cuthbert.



THIS is a description of
salmon fishing as it is
carried on in the salt
waters of B. C. by a
Scotch fisherman who
left his native shores
more than six years
ago and is now as
much at home work-
ing the salmon nets and hauling in the
big fish as he was on the Caithness coast
for 40 years of his life shooting the
herring nets and landing herring.

At 6 o'clock of an August afternoon
approaching the skipper and owner of the
"Real Mackay," his 13 year-old son, Jim,
and the writer left the skipper's hospita-
ble home and strolled towards the boat's
moorings in False Creek, a branch of
Burrard Inlet, the arm of the Pacific
which washes Vancouver.

Under his arm the skipper had a box
of provisions which his good wife had put
up, and in this respect the send off was
not unlike the same event in the Old
Land. The Scotch company we left in
the kitchen wished us good-luck, and, as
a first footer in the boat, I was aware of
my responsibilities. To reach the boat
we had to cross a busy carline, rather
a change from the old days for the skip-
per, and then we struck a trail through
an Indian reserve, usually conspicuous
for its innocence of Siwash, but on this
occasion the first creature we met was
an Indian boy who replied to our inquiry,
"what's your name" in his native
Chinook.

The fishing boat, which was at her
moorings in the unruffled waters is
one of the latest crafts constructed for
catching the salmon. She is 35 feet over
all, and equipped with a gasoline engine
which propels her about 8 knots an hour.
She is planked with cedar and finished in
pine. Forward is the engine room which
also combines the facilities of cabin, and
here the steersman stands with a little
detachable window to look through.

Ted who fills this position was aboard
with a rag in his hand. He is a clean
young Englishman from Fleetwood, in
Lancashire, trained in the hard school of
the trawling fleet. Amidship are two holes,
one for the salmon and further aft one
for the nets. Over the stern is a short
deck and above the fo's'le is a similar
deck. The boat has no sails but equipped
with a couple of oars. In her white and
drab colors she looked clean and smart,
quite unlike the old herring fishing boats,
but it is doubtful if she inspired the
same pride in the breast of her owner
as some of his former sailing crafts.

The filling of a can each of lubricating
and paraffin oil at a floating house
for the purpose was the preliminary
step towards getting under way. This
was done without a hitch, the turning
of the flywheel by Ted for the ignition
of the charge being only a momentary
movement.

We were now beating our way against
the flowing tide which comes strong into
the Creek. After heading towards the
bright west at full speed for half-an-hour
the skipper drew on his long boots and
began to get the nets ready. This was
not a very long or complicated operation.
The net extended to 200 fathoms, but
was laid out as it was taken aboard, with
the old care, and all that was now neces-
sary was to draw the canvas cover off
it, attach a triangular float with a red

ensign to the end of back rope, and drop
it over the side. I now took the oars
while the skipper and Ted shook out the
net and pulled away from the bobbing
float.

The net was paid out till only a heap
a third of the size of the original one was
left in the bottom of the boat. Then we
hove to and watched the beauty of the
scene around and thought of the changes
man had made in it.

No one looking around this land-locked
harbor could think that the age of mira-
cles was past. A century ago, nay little
more than a quarter of a century ago,
the only craft here were Indian dugouts,
and the place was a wilderness. Now
there was the glare of a huge city be-
hind us, spreading tentacles out towards
the last projection of the continent into
the Pacific.

On the same quest as the "Real Mac-
kay" were three or four other boats. One
near us was a sailor with the trade mark
of one of the canneries on her sail—a
black bullseye. Probably the crafts of
all descriptions in sight numbered thirty
but the fishing boats were the only ones
bent on doing business immediately. The
rest were out on pleasure, and certainly
they could not have had a better evening
or more lovely surroundings to disport
themselves.

Surrounded by the soft-blue forest-
clad mountains on the north and north-
east, and the hills with their pleasant
homes on the south the bay seemed a
haven for peace and holiday-keeping.

South, on the Point Grey side, the
beaches were dotted with people in sum-
mer costume; and Jericho beach, a favor-
ite summer resort of these wave-wan-
derers, was also in holiday attire, the
dark background of forest being ac-
centuated by the white bungalows and
tents erected for summer occupation.

Along the shore we passed canoes and
rowing boats containing the reclining
forms of women and girls, and the braced
figures of men bearing on the oars or
sweeping the paddles with more or less
ease and grace.

From many of these crafts came the
words or notes of song. One song was
borne particularly clear along to us on
the faint air, from a row boat containing
four people. Ted was the first to recog-
nize it as "Mary of Argyll," and while it
was impossible to detect the Scots'
accent in the words yet one very reason-
ably could believe that the singers, as
they sang, pictured in their mind's eye
a similar arm of the Atlantic that the
western sun lit up and hills not unlike
these protected from the stormy ocean
outside, but which was dearer to them
than all the waters of Burrard Inlet, for
over it had oft floated the love song of
the mavis.

When the sun was falling red into the
jaws of the Inlet, after the back net with
its oval black floats had been an hour or
so bobbing in the ripple and writhing in
the running tide, the skipper decided to
haul in. The water was too clear to ex-
pect anything like a shot and none of us
were destined to be pleasantly surprised.
You could see down three feet, and no
splashing was visible to encourage us.
A remarkable difference was noticeable
in the water from that of the Atlantic
and that was the absence of any jelly fish or
medusae.

While Jim and I pulled back to the

float the skipper and Ted gathered in the nets. One sockeye alone was the take, and after hauling the float aboard we steamed away out three or four miles further.

When the old man called on Ted to stop we were far ahead of the lights of Jericho encampment, and the dusk was deepening in Howe Sound on our right. Mist now began to rise in little pools from the hollows of the hills and over the valley of Howe Sound fell a faint haze like the robe of the spirit of Sleep, impalpable to us as the tissue of dreams. The lights from the summer encampment slanted across the still water and moths drifted over us.

We now repeated the same operation of shooting the nets but this time a red lantern was tied to the float and we payed out all the net.

When all was over the side, and the red lantern was twinkling far astern, the skipper lit his pipe and sat down with a thoughtful look in his quiet blue eyes. Doubtless he was thinking of past

strung across it above this cut for the kettle to rest upon. Wood was laid on the bottom and Ted with the remark that he never knew a fisherman to light a fire without using oil, poured it on.

Presently the kettle was boiling, and Jim fetched the box of provisions which included cake—a degenerate article from the old country fisherman's view point. Nothing could be more pleasant than taking supper on deck with such scenery for our mural paintings and the lisp of the waves for our orchestra.

"We might," said the skipper before going below—"we might haul the nets again at midnight and go farther out," and he went through the doorway into the cabin instead of going down the steps of the old herring boat to the den.

It was now 9 o'clock. The dusk and scenery was not dissimilar to what might be seen in the Firth on the west coast of Scotland, with one feature that could not be seen at home. The aroma of pines was wafted from the shore,



Holidaying at Minaki, Ont.

days in the Moray Firth when Morven and Scarabens and all the hills on the "southside" filled his ken.

"Do you think often of the old days?" I enquired.

"Not much now," he replied "It was a hard life at best." But he was not the man to tell his inner thoughts and in dreams he doubtless beholds the Hebrides.

"Are we going to take supper?" he enquired about 9.30

"You bet" replied Jim, and he slipped down from the cabin roof below and fetched up a kettle, an improvised stove and cups.

Jim was about four when he left the old country, and he is now a typical Canadian boy. "Here's one that wants tea" he said.

The stove was the regulation thing for campers and carpenters being a large oil tin with a piece cut out in front to create a draught and a couple of wires

taking the place of the scent of the heather, but the quiet was that of an inlet at home. The only sound of man's presence was the throb of a gasoline boat or a steamer making for their moorings after a day's outing.

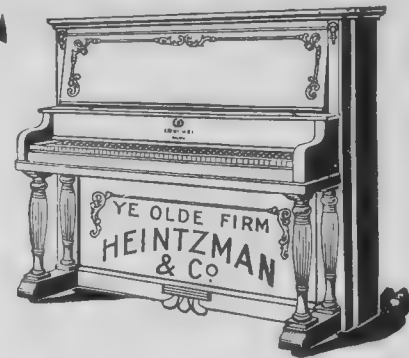
At midnight on the little alarm clock that swung with the roll of the boat the old man was sleeping quietly. At that time I was on deck and a thin shower of rain forced me below.

The old man was followed down to the cabin by the boy and the man: Forward of the engine there was room for two men to sleep at ease on the mattress. The rest of the room was nearly taken up with the gasoline tanks and oil cans.

But when I got below the old man wakened and slipped down, resting his head alone on the mattress to let me squeeze in.

I stayed below for an hour, but the closeness of the place forced me on deck,

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and I found that the rain had ceased. Shortly after midnight the waning moon peered through the breaking clouds and beautiful was the scene. Fishing under more ideal conditions could not be well imagined. The lights from the city dispelled what would have otherwise been a dark night. It is as restful as slumber to sit and scent the odor of the pines. One sound of animal life alone broke the quietness. The deep sigh of a seal, as he rose after a chase for a fish, was heard near us intermittently for an hour, and before we had shot we saw his round dark head skimming near us.

Salmon splashed near the nets, but not often enough to give Ted when he came on deck for a look, any hope of a big take.

"The water is too clear" he said in his Lancashire dialect. But once we heard the struggle of a fish in the nets and hauled them in with a sockeye. Once a salmon leaped out of the water, and shot ahead in a series of leaps like a flying fish. Often they broke the surface apparently playing with a moth.

At three o'clock the sun rose transparently red over the blue mountains eastward. At four it was quite clear, and at five the old man came on deck and looked critically at the nets which were now curved and crinkled by the tide.

"Time to haul, boys," he called; and Ted sprang on deck, followed by Jim and the most exciting work of the fisherman began.

But it was disappointing. Five salmon alone were taken. The best night's work of the season was sixty in two shots.

By this time the life of the day was abroad. The brown-hooded gull circled overhead and mewed as it did at home, but we put up steam, instead of a sail. The take was too small to trouble steaming up to the city through the Narrows leading into Burrard Inlet and we therefore made for the government wharf on English Bay which we reached before 6 o'clock.



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You are practically in the centre of an *ever-growing* army of housekeepers who know *by actual experience* that the "Sask-Alta" is *the one best range* in Canada. ¶ When we placed this range on the market we were *very certain* of its excellent qualities because it had been *tested for six months* before the first one left our factories. ¶ So, it is not at all surprising that the "Sask-Alta" should have become *the premier range* of the Dominion. ¶ The "Sask-Alta" is a strong, handsome steel range—an *ornament to any kitchen*, and a *permanent investment*.

¶ If you are thinking

about buying a range you certainly owe it to yourself to know *all there is to know* about the "Sask-Alta." ¶ Its beauty—the *ease with which it is kept clean* and its many *exclusive McClary* features, all combine to make the "Sask-Alta" *the favorite range* of thousands of housekeepers *surrounding* you. ¶ Better ask the McClary dealer to tell you *the reasons why* the "Sask-Alta" is so much superior to the ordinary range. ¶ This will place you under no obligation and is likely to *save you considerable money* and *worry* in the long run.

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The Lost Boy.

By J. W. Foley.

Little Boy Careless has strewn his
blocks
From end to end of the nursery;
He has broken the top of the gaudy box
That held sliced animals — My, Ah
Me!
His wooden soldiers are seamed and
scarred
From battle with him, and his jump-
ing-jack
Is lodged half-way from a blow too
hard,
Nor all of my coaxing will get him
back.

Little Boy Careless has spilt his drum
And bent the tube of his screeching
fife
Till all of his martial airs are dumb,
And the doll that squeaked has lost
her life
From a mallet blow on her waxen head,
And none of her sister dolls knows or
cares
How the sawdust in her is strewn and
spread
From the bedroom door to the hall
downstairs.

Little Boy Careless has gone away
And Big Boy Hopeful has come to me
The toys that were scattered on yester-
day
Are stored up there in the nursery.
The broken drum and the jumping-jack,
The waxen doll in her crib alone,
Nor Little Boy Careless will e'er come
back
To scatter the toys by his years out-
grown.

And ah, but the heart of me aches and
cries
For the Little Boy Careless to come
and play,
The light of the dawn in his big, brown
eyes,
With the toys that are gathered are
laid away.
The Big Boy Hopeful will come to pine
For the world out there and will
yearn to go,
But the Little Boy Careless was mine,
all mine,
And that is the reason I loved him so!

The Homestead of a Pioneer and Statesman.

Thomas Greenway, pioneer of '78, founder of Prairie Home farm—a description of the Prairie Home.

They were sturdy human beings, Ontario men, by whom the resident of the Southern Manitoba of to-day must realise that the foundation stones of this portion of the Province were well and truly laid. And when in the closing years of the seventies, this band of intrepid pioneers disembarked from the train at Emerson, it was a lone land to which the finger of destiny pointed, the to-day wheatlands upon Pembina's hills with the golden grain waving in summer's sunshine, the dream in '78 to none of

and forty one acres of land constitute the Prairie Home farm, a black loam of good depth upon clay subsoil; whilst through the centre of the once homestead of Thomas Greenway, Crystal Creek is flowing with its abundant supply of water for the farm's stock.

During the present season, five hundred acres of cereal crop are under cultivation and it can be remarked that the most approved methods of agricultural science have been utilised throughout the long years since the first sod of Prairie



Main Street, Crystal City, Man.

them, too Aladinesque to even conceive. But the men of Exeter, Ontario, their former home, came, saw, and—they conquered.

The domain of the Indian was at the threshold of development, a transformation scene upon its drama, the pioneer had not penetrated into its fastnesses, its glorious heritage, the highlands above the chainlet of Pembina's lagoons, was in undisturbed nature. The piercing shrill of the iron horse had not uttered its shriek amidst the dense woodland, it was a hazardous undertaking to trek from the then gateway of the Golden West, Emerson, to the ultimate destination. There were rough trails to travel over, creeks and streams to be forded; and when after days of journeying the butte of Pilot Mound, lonely sentinel, came into view, the pioneer recognised that he approached a haven wherein his destiny would place him. And some of the '78 men are spending life's sunset upon the old homestead, others have hied away to climes westward, whilst a few sleep beneath the sod upon the slope of Crystal Creek. Amongst these later is Thomas Greenway, pioneer farmer, and the archives of Manitoba history recall the fact that for a period of years, Greenway, the man diligent in his calling, sat amongst the rulers of the land; in 1890 elected as first minister of the British

Home was broken by its late owner.

Mr. Greenway was a firm advocate of the principles of mixed farming. The raising of Shorthorn and Ayrshire cattle, Clydesdales, sheep, swine was an accomplished fact, the many cups, medals, diplomas which the Prairie Home herds captured, not alone in Canadian competition for the great fairs of the United States looked forward to its entries, utter voluminous tribute to Mr. Greenway's prowess in this direction.

* * * * *

The buildings of Prairie Home farm are a surprise to the visitors. They are unique in character, verily a pattern of the model farm, and, together with the storage necessary for winter feeding, 250 cattle, 50 horses, 250 sheep can be accommodated. The artesian well is a prominent feature. The watering system is conducted by means of tanks and system of pipes, each animal receiving a copious supply per medium of a tap. The entire farm is fenced in a substantial manner, cage and barbed wire, whilst a number of exercise yards and paddocks in the vicinity of the buildings are provided with board fencing.

A summary of Prairie Home buildings will be of interest. Barn 32 x 56 with lean-to 16 x 36, having 9 foot stone wall and capable of housing 55 head of cattle;



Prairie Home Stock Farm, Crystal City.

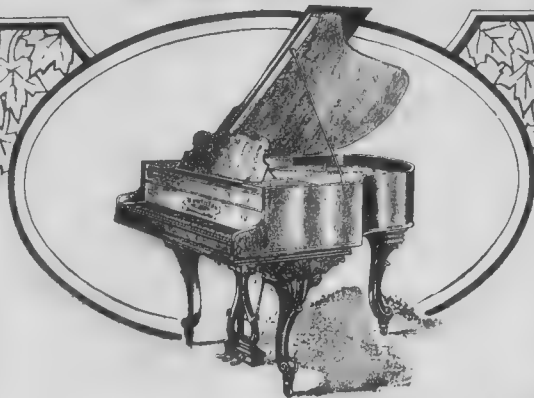
Crown, when John Norquay's premature death was deplored by all Manitobans regardless of political shade of opinion.

That which Thomas Greenway accomplished for the agriculturist of Manitoba stands unparalleled in Western Canada's history. The monument to his labors is the huge pile of buildings which the traveller upon the Southwestern branch of the Canadian Pacific railway observes at the southern extremity of the town of Crystal City. Nine hundred

also full size loft and hay mow, capacity 60 tons; whilst beneath the structure is a frost proof cellar 12 x 24 in which one thousand bushels of roots can be stored. Another barn is of size 32 x 126, in this building are located 9 box stalls for the housing of prize cattle; likewise compartments for 30 head, whilst its second floor is divided for horses and hogs; its upper story utilised for storage of hay.

Upon the ground floor of another building, 40 x 60, are box stalls for horses

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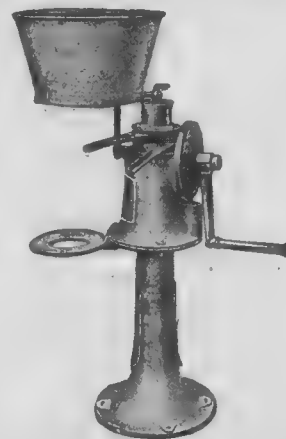
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and cattle, its second floor utilised for the former and storage of feed. With floor of concrete, a sheep house 40 x 72 furnishes shelter for 250 animals; this building is provided with a loft. In a barn adjacent, a pigery 32 x 59 is divided into 24 pens of seven animals each, and within its basement is a corral 32 x 50 for calves during the winter months. The principles upon which Mr. Greenway bases his agricultural operations did not permit that careless and costly habit indulged in by a too numerous class of farmers, the leaving of expensive machinery to the mercy of the elements. In order to counteract such expensive and disastrous procedure, a machine shed 21 x 93 was erected for the storage of all implements when not in actual use.

The butter-making industry received much impetus from Mr. Greenway who utilised every means to place this important asset of the Manitoba farmer upon a remunerative basis. To-day in certain portions of the Province the product of the churn forms a staple industry. In the not long years ago, it is accurate to say that the creamery equipment of Prairie Home was without equivalent westward of the Great Lakes; it was complete in every detail. There is also a slaughter house upon the most approved plans. For storage of seed grain a building having capacity for several thousands of bushels was erected, closely adjacent is the weigh house. And additional to the summary given, there are upward of one dozen buildings of smaller dimensions.



Tomb of Thomas Greenway.

A grain elevator, capacity 12,000 bushels, will be noticed. In this building is installed an electric lighting plant, also machinery; one hundred globes form the illumination features of this huge bin.

The voice of Thomas Norris, representative for Lansdown in the present Manitoba legislature, is oftentimes heard when

the rulers of this land assemble in council. In the not remote past, Mr. Norris wielded the hammer and uttered in stentorian tone the prices which a large assembly of buyers within the Prairie Home sale pavilion bid at the annual dispersions of Mr. Greenway's prize stock. Within the walls of this electrically lit building, eight hundred persons could find seating accommodation, and buyers from all parts of the American Continent made a point of being in attendance.

That institution of which the Manitoba farmer of to-day is proud, the Agricultural College, can retain in its archives of history the fact that Thomas Greenway was its real founder. For many years he had pondered over the plan of furnishing the tenets of scientific agricultural tuition for the sons of this Province's farmers. But Manitoba in the busy days of Mr. Greenway had not reached the zenith of her farming resources in later years. Yet, nevertheless we live to witness his heart's desire placed into actual operation. Mr. Greenway conceived the idea, it remained for others to build upon his foundation.

And when Greenway, farmer and statesman was able to vacate his busy offices in the Kennedy Street parliamentary buildings for a few days recuperation, he could be observed at Prairie Home. He was in the ecstasies of delight when rambling through its fields or inspecting its live stock. His pretty cottage upon the shore of Rock Lake was to him a veritable haven. At Prairie Home there

was a rest for the weary, a lull in the storm, the breakwater from the toil and worry of the ever tempestuous billows of the political sea.

Thomas Greenway, pioneer of '78, Manitoba statesman has passed away. Beneath a handsome tomb in the private cemetery of the family upon a grassy slope of Crystal Creek he is at rest. Agricultural Manitoba is the debtor to Mr. Greenway who achieved so greatly its success.

The once homesteader of Crystal Creek is not forgotten, and children's children will point out in the years to come that monument to his memory—Prairie Home farm with its village of buildings.

Greenway, pioneer, farmer, statesman, and to the time of his death a servant of his country, for his political career terminated, he served the Dominion of Canada in another capacity, a member of its Railway Commission.

The Alcohol Problem.

By T. D. Crothers, M.D.

The theory so confidently asserted in many sections, and believed to be beyond question, that alcohol in small doses has a tonic action on the body, giving it additional strength and vigor, has no support in modern research; but, on the contrary, its so-called good effects are found to be due to its narcotic action and sleep producing properties. The progress of science has made it possible to measure and test the power and strength which comes from drugs and foods on the body, and alcohol, judged by this standard and modern instruments of precision, is found to be narcotic.

Thus, for example, a man, temperate and well, is carefully measured from day to day to determine the capacity of his senses — sight, hearing, taste, smell, and touch; also his muscular power, fatigue sense, rapidity of thought, memory, and capacity of endurance. When these capacities are determined from an average of many days' examination, a basis of comparison is formed. Then the man is given a half ounce of spirits, usually ethylic alcohol in water, for the reason that this form of alcohol is the purest and most uniform of all spirit drinks. One hour after the use of the alcohol he is measured for the purpose of determining what effect, if any, the spirits have had on these various functions. It is found that they are all depressed and lowered, the senses are diminished in acuteness and capacity, and this can be stated in figures. Thus the eyesight is diminished in acuteness to the extent of so many inches or feet, the hearing the same. The muscular output is lowered by so many pounds, and the fatigue point is increased, showing diminished capacity for exertion and endurance. The brain has lost its quickness and moves more slowly, and this is measurable in seconds. The power of comparing one thing with another is diminished, and the percentage of mistakes in memory tests have increased to nearly double, and so on with every function of the body. The heart's action has been raised, but has fallen as far below the normal as it was forced above it.

These facts are all strikingly confirmed in intoxicated persons, but it is new to most persons that a small dose of spirits has precisely the same effect, only differing in degree and observable.

A Sly Suggestion

They had reached the outer portals of the front door, and were there going through the process of parting, very lingeringly.

"When I say good-night to you this evening," gurgled Mr. Youngslo, "do you think it would be proper for me to place one reverent kiss upon your fair hand?"

"Well," she sighed softly, as she laid her head quietly on his shoulder, "I should consider it decidedly out of place."

An optimist is a man who never stops to open a sandwich.



Tobacco that strikes 13 every time you fire up!

Yes, sir, Prince Albert smashes the big joy gong, whether you jam it into a jimmy pipe or roll up a cigarette, no matter where you are or what you're doing.

You don't have to mix up Prince Albert with eight other brands to make it taste and smell like tobacco! No, sir, you go right to it—why, as the little ducks beat it to water—*natural like!*



PRINCE ALBERT

the inter-national joy smoke

It can't bite your tongue. That's a sure-thing bet. Never did have teeth! Take it straight, that's why all the pipe-shy boys are swinging their old T. D.'s into action.

Listen: You can't tell from where you're sitting how your picture's going to look.

Nor can you tell how bully "P. A." is until you fire up. Beat it while your shoes are good to the nearest tobacco store. Demand Prince Albert—the joy smoke. Buy it in the tidy 2-oz. red tins. Say, follow the crowd!

If your dealer hasn't Prince Albert in stock, tell him he can now get it from his regular jobber.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C., U. S. A.

The French Habitant as He Is.

Written for Western Home Monthly by William Lutton.



MONTREAL is a French city, and yet it is not in the commercial metropolis of the Dominion that the distinctive French type is found. The population of Montreal is half a million, and of this total some 300,000 are French; but contact with ethnic diversity in a city which is fast becoming one of the most cosmopolitan in the world, modern modes of life, the insensible infection of other ideals and customs and idioms, have made for a certain sophistication which has proved the death of racial picturesqueness. The French habitant is found in his unadulterated naivete and charm in the rural parts of the province—what we call the back parishes. He farms the land which was left him by his father, who divided the former into as many strips as there were sons. He tills the soil in the old simple way. He does not bother with, he has probably not heard of, the new fangled machinery. In vain have the Agricultural Colleges sought to teach him the art of extracting the utmost from the admirable soil. He grows a little oats, a little wheat (not always), a few potatoes, always an abundance of hay, and a patch of tobacco. He smokes his pipe; he plows and sows; he sings a chanson; he says his prayers. The church, which, in the person of the Curé, looks after his welfare, both in spiritual and material way, bids him marry young, and he is obedient to the church.

The Curé tells him that by marrying young he will escape the snares which are laid for young men. He will, by becoming an honest father, aid in the per-

petuation of a race which is extraordinarily fecund and which the late Hon. Mr. Tarte, former Minister of Public Works, said would become a majority in the Dominion in fifty years, if the race maintained its prolificness and the English continued to commit race suicide.

He marries at nineteen a girl not infrequently of fifteen. The writer has known of cases in which the brides were only fourteen. The young couple bring forth a progeny which, while the parents are still in middle life, will number from twelve to twenty-five. Go into the habitant's home and you will find it as clean as a new pin. The floor is covered with home-made "catalong," the tasteful expression of the industry of the wife and mother, whom the church extols for the sacrifices she makes in sustaining those ample material relations which elevate her into a sort of apostolate.

There are cheap religious pictures all over the house. His Holiness the Pope occupies the place of honor. In the summer evenings the habitant sits on the verandah, smoking his "tabac catholique" while the wife and mother bustles inside. You can hear her singing at her work those simple chansons which have come down the centuries and which have found, together with much folk lore, congenial transplanting.

Be sure the habitant is not far from the church. It is his ambition in old age to move into the village, so that he can be near it and step into it and say his prayers twice and three times a day. In old age, having saved a little money, he sells his farm or rents it on the "halves," or gives it to one of the children on the condition of receiving a living from it; and then he moves to the

village where he can see and talk to the Curé and receive, in the moment of need, the spiritual consolations of the church.

He is optimistic, merry, objective. He has not commenced to ask questions. He does not as yet (as they do in the towns and cities) wonder why the churches (cathedrals, rather) are so big, and the houses so small.

The Curé is God to him in all relations. He baptizes his children. He watches their upbringing. He advises him as to the marriage of the young people. He lends him money when he needs it. He instructs him in his political attitude. He comforts him in sickness. He gives him viaticum in the hour of death.

At no stage of his humble life is he without the direction and guidance of the parish priest. Those tremendous cathedrals which bulk so hugely in the country, dwarfing the village houses, the farmers' cottages—it is the habitant who pays for them.

A French judge once remarked, in the course of a case in which the ambition of a certain Curé, who wanted a big cathedral, was in evidence: "I don't think God is proud." That was a serious offence; the church authorities rebuked the judge. In the smallest parish, the church will cost at least \$100,000. The habitant pays for it to the extent of a tenth of his produce which can, according to law, be distrained for arrears, precisely as the goods of the people of England could be distrained for tithes demanded by the Established Church.

Can God have too ornate an abode? And is not God in the Tabernacle? Pride, too, is worked upon. There is, further, the idea of stability. The church desires every expression to make for permanence. In the towns and cities the churches are imposing to the last degree; and are so numerous as to draw the remark from the late Mark Twain that in Montreal you could not throw a stone without breaking a church window. Certain of the educated classes

ask (but with bated breath) if this church building, in the presence of congestion and the slum, and the increasing severity of the economic struggle, is to continue on such a lavish scale; but in the country no such impious thought has entered the breast. At least, if it has, it is carefully hidden there.

The habitant lives his simple life in the fear of God and the Cure, doing his bit of farming, smoking his pipe, singing his song in the evening, gossiping with the neighbors, going to church, saying his prayers in all simplicity of faith, which is tinged with primitive superstitions. He believes the priest has supernatural powers; that he can banish evil spirits, cause the deluging rain to cease, or the sun to modify its intolerable heat, which threatens the destruction of the crop.

He does not travel; he does not read; he is, in truth, as a rule illiterate, and, a Catholic writer, Mr. Langlois, himself a member of the Local Legislature, is constantly saying in his paper "Le Pays," that it is a shame that Quebec should be the most illiterate province in Confederation. The Church is not enthusiastic for change, knowing that ignorance is the parent of devotion.

It has objected to a Minister of Education. While it supports classical education which is well sustained in the province, it has not shown, in the Council of Public Instruction, on which body the bishops are ex-official members, any desire to offer a modern general education for the masses of the people.

Before the church would consent to Confederation, the Fathers of that instrument had to consent to education being left to the disposition of the provinces. This meant, in Quebec, that the Church would control the education of the French people. This it does to this day, the result being two educational camps in the province, each producing its own ideal; each distrustful of the other, and each so separated in thought and feeling and purpose during the plas-

EVERY HUNTER OR TRAPPER IN CANADA

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also whole animals, fishes, to tan hides, make rugs, robes, etc. Our school can teach you these things easily and quickly right in your own home. We teach Taxidermy in all its branches BY MAIL. By taking our course of 40 lessons you can save all your fine trophies, decorate your home and den, and make splendid money mounting for others. Men, boys and women, all over the world are members of our school and endorse the course in highest terms. WE HAVE SEVEN THOUSAND STUDENT IN CANADA ALONE.

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tic years of school life that, in after years co-operation for large ends is impossible.

That is the weakness of Quebec, but it does not come within the present purview.

The habitant sees the big cathedral bulk. He observes the Old World Orders, banished from Europe, occupying the adjoining lands and erecting enormous buildings. He knows, in a dim way, that he has to pay for the emptied religious property which amounts all over the province to \$500,000,000.

He does not complain. He goes his way; he says his prayers; he believes in the power of the hierarchy, although the other day His Lordship Bishop Archambault, of Nicolet, complained in a public pastoral, that certain Catholics in the province had actually dared to criticize the actions of the priest and bishops of the church. The habitant is still docile; he will ask questions some day, doubtless, but he is still obedient.

He brought with him from Old Brittany a happy optimism. He does not repine at fate; he does not grumble at the increasing family; he is proud of each addition. He boasts his paternal triumphs. His wife is the best manager in the world; she will bring up twelve children on next to nothing; her house is spotless, you could eat off the floors. The children may be barefooted, but they still will be clean. The husband and father had probably only seen the girl the priest recommended him to marry, twice or three times, and then, in the presence of friends before marriage. There is no love-making among the French, as we Anglo-Saxons understand it.

The writer asked a village notary once if he had ever enjoyed the endearments of an engaged man. "Well, I once asked my fiance if I might get a kiss, and she rebuked me severely," said the old man, laughingly, "telling me that I should know better than to ask for a kiss before marriage."

But the habitant and his wife are as happy as the day is long. Spiritual affinity need not be sought for. They live on the objective plans. It is their duty as the church teaches them, to multiply. "No man," the church says, "should mourn longer than three months for his wife. His duty is to marry again."

It is the habitant who decides the fate of the provincial, and to some extent, federal governments. He is, with all his ignorance (which is not, mind you, ignorance in the sense of stupidity—for the habitant has a strong natural brain) a decisive element with his two million souls or thereabouts—three millions in all, if you counted all who have been lost through migration to the United States. When the Liberals first raised their heads in this province, they were regarded by the church and the faithful as being wicked and abandoned persons who would doubtless go to their own place. Mr. Laurier (he had not been knighted then) was obliged to seek the intervention of the Pope, which he and his party did in a formal manner. As a result of the appeal, the priests were ordered to desist from all political activity; but it is well understood that

the village Cure influences the vote of the habitant.

The magic of a name, in spite of the instinctive dislike of the church, proved potent; and for fifteen years Laurier successfully appealed to his compatriots, who forgot his pernicious principles in his eloquence, his Gallic grace, his pungent epigrams. They remembered that he was their own, even if he was suspect by the church, which grudgingly witnessed his repeated triumphs. The habitant, in his picturesqueness and simplicity, is a rare attraction to the American and British tourist; he represents an element full of charm in the national life which, candidly material, tends to put everything to the test of a success which you can see and taste and handle.

When the habitant begins to ask questions, he will be lost to poetic efforts, which will be a pity; but he may then be spurred to emulate his English speaking fellow-citizens who, making money, while the habitant exerts the vote, grumble that the province is kept back by an element which, however quaint and charming, constitutes a severe handicap upon commercial and industrial progress.

On the Prairie.

Written for Western Home Monthly.
By G. F. Cuthbert.

The sun has gone down o'er the wheat-covered prairie,
And the gold of the earth and the rose of the sky
Have fled to adorn the high mountain eyrie,
Where the white birds of winter eternally lie.

Around me has earth spread her lap wide and level
To receive all the gold of the prodigal West,
And the stars round the harvest moon unclouded revel
For no wails from a fog-pall their concord molest.

And over the harvest there scarce falls a shadow—
The deepest are cast by homes happy and bright,
Or betoken the animal wealth on the meadow—
For the body unhungered what happier sight?

And yet the bright stars do not set my heart dancing,
Nor the gold of the earth give a gleam to my eyes,
For my eyes and my heart have fled to the glancing
Of the moon on the wave 'neath a gray eastern sky.

Ah, there lies the harvest of gold that I care for,
The pure liquid gold too rare for the grasp,
The gold that the water-witch brews in her laver
When her hand and the moon's, 'spite the jealous clouds clasp.

The gold she distils while the mountains above her
Wave their white locks to the march of the gale,
And the trees to the rage of wind given over,
Toss their black arms like madmen and rail.

The gold that is here "bread of life" may be titled,
But tonight 'tis my soul that is hungry in me,
With the water of life is any heart's country victualled
And I long for its revelling company.

This soil may bring forth all that earth deems sufficient
And perhaps is so deep as to bury the soul,
But our forefathers' dust made the rock-land efficient
To bring forth herbs that make the soul whole.



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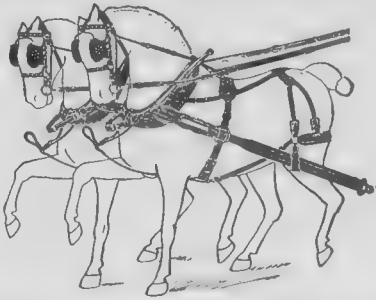
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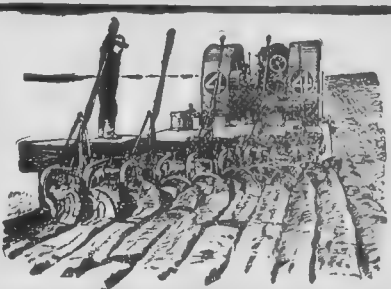
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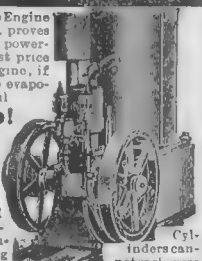
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The Small Bank and the Farmer.



WHEN the Great American Novel has been written you will probably find that one of the most important and by no means one of the least interesting characters in it will be the country banker; for in order to be a successful one—that is, one who has guarded the rights of his stockholders and has fairly met the needs of his customers—a man must possess a mental and moral equipment unsurpassed by any one in any other walk of life. As you stroll up the village street when the dust from a passing farmer's team has blown aside you may look across and see the institution

say: "The city banker is merely the country banker come to town and adapting himself to his particular environment." He was talking to a gathering of country bankers and what he said was intended as a compliment; but when one thinks of the converse of the statement it was hardly a compliment after all.

Aside from the personal equation, which plays so important a part in the country banker's life, he has problems to contend with which are unknown to the city banker. Situated in a small town or village, say three or four hundred miles away from the nearest big city, his bank is a tub standing on its own bottom. He has no clearing house to come to his assistance in time of stress and trouble; he has to fight it out alone. Among

of comparatively recent origin. The first two had been in the field for a considerable time and had been moderately successful. But with the advent of the panic the management of each institution lost its nerve, and, largely through fear—for they were shortly reopened—both banks were temporarily closed.

"The cashier of the new institution, called the 'baby bank' of the town, was a young fellow of sterling character who had made a hard fight for his little bank. One morning in the earlier days of the panic we received a long telegram from him about as follows: 'Both my neighbors closed up this afternoon; but the First State Bank of—, clean as a hound's tooth, proposes to stand up provided you give it proper encouragement by sending it some currency; and it is up to you as to whether this little bank shall live or die.'

"This martial strain appealed to us. There on the—plains was a lone country banker, like Leonidas at Thermopylae, his banking grades having already fallen by his side. Without any serious host to support him by way of



Smithsonian collectors preparing Western Canadian specimens for shipment

over which he presides. It may be a small but substantial brick structure, ornate without and within, having a marble counter, a fancy iron grille, adding machines, loose-leaf ledgers, card systems and all the devices of the modern city bank. Or it may occupy a railroad-off portion of the general store or share a building with the post-office. In any event it is the axle round which revolves the industrial wheel of the whole community.

And by the same token the man behind the brass railing looms large in the life of every one round him. No enterprise or small venture is undertaken without his advice or assistance. To him comes the widow with her few thousands of life-insurance money to invest, the farmer who wishes to hold his crop or to buy or sell a farm, and the outside seeker of information of one kind or another. In fact he is consulted more often and upon more subjects than the doctor, the lawyer and the minister combined; and his advice is nearly always conclusive.

"I do not know the physical or spiritual needs of these people," he says, "but I know them every one through the measure of their aspirations; it is through those that we are judged most accurately." It is therefore strange that a well-known New York financier should

the assets of the little bank you may not find a single piece of collateral in the shape of a stock or bond; perhaps ninety per cent of its securities are mere promises to pay. With these the country banker has to do business; and if he is located in a one-crop country he may be compelled to do financial "stunts" that would make even the high financier dizzy. For instance, two years ago the wheat crop in one section of a north western State was a total failure. To make sure that its farmer customers would have seed for another planting and to keep them from sending money out of the community for the purchase, a country bank bought out-right an elevator with its entire contents. The amount paid for it was more than the combined capital and surplus of the bank. Such an act requires faith, courage and resourcefulness of no mean order.

Heroes of Rural Finance.

As if to emphasize the difference in environment between the city and the country banker, the financier mentioned above cites a case from actual experience during the dark October days four years ago:

"There were three banks located in a little town in—; one national, one private and one small state institution

clearing house certificates or other local co-operation he took his final stand and made his appeal.

"What reply could we make to such a financial patriot but to cast aside the thought that his average balance with us was only about \$700, and promptly wire him as follows:

Hold the fort! Though sorely pressed, Twelve hundred plunks have been expressed.

During the same period another country banker saved his bacon by the force of his own persc ality. Like many of his fellows he had big balances in the distant city bank; but when the financial arteries suddenly hardened he could not get a dollar. The farmers and small merchants became frightened and began to draw upon the slender stock of cash on hand. The president pleaded and argued with them, explaining that the panic was purely a Wall Street affair caused by speculators and had nothing to do with them; that the lack of cash was due to a foolish currency system. He ran the gamut of every relationship that one man bears to another; they had known him many years; his word was as good as his bond; his bank was solvent, in no real danger.

Day after day the farmers would come singly, in twos and threes, or sometimes by the dozen, and listen to

what the president had to say. Most of them took his advice; but the cash got lower. Then he went to the county clerk and formally made over to the bank everything he possessed. He was rich, owning hundreds of acres of the finest land upon which at the time were unharvested bumper crops, he whole worth as much as the capital and surplus of the bank. He hung the deed up against the brass railings and began to fight. That held them.

There was a serio-comic ending to it all, however, for on the morning when the big shipment of currency finally came to relieve the situation the cashier was taking off a trial balance. He walked in to the president with a rather grim smile. "I suppose," he said, "you noticed Cyrus Culver in here pretty nearly every day with his 'I told you so' expression, waiting round to see what would happen?"

"Yes," replied the other, "you would have thought the gossip old fool owned the whole bank."

"Well, he doesn't," the cashier snorted; "he's overdrawn seven dollars and eighty nine cents." And the president's overstrained nerves gave way in a burst of uncontrollable laughter.

Right here it may be well to state that what this banker said about the panic was true. Situated as they were, a thousand miles and more away from the scene of it, owning the finest land in the world, with bar, ricks and fields full of an abundant harvest, of what immediate concern was that panic

to these farmers? Suppose the bank couldn't pay them at once all the cash they demanded but did not need. What of it? The institution was safe. A bank is not insolvent until its capital, surplus and undivided profits have been wiped out by losses and the remainder of its assets are not sufficient to meet its liabilities.

Nothing of this sort had happened nor was it at all likely to happen. The little bank was merely short of ready cash to meet an extraordinary demand. This banker, like every man in the same profession, was not satisfied unless every dollar he could lay his hands on was working all the time. The farmers had a good deal of money on deposit and this country banker, like others, had sent a large amount to his reserve agent in the city where he could get interest on it. The city bank, for the same purpose, had sent large quantities of it to New York where a horde of Wall Street speculators got into a big fight. It took all the cash they could get to carry it on. Stocks "went sky-hooting" and so did the interest rate; somebody got hurt, the newspapers cried havoc and the panic was on. So far as that little bank and those farmers were concerned it was merely a case of the Wall Street heathen raging while the people imagined vain things. Possibly it taught the president a lesson, but it is quite as likely that it did not.

Nevertheless, when one of these country bankers is willing to talk he can usually be very interesting. "When we opened

up here, ten years ago," says one, "the prospects did not look very encouraging. We were advised against it. The country round was sparsely settled; this place was hardly more than a hamlet. Now it is a good-size, flourishing village. Things began to go ahead almost as soon as the bank opened. We now have deposits of nearly two hundred thousand, all from the immediate vicinity. We have earned sixteen per cent in dividends regularly after the first year and have practically never lost a dollar."

"You attribute the growth of the community, then, mainly to the bank?"

"Unquestionably. Why the farmer, as well as any other man, needs money to carry on his business. He often needs money to get started. A great many of these people came here with but little left after buying the land. They needed houses to live in, seed to plant, implements and stock to work with. It was the business of the bank to furnish the necessary capital to buy all these things. Without the bank many a farmer round here could not have turned a furrow. And that is why the community was so slow in developing before the bank came."

The Banker as a Booster.

"And your small industries—that canning concern down by the station, the cheese factory, the box and barrel factory?"

"All financed locally; not a dollar of outside capital invested in them. I

have never forgotten the speech of a Georgia banker at a convention I attended years ago. He said, "I am tired of seeing our farmers sending their cotton at twenty-five dollars a bale to foreign manufacturers and buying it back in its manufactured state at from sixty to seventy-five dollars, the difference received and the price paid having gone to pay freight, to enrich the foreign manufacturer and to feed and clothe the poor of other countries. I am almost prepared to say that wherever there is a bank in a Georgia town and no cotton mill, the bank has not done its duty. I will say emphatically that the bank has neglected a most important opportunity for increasing its own business and the business of every individual in its community. In many of our small towns prosperous, dividend-paying cotton mills have been built under the supervision of the officers of the local banks and are now being operated successfully, to the great good of the banks and to the benefit of every one."

"Some of the best men and most intelligent farmers about here came as harvest hands. Many of them now have farms of their own and you couldn't pry them loose from the land with the latest patent stump-puller. One of them did leave the neighborhood last year, but he took fifteen thousand dollars, which he has accumulated here, away with him to buy a farm in a distant state."

He Thought He Could.

Written for the Western Home Monthly.

The Master Mechanic's face was hard
As he briskly entered the engine yard.

Where the round-house glare in the
darkening night,
With its roar and clangor and bright
head lights

Of the iron monsters, waiting round,
Cast flickering shadows on gravelled
ground,

Where the lines of cars with their
loaded freight
Loomed big and heavy and gaunt and
great.

And he muttered—"It's only a Mogul
now
That will pull that drag to the moun-
tain's brow."

So he spoke to an old ten-wheeler there,
All spick and span from the wiper's care,
With brasses shining and fire aglow,
And seemingly waiting the word to go.
All hissing steam from its iron sides—
"Can you lift that line up the big
divide?"

But the monster seemed to shiver and
shrink,
Like a heated horse at an ice-cold
drink.
And from its exhaust came a startled
pant,

With a troubled look the Master turned
To a round-house track, where the red
coal burned

In a brand new engine, fresh from the
shop,
The strongest brute of a century's
crop.

"Can't! Can't! Can't! Can't!"
And he shouted his quest to the engin-
eer—

"Billie, you've got a good one here.
That line of loads must be moved,"
he cried.
"On a single haul up the Big Divide."

But the engineer doubtfully seemed to
pause

As he figured the weight of the line of
cars,

But e'er he could answer his chief
there came

O'er the engine's sides a shudder of
pain,
That sank away in a weary pant,
"Can't! Can't! Can't! Can't!"

Just then from the blackness around
about

Steamed a little engine with noisy
shout.

As it puffed from its long trip on the
road,

Gladened to leave its heavy load.
To the shunting engine's jerky din

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It seemed like a truant "buttin' in."
As it wormed its way through the
switcher's maze
To rest in the round-house steamy
haze.

It was greasy with dirt and black with
smoke,
But it seemed to think it was all a joke.
It seemed to glory in grime and oil,
And to make a jest of the hardest
toil,
As it weezed to its station with throbb-
ing nerves;
It bubbled joyfully—"Here to serve."
He was only a Dinky -- of old-time
style--
But his record showed many a moun-
tain smile.

The Master viewed him with half a
smile,
"I'll give him a chance -- it's perhaps
worth while.
He's a game little tugger for all his
size.
Any chance to-night I must not de-
spise."
Once more through the clamor his order's
rang,
And was instantly answered—"I--think
--I--can."

He was coupled at once to the waiting
cars,
And was off in the dark with their jolts
and jars.
He gathered speed for a flying start,
With a purpose set in his tiny heart.
And quicker and quicker with might and
main
His piston chanted this old refrain--
"I--think--I--can; I--think--I--can;
I--think--I--can; I--think--I--can."

But soon the grade with its steady
length
Began to tell on his failing strength.
The train sagged back with a sicken-
ing pull
As the couplings tightened. The cars
seemed full
Of the heaviest lead, rock, sand or stone,
But he stoutly grasped in his hissing
tone,
"I--think--I--can; I--think--I--can;
I--think--I--can; I--think--I--can."

Full well he knew if he lost his grip
For a single turn, the long, hard trip
Would be worse than lost, for the
train would go
In a crashing wreck to the gulf below.
But steadily, steadily, foot by foot,
He braced himself as he climbed the cut
That the railroad builders' had lately
made
To lessen the pull up the mountain
grade,
As he grimly toiled up the steep incline
He nerved himself to the piston's
rhyme,
But slower and slower his motto ran--
"I--think--I--can; I--think--I--can."

Another turn of the slackening wheels,
A few more feet on the sanded steels.
A dying effort--one last grim tug--
Then a breathless murmur--
"I--thought--I--could."

Then off down the grade with a whoop
of delight
He rocketed far through the starry
night;
With gleeful rattle he whirled along
And madly shouted his triumph song.
And faster and faster from rock and
wood
Joyfully echoed--"I--thought--I--could."
"I--thought--I--could; I--thought--I--
could;
I--thought--I--could--I--tho't-I-
could."

The sun peeped over the canyon's edge,
The shadows fitted from ledge to ledge,
The old rock-owl from his perch on
high
Hooted complaints to the brightening
sky.

Even the rascally coyote paused
As he played with a feather with grimy
paws.

And he told it all to his mate that
morn

As they slunk away at the break of
dawn.

"And by all the ground-dogs that ever
hid."

"He tho't he could--an' he surely did."

Farming in the Early Days.

Written for Western Home Monthly by G. W. Bartlett, Arden, Man.



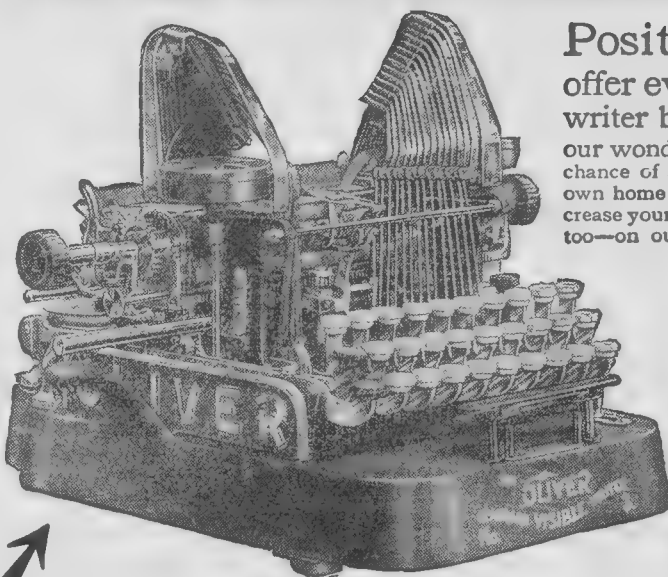
THOUGH the development of the agricultural resources of the western prairies, was far from the thought or desire of the officers of the great pioneer fur companies, yet the great difficulty of food transportation and the ready fertility of the soil, led to the early cultivation of gardens at nearly every permanent western trading post. In the seventeenth century records show that gardens were

cultivated at Albany and at York Factory. In 1810 Fort Churchill supplied vegetables to northern posts; and in 1811 we find evidence that wheat and potato culture were general around the North-west Company's posts in Manitoba. Father Provencher mentions in his journal, 1818, the distress among the inhabitants, ten years before, resulting from the devastations of the grass-hoppers--proving the extent of agriculture before the first Selkirk settlement, and the previous visits of the scourge of the pioneer farmers. The extent of the in-

dustry is confirmed by the existence at this early date of a grist mill at Swan River. Nor was this work confined to the white men. Lord Selkirk's correspondence in 1817 shows that a "Short Ears," chief Pin Paunche, cultivated grain and vegetables extensively near Lake of the Woods.

In the matter of stock, the country was less advanced. As late as 1776 the early pioneers of the Saskatchewan found the Western Assiniboines still chasing the buffalo on foot, though tribes on the Mississippi were beginning to employ the horse. The use of the horse as a beast of burden barely antedates the coming of the Red River settlers, and at the time of their arrival the Red River cart had not yet become a familiar sight on our prairies.

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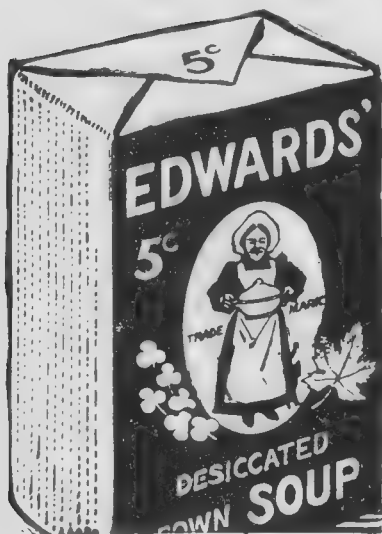


Cook's first aid

The handy packet of Edwards' desiccated Soup is something the cook is always wanting, always ready when she needs it.

It solves the problem of good soup on busy days because it takes so little time to prepare. It helps her to make a tasty meal out of things that get "left over." It strengthens her own soups and suggests many a meal when she's wondering what to give.

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Edwards' desiccated Soup is made in Ireland from prime beef and fresh vegetables. Buy a packet to-day.

Edwards' desiccated Soup is made in three varieties—Brown, Tomato, White. The Brown variety is a thick, nourishing soup, prepared from best beef and fresh vegetables. The other two are purely vegetable soups.

1166 5c. per packet. C.W.P.

The cow was found at many of the larger posts, but always in small numbers. Pigs, poultry and sheep are seldom mentioned before 1812.

The first contingent of the Selkirk settlers, who landed at York Factory in the summer of 1811, and arrived at the Red River on August 30th, 1812, were fairly well supplied with arms, even to small field-pieces, but had no more efficient tools for removing the scrub and breaking up the soil than ordinary hoes. Having set the people at this back-breaking job, Governor Macdonell set off by boat to look for a location, taking with him "the bull, the cow, and the store of seed grain." A short survey convinced him that there was no spot better than that which was being broken—Point Douglas. Here the party set to work, cutting a small supply of hay, and "throwing in" the grain on the broken ground to cover with a hoe. The first sowing was fall wheat. The governor even wrote to Lord Selkirk for a pint of apple seeds.

But for timely supplies received from Peter Fidler, the Hudson's Bay master at Brandon, the colonists must have suffered the greatest hardship, if not actual starvation. Next year, however, they took up the work and slowly widened the belt of cultivation. They also succeeded in adding, by purchase, to their small herd of cattle. The first crop was, of course, a failure. The settlers had to learn by repeated failures what crops could be profitably grown. Each year of failure was followed by a winter on the buffalo plains west of Pembina. Scarcely had they begun to gain a footing in the new land, when their dawning hopes

bringing in these porkers from York Factory he was "frozen in" on the upper Nelson. He was obliged to bring in the hogs by dog train, to do which he blanketed the pigs and tied them down to the sledges, muzzling the dogs which hauled his freight. Laidlaw also introduced a number of varieties of oats and peas with which the Kildonan pioneer will doubtless be acquainted. The following is His Lordship's list and comment:—Blainsley—long a favorite in Scotland; Dun oats—prolific, early, plenty of straw; Early Angus—early, little straw; Late Angus—strong pickle, plenty straw, a little late Church's oats—nice kind, early enough, plenty straw; English Green Pea—early, very prolific; Findlater's—early, very prolific; Tweedsdale Gray Pea—plenty of straw; also some esteemed kinds of potatoes.

In the summer 1819, Laidlaw foreseeing the destruction of Red River crops, went up to the neighborhood of Brandon, broke up a piece of land, and "threw in" the seed. This hasty sowing furnished the only good crop in the country that year.

Another modest arrival of 1819, was a hen and six chickens from Lord Selkirk's farm at Rainy River. These birds are undoubtedly the ancestors of the blue-blooded feathered aristocracy of the old regime of Manitoba poultry. By the same canoe, arrived the venerable Dick the gander, a famous patriarch of the web-footed fowl of lang-syne.

A census of colony stock of 1819 shows the following:—Calves, 2; cows, 3; bull, 1; buffalo cow, 1; pigs, 69; hen, 1. The pigs aforesaid were kept alive during



Winnipeg Swimming Club Diving Board.

were shattered by the feud of Hudson's Bay and North-West companies. When the colonists were expelled after the Seven Oaks battle, the Northwesters turned their horses into the grain fields with the result that fifty died from overfeeding. During the absence of the exiles all the cattle were slaughtered or driven off, except a bull and one cow, known among the settlers as "Adam" and "Eve," the nucleus of the herd of the restored colony of 1817.

On the return of the colonists, the Earl of Selkirk established a colony farm for the purpose of encouraging and firmly establishing agriculture and stock raising. The management of this farm was left in the hands of Wm. Laidlaw, an experienced Scotch farmer. Laidlaw's troubles began the moment he assumed control of Hayfield farm. His available employees consisted of four men—a tailor, a shoemaker, a sailor, and an invalid—"a useless, teachless lot."

There was, according to Laidlaw, a general conspiracy to force him to pay exorbitant wages—as high as two shillings a day being sometimes demanded. In his absence, the men overworked, or starved to death, four horses, leaving nothing of live stock with which to "turn over the airt," but the bull and two oxen. Laidlaw's greatest trouble, however, was the scourge of locusts which destroyed the crops for two years and damaged them the third. Discouraged by these repeated reverses, Laidlaw left the country. Several achievements of interest mark his regime, however. He made a futile effort to secure a cross between the buffalo and "old Adam." He imported several pigs, which formed the basis of the hog raising industry in Manitoba. While

the winter by acorns gathered by squaws for a few glass beads from the colony store.

Land during the first three decades of the colony fluctuated from 5 to 10 shillings an acre, according to the whim of the London committee. Crop rent per acre 100 acres was as follows: First two years—free, third—10 bushels wheat; fourth—15 bushels; fifth—20 bushels. At that time the price of barley was fixed at seven and sixpence and wheat ten shillings.

In 1822 the application of the Catholic clergy to purchase seigneurial rights on the Seine River, was declined as "contrary to policy."

In 1815 The Earl of Selkirk sent out a windmill which was set up near Fort Douglas some years later. It was afterwards sold to Robert Logan at a sacrifice for £400, with the provision that the toll on grists should be fixed at 10 per cent.

In 1824 a large drove of cattle from Kentucky and southern parts was driven in and sold to the settlers. In 1833 an expedition was sent to Kentucky to buy sheep. They succeeded in securing several thousands, but on the return trip the spear-grass of the northern prairies, worked through the wool, and the sheep covered with putrifying sores, dropped in hundreds along the way, only a handful reaching their destination.

Not long after the abandonment of Laidlaw's farming project, the Hudson's Bay Co. took up a model farm on the Assiniboine, but after several years of mismanagement and deficits it was discontinued, connected with this farm is the name of the famous stallion Fire-away, still admirably spoken of by the

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old settlers. The next model farm was undertaken by Geo. Marcus Carey, and a staff of "experts" on the Fort Garry flats near Broadway. After disposing of some thousands annually for several seasons the enterprise was abandoned.

When the Hudson's Bay Company took over the colony from the Selkirk estate they agreed to purchase all their supplies from the colony, at London prices. It was soon found that colony produce was far from uniform in quality. While possessing some excellent butter-makers and cheese manufacturers, the colonists included some who brought no credit on the colonial reputation for cleanliness. The result was a discrimination against the colonial markets, which had a depressing effect on prices and prosperity.

Looking over the enactments of the council of Assiniboia, we find repeated laws against the prevailing offences of taking horses from pasture without the owner's leave; letting stallions run at large; leaving pigs at large. Later on we find enactments about sheep killing dogs, which all bear testimony to the growing importance of the sheep raising industry.

Early in 1832 an act was passed to provide for a fair at Frog Plain each

May and September. This was a great event, not only in agriculture, but in the social life of the community, and did much towards promoting better farming and dairying. Unfortunately for the colony, these encouragements were almost neutralized by trade monopoly and the absence of markets. Until the advent of the railway, industrial life was very slow in its development.

Yet despite all obstacles, there was progress, as may be seen from the statistics of 1849, which, with a resident population of 5,391, showed:—Horses, 1095; mares, 990; oxen, 2097; bulls, 155; cows, 2,147; calves, 1615; pigs, 1565; sheep, 3,096; stables, 1,066; barns, 335; plows, 492; harrows, 576; carts, 1,918; land in crop, 6392½ acres; water mills, 2; windmills, 8. A number of these windmills were afterward purchased by the Minnionites and one of the old Kildonan mills is still used for pumping water on the creek at Steinbach.

In spite of wind and hail, flood and drought, frost and grasshoppers, in the face of all hinderances and handicaps, the hardy pioneers continued the steady development towards the assured position which Manitoba now holds, as the premier province of the "Great West."

An Ontario Lady's Impressions of Rural Life on the Prairies.

By M. H. Williams.

Far from the apple-blossoms in the fruit districts of old Ontario, lies the vast tract of country we call—"the prairies of Western Canada." From Winnipeg to Calgary, a distance of eight hundred miles,—they stretch, in undulations, far away, east and west, north and south, intersected by rivers, streams, and,—in the far West, coulees,—ancient river bottoms.

Before the advent of railroads,—the lonely trapper, the adventurous settler, and the pioneer missionary, traversed these broad plains, by prairie-schooner,—a name given to a tented wagon drawn by oxen, or horses in summer, and in winter, by dog-train and snow-shoes.

Tribes of red men, and vast herds of buffalo inhabited this "great lone land" less than half a century ago. The "Great Magician's" wand has passed o'er the plains, and all is changed. Surely the world has not witnessed a greater transformation in so short a space of time, nor listened to a story as fascinating. People of many nationalities, now dwell, where once roamed the Indians, and buffalo. More than one era has passed since the pioneer settler trekked across the wilderness in his prairie-schooner and dog train. The "Wild and Woolly West" days of the Indian rebellion, of massacres and lawlessness, the necessity for fortified enclosures, such as the Hudson's Bay forts, are past history. A few soldiers,—all Canadians,—stationed in the cities, and, farther west, the Mounted Police patrolling the plains from ranch to ranch, are all that is needed to preserve law and order. The Indians, on their reserves are as peaceful and law abiding as their white brothers, and as contented as

a people can be who have not yet forgotten their heritage and wild free life in their tepees.

Western rural life has changed considerably in the last twenty years. Settlers who have located in a newly opened up district, may be far from a town or railway,—even with them, the latter is rapidly creeping in their direction.

Farmers in older settlements are within easy access to town or city, often with more than one railroad to convey them and their produce, whither they wish.

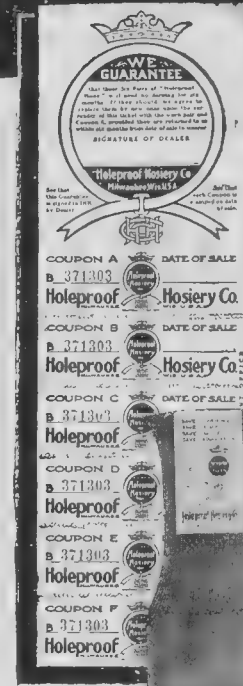
Vast is the difference between pioneering in the West, and that performed by our Fathers in old Ontario. Here, there may be "scrub" to clear, but no large, dense timber to fell, or stumps to battle with. There is no tramping through the forest, over a blazed trail, for many miles, to sell grain and purchase food, as Ontario pioneers did to reach muddy York (Toronto). Telephones, and in some districts, rural postal delivery, brings the farming community into close touch with each other, and their nearest town, and are also great aids in their work.

Farming in the West, differs in many respects, to the same occupation in Ontario. Farms are much larger, each being a quarter, or half section (160 or 320 acres). Some families have a whole section between them. On many of the Manitoba farms are "bluffs" of poplar and oak trees, which provides fuel, is a windbreak, and adds to the attractiveness of the homestead. We miss the pine, beech and flaming maple of our home province, but find a walk through the bluffs very alluring. The jack-rabbits hop across the winding paths, the part-

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A Manitoba Bluff in Spring.

ridge "drums" for his mate, while from the top-most branch of the tallest tree, a pair of owls hoot at us, for daring to approach the vicinity of their nest.

The huge machinery, and many horses employed, the traction engine, the numerous furrows turned in the black, rich soil, the vast unfenced fields of green or golden grain, are a continual source of wonder and interest.

The scene is most impressive when the grain is ripening. Tall and majestic it stands, waving its tasseled heads with

the passing breeze. The game of grain growing has reached the fascinating stage. The world waits and watches, agog with anxiety and interest. Newspapers chronicle the daily reports, and none are more anxious than the farmers. They scan the horizon. Is it too cloudy? too rainy? is there danger of drought? The dreaded hail, or early frost, will they escape? A sigh of relief when harvest approaches with none of these calamities. Then come the helpers from the East, farm laborers and College students, and the whirl of

machinery is heard,—the song of the plains,—from early morning till late evening. The summer is short in Western Canada, but the days are long. In midsummer a rosy blush,—the sun's parting salute,—may be seen in the western horizon at ten o'clock at night. The growth is rapid, there is little time for the toilers to rest, early and late they work, the men in the fields, the women in the house. Many men, makes extra cooking necessary. Scientifically, systematically and cheerfully, the grain is harvested, wheat, oats, flax, peas, etc., cut, stooked, and threshed in the fields later, is taken to elevators, which are conspicuous in every community, from Port Arthur and Fort William, at the head of the lakes, to the Rockies. From them, the grain is carried by rail and steamboat to the far end of the earth, mankind is fed, and farmers enriched.

They have visions of new machinery, more stock, and increased bank account, while the women delight in added prosperity, and, perhaps a trip to California. Westerners know how to enjoy life. It all seems very simple, this story of grain-growing; we wonder why all farmers are not rich, and why we are not all farmers.

Alas! the road to success has "down grades" as well as up, to the farmers as many,—they say more, than the City business man. They have their problems to solve, and anxiety is ever dogging their footsteps.

Their Maxim is, "never count on a dollar, till it is in your pocket." The grain may be hailed out, frozen out, dried out, or like last season, when it promised so well, be visited by old King winter long

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Applied *lightly*, night and morning, will give the charm of cleanliness; the beauty of a skin soft, yet firm, with a natural, radiant glow. Requires no rubbing, therefore does not enlarge or exaggerate the pores of the skin.

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Ladies' Vicuna Skirt. Again we offer a beautiful tailor-made skirt, believing [that our patrons appreciate our efforts in producing a rare bargain, as the demand for our Special last season was enormous and at times taxed our capacity. **DO NOT THINK** that because the price is low the value is likewise, it is really worth far more, and you will agree with us when you see it.

We attribute this success to the fact that all our friends know that we use dependable cloth, good tailors and good trimmings which in this case, on this offer, gives you a Vicuna Skirt above the average. It is five-gored, panel back, high waist or the regular waist band. Comes in colors: navy, brown, grey and black.

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Length—38 39 40 42 43 43

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A Western Farm Scene.

before he is due, and lie buried under two or three feet of snow. Thus much of last year's crop remained all winter. This spring, many of the farmers, in all the prairie provinces, had cutting, threshing, ploughing and seeding to do, the dry snow and climatic conditions preserving a good part of the fallen grain.

There are no large barns for the storage of grain, such as Ontario possesses; here they depend on the elevators; numerous and large as they are, there is need for more, and better railway facilities. New conditions, new problems and difficulties are confronting the farmers year by year, which they are grappling with, and gradually conquering.

The Western farm house varies in size from the bachelor's shack to the large attractive dwelling, with most of the modern conveniences therein. Some are made more attractive by the surrounding bluffs, but for the most part, they stand, bleak and bare, devoid of trees, no pretty driveway lined with maple or stately elm, and no orchards to relieve the monotony. Attention is now being given to the planting of trees, especially in Saskatchewan,

thousands being sent to farmers from the Experimental Farms. In time, we shall see these same farm dwelling nestling mid a cluster of poplar, spruce, or Manitoba maple.

The virgin prairie is very pretty in the summer season, with waving bunch grass, the prairie roses, and flowers of many hues. The little gophers, and prairie chickens, with the occasional passing of a hawk, high over head, gives life to the scene.

The lone bachelor is not to be envied, often miles from a neighbor, he leads a very lonely existence, and still more lonely is the woman who becomes his wife. A visit to the far away town, perhaps once a year, a call from one of the mounted police, or a glimpse of a passing settler, are events to look forward to. Usually the silence and solitude is unbroken, except by the lowing of cattle, and the cry of the coyote, till the march of progress, brings other settlers within easy reach.

The little school houses are interesting features in the rural landscape; they dot the prairie in all directions, generally with a good sized, fenced in garden, in which are grown a goodly array of veget-



Reaping in the West.

ables and flowers, cultivated by the pupils. Schools and gardens are presided over by well qualified teachers, who pursue up to date methods. Many students of the colleges and Universities are from the rural schools. In the sparsely settled districts, where distance and severe winters make education all the year round impossible, summer schools are held, taught by college students, during their vacation.

We miss the orchards of the East, and, Oh! how we miss the fruit, how our eyes "open wide" at the retail price of apples, which in some places are as expensive as oranges—a tropical fruit. Fruit growers may yet produce a hardy variety that will thrive in the west, and the farmers may, in the future, spare time from growing, to cultivate them; but with the abundance which the East can furnish, coupled with the supply from British Columbia, surely the prairie provinces need not lack, them,—hasten the day of reduced freight and express rates,—and cheaper fruit.

Though capital is needed to work the large farms of the West, men, with little to start with, have acquired valuable and well stocked homesteads, their asset be-

ing health, strength, adaptability and willingness to work. Hiring with an established settler,—one who knows the country and how to work it,—for a few years, they eventually take up a homestead, fulfil the duties thereon, that makes it their own in three years, working for others in their spare time, such men are the back-bone of the west.

In Manitoba, the farmers do not "put all their eggs in one basket," they practice mixed farming, and are not altogether dependent on their crops, which occasionally fail. The house-wife, like her Eastern sisters, depends on her butter, eggs and poultry to replenish her table, and add to her income.

The closely clustered farms, with their many out buildings, shady lawns, and blossoming orchards, are not here, and we miss them; but the prairies with their wide sweep of vision, the frequent mirage in the distant horizon, the vast grain fields, wild free life, and above all, the kind hospitality of its inhabitants; appeals to all. Vast as its acreage are the opportunities of its people, great are the possibilities for the future, and without the prairies our fair Dominion would be incomplete.

The Gospel of Efficiency—How It Is Preached To and Practised by Canadians

Fifteen years ago the word "efficiency" held the same place in the Dictionary that it does today but in the popular mind it was a somewhat ordinary word used for describing the attributes of a certain engine, too, or perhaps, a remedy of some kind—all inanimate things.

At that time the watch-words of the ambitious Canadian were "Initiative," and "Hustle," and these he whipped himself into superlative effort with, until he found that he was fast losing the ability to keep himself up to "concert pitch"—he no longer responded to the whip—something serious had happened.

Truth was he had lost his efficiency.

Thus did the word Efficiency assume a new and great import among men and women alike, for without it we can have neither initiative, hustle nor ability to keep pace with the business and social requirements of the twentieth century.

How to obtain and maintain the highest degree of Efficiency is partly the purpose of this article.

The great study with us now should be how to keep well and efficient while we are about, rather than how to get well and efficient after we are ill—as a matter of fact, in this connection, those of us who consider ourselves well and strong are not consistently more than 50 per cent. efficient.

We may be able to get about and do our daily tasks with more or less satisfaction to ourselves, and without undue exhaustion, but that is not by any means one hundred per cent. of efficiency.

If our brains are clear, our intellects bright, and our condition such as to put enthusiasm and "ginger" as well as clear judgment into our work, we have a tremendous advantage over those who are half the time depressed, blue, and all the time nervously fearful that their judgment may be wrong—who lack the confidence that comes with perfect efficiency and makes so much for success.

But most of us are in the latter class, if we analyze our feeling, and for a very good reason.

Nature is constantly demanding one thing of us which, under our present mode of living and eating, it is impossible for us to give—that is, a constant care of our diet, an enough consistent physical work or exercise to eliminate all waste from the system.

Nature has constructed us for a certain physical "speed" as it were. If you construct an engine for a certain speed, and then attempt to run it at a quarter of that speed, it clogs up and gets "wheezy at the joints," and needs frequent attention and assistance to operate satisfactorily—just so with the human body.

If our work is mostly mental, or confining, as it is in almost every instance, and our physical body runs at a quarter speed or less, our system cannot throw off the waste except according to our activity, and the clogging process immediately sets in.

This waste accumulates in the colon (lower intestine), and is more serious in its effect than is immediately apparent, because it is intensely poisonous, and the blood, circulating through the colon, absorbs these poisons, circulating them through the system and lowering our vitality generally.

That's the reason that biliousness and its kindred complaints make us ill "all over." It is also the reason that this waste, if permitted to remain a little too long, gives the destructive germs, which are always present in the blood, a chance to gain the upper hand, and we are not alone inefficient, but really ill seriously sometimes if there is a local weakness.

Accumulated waste, for instance, is the direct, immediate and specific cause of appendicitis.

Now there have been many preachers of the Gospel of Efficiency, among them men high up in the literary, commercial and professional world, who have tried to teach us to conserve our energies by relaxation, avoidance of worry, habitual cheerfulness, etc., but this is useless advice when the seat of the trouble is physical first, and mental afterwards.

There have also been many practical men, such as physicians, physical culturists, dietitians, osteopaths, etc., who have done something towards actually removing this waste from the colon, at least for a time.

It remained for a new, rational and perfectly natural process, however, to finally and satisfactorily solve the problem of how to thoroughly eliminate this waste from the colon without strain or unnatural forcing—to keep it sweet and clean and healthy and keep us correspondingly bright and efficient—clearing the blood of the poisons which make it, and us, sluggish and dull spirited, and making our entire organism work and act as nature intended it should.

That process is internal bathing with warm water—and it, by the way, now has the unqualified and enthusiastic endorsement of the most enlightened physicians, physical culturists, osteopaths, etc., who have tried it and seen its results.

Heretofore it has been our habit, when we have found, through disagreeable, and sometimes alarming symptoms, that this waste was getting much the better of us, to repair to the drug-shop and obtain relief through drugging.

This is perfectly effectual, but there are several vital reasons why it should

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Miscellaneous

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To keep the colon consistently clean drugs must be persisted in, and to be effective the doses must be increased—internal bathing is a consistent treatment, and need never be altered in any way to be continuously effective.

No less an authority than Professor Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence every dose diminishes the patient's vitality.

It is rather remarkable to find, at what would seem so comparatively late a day so great an improvement on the old methods of internal bathing, for in a crude way it has, of course, been practiced for years.

It is probably no more surprising, however, than the tendency on the part of the Medical Profession to depart further and further from the custom of using drugs, and accomplish the same and

better results by more natural means; causing less rain on the system and leaving no evil after-effects.

Doubtless you, as well as all Canadian men and women, are interested in knowing all that may be learned about Efficiency—about keeping up to "concert pitch," and always feeling bright and confident.

This improved system of internal bathing is naturally a rather difficult subject to write about in detail, but there is a Physician who has made this his life's study and work. He has written an extremely interesting book on the subject called "Why Man of Today is Only 50 Per Cent. Efficient," which he will send without cost to anyone addressing Charles A. Tyrrell, M.D., at Room 772, 280 College Street, Toronto, Ontario, and mentioning that they have read this article in The Western Home Monthly.

It is surprising how little is known by the average person about the subject, which has so great a bearing on the general health and efficiency.

My personal experience, and my observation makes me very enthusiastic on internal bathing for I have seen its results in sickness as well as in health, and I firmly believe that everybody owes it to themselves if only for the information available to read this little book by an authority on the subject.

The Young Woman and Her Problem.

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

Is Romance Dead.

A woman of authority on problems of young women in an eastern magazine writes a full page under the above title, affirming in her arguments that romance is dead. It may be in the east but it is very much alive in the west. There are old-fashioned romances here among the youth of our land.

Ask the English lad who came out five years ago, built his little shack, proved his homestead and then sent the money across the seas to fetch his sweetheart.

Is romance dead?

Ask the young student who is studying his eyes out for the degree that he may support a home for the girl in his own home town.

Is romance dead?

Ask the office clerk who does his work twice as well since the stenographer

next door has declared her preference of the blessings of wife-hood to the monotonous pounding of a typewriter.

Is romance dead?

Ask the clerk at the candy counter who has just married the elevator man and you will find that there is such a thing as love in a two room corner of a lodging house.

No—romance is not dead. Fair writer of the east, come out to Western Canada and we will furnish you all the material you want for love stories since you say you have no material for such. Why our western country—is full of romances that ring with genuine sincere love. Come! You might find yourself in the web of a real romance, for the west is full of them and they are not "tangled webs of deceit" either.

Crisis Virtue.

It is a common experience to see a girl "lose her head." Full serene poise develops power, magnetism and courage. The courageous girl is the one who holds a responsible position. In the great Newark fire the only woman who held a responsible position was the forewoman of the underwear factory Miss Annie Haag, she could have made her escape but she turned back to look after her girls, and to put the books of the company into the safe. It was due to her courage that many girls were saved.

An Understanding.

The business girl makes a good wife because she knows what it is to be in an office all day. Men do not acknowledge exhaustion. In the office a man concentrates his mind so strenuously that every muscle in his body is on a tension. Consequently when he goes home in the evening he needs to relax. He cannot always talk and the wife who has been a business girl understands this.

Then, too, she has learned to be systematic in the office and this enables her to make a profession of house making. Intuitive womanhood does the right thing.

A Scheme Worth Trying.

The college girls of Mount Holyoke have played The Big Sister this year. They have made it possible for wage-earning girls of that vicinity to enjoy their College campers during the summer vacation. A building is used as a

boarding house and is managed by a woman hired by the girls and poor girls enjoy for two weeks the walks, boats, tennis courts, library and gymnasium.

This is all managed and made possible by an organization within the college known as the Settlements Association. These "Vacation house girls" do everything on the campers that the college girls do except study. Each girl is allowed to stay there two weeks and pays three dollars a week. What a splendid treat to the worn out factory girl or any other tired wage-earning girl! It is a pity that more college grounds are not open during the summer for girls who are not able to enjoy educational advantages — girls who must be shut in from life and light.

When You Come to the City.

Walk straight ahead and know where you are going when you arrive. Plan to arrive in the city in the day time and not too early in the morning. Ask the matron or the Travellers' Aid agent or the Constable for information. Carry your extra money in a bag pinned inside your dress. Do not allow your pocket book out of your sight. Seek a safe environment first such as the Y.W.C.A. or the pastor of your denomination. He will put you in touch with people who will help you—Write to The Western Home Monthly and we will see that you are placed in a safe environment.

The Joy Note.

"She is laughing, always laughing" say the friends of Rose Hawthorn Lathrop, a daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorn. This brave optimist has given up society, her wealth and flattering opportunities to become a servant of relief to hopeless cancer sufferers. Sorrow, self-denial and self-sacrifice in her service of humanity have developed in her a bright cheerful face — "She is a woman whom God endowed to live all there in life" says one writer.

"The peace that passeth understanding" belong to just such lives. Everybody's garden is all along the wayside and every girl can touch the joy note, if she makes another happy. When we touch the joy note, heaven draws very near.

The strange girl from a foreign land is here, she may not know our language but everyone understands a smile.

The Voice.

I wish my readers could have heard the beautiful tone of voice in conversation that Princess Patricia possessed. There is nothing more beautiful than a well moderated tone in conversation.

Too many girls use the loud pedal in speaking. Enthusiasm is a fine thing but it is not physically good for a girl to be too intense.

It takes experience to hold in check

Everyone wants to make money these days, and we can all see where, by risking very little, we could have made a big stake, if we had only had sufficient foresight. For instance, everyone who put a few dollars into Saskatoon ten years ago is to-day rich. We believe that the same happy result will follow an investment now of a few dollars in **EDSON**, the entrance to the Peace River Country. We have a few choice lots for sale **close to Main Street, and inside the town limits** for only \$40.00 each on easy terms. This is your opportunity. Write to-day for illustrated booklet giving full particulars. It costs you nothing. The Edson Point Company, 608 McIntyre Block, Winnipeg.

the superlative degree. It is not necessary to explode all of the time. A fine even manner suggests gentle training and is the mark of a genuine woman.

Sins of Silence.

There are sins of silence. The restraint of the tongue in the interest of selfishness when we hear another's character slandered is speechlessness of shame. A word weighs according to the one who speaks it. If you have character every word means something. Little words in great mouths become powerful. Inspiration depends on the soul behind it. In this way character enters into words. I have heard a girl one evening criticize another girl. For a while no one spoke. The slandered girl was bitterly wronged until one spoke in her defence. That person was one whose character was so clean and lovely that her remarks cleared the accused girl. Had she remained silent it would have been a sin.

In the finer shades of character kindness comes out in conversation. The defects of our speech reveal our thoughts.

The harm or good our words do will count for or against us, when a girl knows she has been unkind to another and does not go to her and say: "I am sorry," she is committing a sin of silence.

For the Experienced.

"Is it right to carry out dishonest schemes if your employer asks it? This question was asked me by a young woman who fills a responsible position. Her employer is away a great deal and she is required to carry out his plans during his absence. She knows that he is doing under handed work. Is she justified in obeying his orders?"

This in a way is difficult to answer but "Honesty is the best policy" always. If a young woman of her ability feels that the orders are dishonest I would advise her to seek employment else where. A young woman should not make an idol of her employer. I know one who thinks her employer is the most brilliant man living and his dishonesty is excusable because "he is he." Though she is drawing a large salary, if she stood in his way he would dismiss her on the spot. But she has made such an idol of her employer that she is blind to her own future. Right here let me give a hint to the experienced stenographer. There are places where a stenographer knows so much that is questionable about her employers' business that he feels he dare not dismiss her. A young woman whose position is held in this way is on dangerous ground. Beware of an employer whom you know to be dishonest.

Summer Guests.

Now that the warm season is over and I have studied summer guests, I should like to give a few hints. There is the happy guest and the blue one; the helpful guest and the lazy one; the neat guest and the untidy one; the tire-some guest and the inspiring one; the appreciative guest and the indifferent one; the generous guest and the selfish one. I believe that the very greatest honor one woman extends another is to invite her to her home. An invitation inviting one for two or three days or a week is very different from an invitation for one meal or an evening, and in the case of such a visit the guest should adapt herself to her environment. The hostess, especially if she be at her summer home must necessarily find the guest means extra work and if the guest be congenial, she feels that the extra work is a pleasure, but if the guest be not congenial, the hostess is very tired and is relieved when her visitor departs. First of all a guest should avoid casting a dismal spell over the home. Where all nature is smiling it is a crime to be blue. Some one has written:

"If you must sit and sigh

And have the blues.

Why don't you try to realize

That there are sighs and sighs

And blues and blues

From which to choose?

There's heavenly blues and blues of tranquil seas.

(Continued on page 44.)



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The Women's Quiet Hour.

By E. Cora Hind.

By the time this reaches my readers we will be within a few days of the much talked of Women's Congress in connection with the Dry-Farming Congress at Lethbridge, and I am hoping to meet there a number of women who read this page. I am The Woman's afraid that the very Congress. wet, late harvest will interfere, both in the way of time and money, with the attendance of some, at least, but I do hope that every woman who can, by hook or crook, manage to get there, will be present.

Frankly, I know nothing of the merits of the programme as, in spite of the fact that I was last year put on the executive committee, I have not been consulted as to the programme, nor have I seen a copy of it, but, to my way of thinking, the form of programme will be the least valuable part of the congress. The thing that will be of value is the fact that women from many sections of our own country, and adjoining states, and a few women, at least, from countries abroad will have an opportunity of getting together and exchanging ideas. It is the getting together and

getting other people's point of view that makes gatherings of this kind more valuable to women than they are even to men, from the very fact that women have fewer opportunities of meeting and discussing subjects which are of special interest to them.

During the month we have had in Winnipeg the great annual gathering of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, and with them the women's organization—the Daughters of Rebecca. One of the things that I noted especially was the pleasure the women seemed to derive from talking together of different methods of doing things in different

Speaking of books, Crockett has issued a companion book to his "Sweetheart Travellers"; this is "Sweetheart at Home"—a delightful book, charmingly printed, and exquisitely illustrated.

Miss Waller also has a new book out, called "My Rag Picker." It is quite short, but in its way a perfect gem; in fact, I think it is superior to either the "Wood Carver of Lympos," or "Flamestead Quarries." The three books mentioned, by the way, are all issued by the Musson Book Co., of Toronto.

I have been reading a good deal this past month, but of all the books, these three are the only ones that appeal to me as worth more than a passing hour of attention.

The temperance workers throughout the Canadian West will learn with regret of the death of Honorable John Wright Sifton, who for many years has been a notable figure in the life of the West, and who has been one of the most consistent and ardent advocates of advanced temperance reform. The regret is to

lose so warm a friend of the cause. There is no regret for his own passing; he had lived a long honorable life, crowded with work; he had made good use of his opportunities, and up to two months before his death retained keen interest in all public matters. Then with the failure of his health, life ceased to be a pleasure to him, and for him to die was assuredly gain. I am sure in the lodges of the various temperance organizations throughout the Canadian West there will be a deep sense of loss. Rev. Eber. Crummy, D.D., in speaking at his funeral, said his outstanding characteristics were integrity, kindness, and a genius for friendship. A trio of virtues truly.

To the many women in the West, who are anxiously seeking some protection in the matter of dower and a more equitable share in their husband's



A modern Little Miss Muffitt.

parts of the country. There were women in Winnipeg from every state in the American Union, and every province in Canada, and they spent almost a week together. In that time friendships were made that will no doubt be a blessing and a boon to many of the women, and their lives will be richer and fuller because they have some woman who is interested in the same questions as they are, who is doing her work, perhaps in California and perhaps in Nova Scotia, and who occasionally exchange letters with them.

Once again let me urge every woman who possibly can, to come to the Women's Congress. When she comes, let her come with ideas to exchange, and not be afraid to express what she really thinks.

"The Wind Before the Dawn" is a new book by Dell Munger, which I have just finished reading, and which has made a very great impression on me. It is a story based on the woman question, and is handled in a way that is a

little unusual and very interesting, and it shows "The Wind Before the Dawn," very conclusively that the real crux of the women's question is

the economic dependence of married women. The scene is laid in Kansas, and the author is evidently writing out her own life experience. She pictures the burdened, overworked woman on the mortgaged farms in Kansas in a way that grips the heart. Her heroine (Elizabeth) lives and moves with a liveliness really remarkable. The development of her mind and the stand which she finally takes is marvellously interesting. Her letter to her husband is a document that every married woman might read with profit. I am sure that much in this book would appeal to women on Western prairies, for I know that hundreds, if not thousands, of them have had similar experience with the man who, in his determination to acquire more land and do things in a big way, utterly fails to appreciate the burden that he lays upon his wife's shoulders. The book is not an expensive one; I think it could be got from any book store for \$1.25, and it is a good book to put upon your shelves. It would also be a good book for the man of the house to read.



Poudre.

estate, I would like to give a word of warning. There is not a single member of the Government of

A Word to Manitoba who has not, the Wise, either in public or private, expressed his opposition to giving protection of this kind to married women, and all of the members of the present Cabinet of Manitoba, may, without exaggeration, be said to be violently opposed to the extension of a franchise to women. So far as Manitoba is concerned, the women have little to hope for as to bettered conditions as long as the present government remains in power.

It seems to be the opinion of politicians that an election is not far off, and it would be the part of wisdom for women, wherever they know of a man who is likely to be a candidate in the next elections to ascertain his views of this question ahead; if he is neutral to try and put the matter in a reasonable light and enlist his sym-

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pathy. If he is antagonistic, do all in your power to influence men who have votes against his election. Let these men who are seeking positions in Parliament know that they cannot wholly ignore the claims of women if they wish to succeed.

Swan Lake Home Economics.

The August meeting of the Swan Lake Home Economics was held on Saturday, 31st, and was well and punctually attended. After the Secretary had read the minutes, the President claimed the attention of the meeting for a short time to record the regret that was felt by all the members at the death of Mr. John Couch, and the Corresponding Secretary was requested to write a note of condolence to his daughter, Mrs. Robert Blair, conveying the sentiments of the meeting. The Corresponding Secretary was also requested to send in her account for postage, etc., to the Secretary and the afternoon programme was then opened by the reading of Miss Etta Shirley of a most interesting paper written jointly by Mrs. W. W. Shirley and Miss Ash-down on "Preserving Fruits."

Various ways were given; the use of the ordinary fruit kettle, the placing of the fruit in sealers and cooking them in a pan of boiling water on the stove, or proceeding on the same method and placing the whole in the oven and cooking by a slow fire. An interesting discussion followed during which Mrs. C. K. Wilson gave a recipe for preserving crabapples which will be found below with others. Preserving fruit in cold water for future use was also mentioned and Mrs. Sparling told of the success she had had with cranberries, the fruit being put into a stone jar and covered with cold water which must be changed every three weeks.

Mrs. Downey was unfortunately prevented from attending so the promised paper on "School Lunches" was read by Miss Ralston; it contained many practical hints and emphasized the necessity of making the lunches as varied and attractive as possible so that the children should eat a hearty midday meal. A discussion on "Pickles" then followed.

As the programme for the next meeting was open, the President suggested that a paper on Banking would be a welcome variation and Mrs. C. K. Wilson promised to prepare one for the September meeting. After roll call, the National Anthem was sung and after a dainty lunch the meeting dispersed.

Crab Apples.

Mrs. C. K. Wilson.

Take flowers from apples, stick clove in every other apple, leave stalks in. Put in sealers, fill up with syrup 2 cups sugar and 1 of water; put sealers in pan of water in oven and cook two hours slow fire.

Dill Pickle.

Mrs. C. K. Wilson.

Put one row of small cucumbers in stone crock, layer of grape leaves and layer of dill stalks; do this alternately till crock is full; cover with brine in proportions of 3 or 4 teaspoonfuls salt to 2 qts. of water.

Bean Pickle.

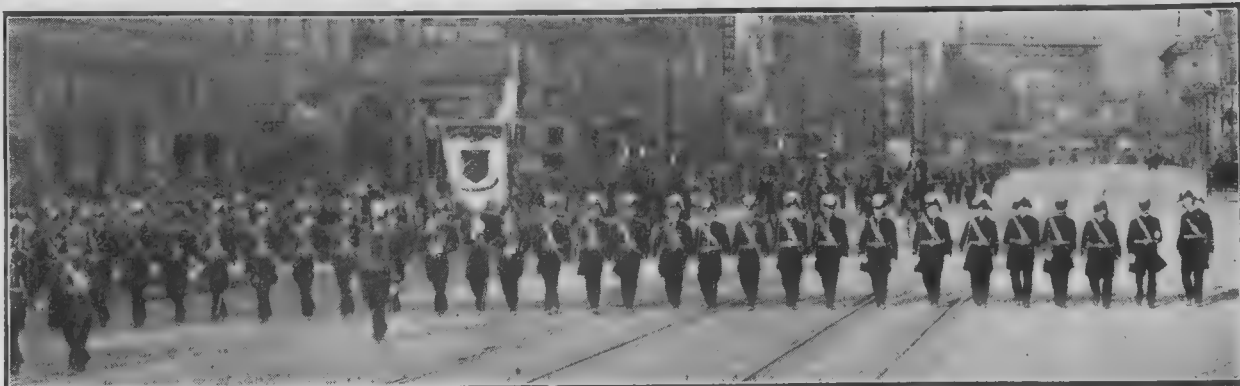
Mesdames Herbert and De Roo.
1 pk. beans cut in half and boiled till tender. Dressing—2 pts. malt vinegar, 1 pt. water, 2 lbs. brown sugar, 1 cup mustard, 1 cup flour, 2 dessertspoonfuls turmeric, two dessertspoonfuls of celery salt. Mix with a little of the vinegar, then add the rest and cook till thick, pour over beans and seal.

Rhubarb Marmalade.

Mrs. W. W. Shirley.

2 lbs. rhubarb cut in small pieces add a little water and the finely chopped rind and juice of 5 lemons. Boil 20 minutes stirring often, then add 6 lbs. sugar and 1 lb. walnuts. Boil till clear and thick.

Useful in Camp.—Explorers, surveyors, prospectors and hunters will find Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil very useful in camp. When the feet and legs are wet and cold it is well to rub them freely with the Oil and the result will be the prevention of pains in the muscles, and should a cut, or contusion, or sprain be sustained, nothing could be better as a dressing or lotion.



The great Oddfellows Parade, Winnipeg, Sept. 18th.

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Take your choice of these superb new style watches sent without a cent down—on approval (Payable at \$2.50 a Month)



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was made to the giant factories four years ago, why have they not answered? Why have not these factories produced a watch equal to the Burlington? And this challenge did not ask our competitors to produce a watch better than the Burlington. NO. If they should produce a watch equal to the Burlington we should be the losers. Our \$1,000 still lies in the bank for competitors to cover.

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Write for our free book on watches; a book that posts you on watches and watch values—explains reasons for our most remarkable rock-bottom-price offer DIRECT TO YOU on the highest grade Burlington.

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The above is one of a host of facts contained in our Encyclopedia and Reference Atlas, pertinent to the interests of every Western Canadian.



Contents:

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Page 2.—1911 Census of Principal Towns of Canada, with Chart, Index, Population of Canada, Census of 1911, Biographical Sketches of the Past Premiers of Canada, the Governor-General, the Prime Minister, and the Present Lieutenant-Governors of the Provinces, The Dominion of Canada.

Page 3.—Map of Alberta, Map of Saskatchewan, Map of Manitoba, Showing Northern Portion of Manitoba recently added to the Province.

Page 4.—Chart Index and 1911 Census for Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan. Interesting data, including: Area of Canada, Land Available for Cultivation, 1911's Figures for Canada, Financial Facts from Public Accounts, Immigration Figures, Marine and Navigation, Timber and Forest Facts, Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan Figures for 1911, the Government of Canada, Popular Vote by Provinces at the Last Dominion Election, etc.



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Page 6.—Bird's-eye View of Panama Canal, Rulers of the World, Maps showing Routes taken by Shackleton, Scott and Amundsen in their Antarctic Explorations, the Panama Canal, Distances Saved by the Panama Canal, Great Cities of the World with Populations, Principal Grain Crops of the World, Armies and Navies of the World (Peace and War Footing); Important Facts Concerning the Principal Countries of the World, Giving Area and Population; Principal Lakes and Seas, Highest Mountains, Form of Government, Ruler, National Debt, etc., etc.

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Restore your stomach to healthy vigor by taking a Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablet after each meal—and cut out the "piecing".

Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets are the best friends for sufferers from indigestion and dyspepsia. 50c. a Box at your Druggist's. Made by the National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited.

149

(Continued from page 37.)

Both pleasant; if you have them, pray have these; And, when you sigh, be like the turtle-dove, Who knows not grief and merely sighs for love."

Then there is the woman who is perfectly happy when she is helping the hostess in little ways. She is a comfort to the hostess and she is the one who is appreciative. On the other hand the guest who wears the hammocks out and has only energy enough to walk to the dining room, the guest who does not realize she is occupying the best room and the most comfortable resting places—the guest in fact who monopolizes everything is the one who does not appreciate anything. This visitor is the one who leaves her hairpins, kid curlers and wig departments in the book-case and on the window sills of the living room, her embroidery, scissors and needles on the kitchen table. One young girl whom I have in mind did this and the hostess was forced to tidy up continually after her. Her untidiness affected the entire house. Such a girl is an objectionable guest and the hostess is conscious of a relief when her visits are concluded.

The tiresome guest is the one who talks too much and whose voice is pitched so loud that the neighbors can hear her. Of all guests this one is the most objectionable. As a rule she is always megaphoning about herself, and she talks and talks in a rasping voice until the hostess longs to creep into a castle of silence.

The inspiring guest is the one who adapts herself to her environment unconsciously and goes about the home in a gentle, cheerful manner; when she talks she is entertaining and pleasing. She leaves out personalities.

If a girl would be a welcome guest let her drop a little word of cheer, a laughing bit of song and be a Comrade-Heart. Let her keep her room in order. It takes only a few moments to put things in their proper places. It is strange how much young men dislike untidiness in a girl. It is the cause of many a delayed proposal.

A Living Statue.

At a great memorial meeting held in England for Mr. William T. Stead, his brother's words were the keynote of the assembly. The meeting urged the speedy passage of the Criminal Law Amendment Bill as the best memorial to Mr. Stead's life and work. This measure aims to make the punishment of procurers and white slave traders surer and more adequate. If this bill for the protection of England's girlhood should be carried as a tribute to Mr. Stead's life and work it would be the memorial that

would have pleased him best. He fought for England's girlhood with voice and pen and bore the prison brand in battle for them. His brother's words are: "We don't want a dead statue. We want a living statue." Let us hope his wish may be granted, great lives should be recognized by memorials that will help the living.

A Famous Canadian Woman.

Among our Canadians of note we find a splendid example of the ideal woman in the famous author and lecturer—Nellie L. McClung.

If the face is the tablet whereon is written the inner life, surely of Mrs. McClung's reveals a character of great strength and rare beauty, for her expression had been formed by habits of harmonious mental and spiritual progress. She has been before the public eye a great deal during the past four years and she wins her way into the heart of everyone. My object in giving my readers every month a word picture of a famous Canadian woman is to familiarize them with characteristics of women who are really great.

A knowledge of splendid characters creates high ideals in the minds of girls. I believe every girl has a desire to be popular but many do not know the art of making themselves liked. I know of no other woman who is more popular with her family, her friends, her audiences, and her readers than is Nellie L. McClung.

She has a dignity that immediately commands respect and admiration and she is so gracious that she is approachable. A gentle and kindly heart ever ready to act helpfully is a test of womanly strength and Mrs. McClung is remarkable for just this kind of power. As a stranger I have watched her public life; then my admiration led me to study her as an acquaintance; and lately I have had the privilege of knowing her in her own community and even in her home circle. My admiration of her has increased since I know how completely and beautifully she lives the part of friend, sister, wife and mother. She does little things in a great way.

As a mother she is ideal. Every little bruise, every little trouble that her children bring to her, she cures with a few words of sympathy and a soothing pat, and her five children adore her. It is something to be able to have the confidence of three healthy growing boys and a pretty girl of thirteen. The youngest, a bright beautiful babe of ten months, is the pet of the house.

Minds in the McClung home are active and alert for there seems to be a continuous game of matching wits.

Mrs. McClung is a wife and mother first of all—she is the idol of her husband and children and she appreciates that love and admiration as only an ideal wife and mother can. A great part of Mrs. McClung's success is due to her husband for he himself is a clever man and makes it possible for her to carry out her ambitions.

Another characteristic of Mrs. McClung's popularity is her quick grasp of situations, with the ability to put herself in another person's place—she loves humanity. She has the art of bringing out the best in every one she meets and always sees the good. She has a big mind and a big heart and consequently sees things in a big way.

A little incident that took place a few months ago at her summer home illustrates this characteristic in her. During the early part of the season she said to me: "I want to invite my acquaintances here to a garden party before I return to the city." From her remarks I judged that perhaps twelve would have the honor of being entertained, but the next time I saw her she remarked: "I have invited forty women. I really could not draw the line because I like them all." And every woman at that resort was invited.

Though Mrs. McClung is a famous woman now, to her former friends she is "Nellie." Her popularity has not created in her one bit of affectation. She is sweetly natural. One woman who knew her before she began to write said to me: "With all her success and fame she is to us 'The same Nellie.'"

What a splendid compliment! But that is the secret of her charm.

I have written this as I know her for if I were to ask for a bit of biography, she would exclaim in a surprised manner. "Why, there is nothing worth mentioning!" She does not realize how much she is admired by the Canadian people for her talent and personality. Nellie L. McClung has a future and a great one because she has absorbed the spirit of her environment. Her home has been in Manitoba since childhood and she has felt all the phases of pioneer life. In the gallery of her mind are stored pictures of Manitoba life—the real genuine kind that are worth knowing about. She is writing these stories in a sincere pleasing style. In her new book, *The Black Creek Stopping Place*. There is a great deal of philosophy and splendid originality. A vein of fine

clear wit and humour convinces the reader that her latest book is from the pen of an artist. The delineation of characters is so artfully handled that they are living people, and the pictures of the unpacking of a trunk, a lonely evening on the prairie, a Manitoba blizzard, and electioneering in the country, are so vivid that they remain with the reader. Best of all the book is inspiring and the reader leaves it with a broader and better love for humanity. There is a universal vein and Nellie L. McClung has touched that vein in her new book.

In giving these short sketches of the lives of our great Canadian women from month to month I trust my young women readers will feel that a knowledge of their lives is an inspiration—for the old familiar quotation modified a bit is applicable: Lives of great

He Bought Her a 1900 Washer

ONE OF OUR READERS TELLS
HOW HER HUSBAND LEARNED

What Washday Means to a Woman

DEAR EDITOR:—Most men have no realization of what "wash-day" means to a woman. My husband is one of the best men that ever lived, but he laughed when I asked him one day to get me a 1900 Gravity Washer. I told him it would



John's "Busy Day"

I am not very strong, and the washing, with all my other work, finally got the better of me. I had quite a sick spell, and after things had gone at sixes and sevens for nearly two weeks, I suggested to John that he had better do the washing. We couldn't hire a girl for love or money, and the situation was desperate.

So one morning he started it. My, what a commotion there was in the kitchen! From my bedroom I occasionally caught glimpses of poor John struggling with that mountain of dirty clothes.

If ever a man had all the "exercise" he wanted, my husband was that man! Couldn't help feeling sorry for him, and yet it made me laugh, for I remembered how he made fun of me when I hinted so strongly for a 1900 Gravity Washer. When he finally got the clothes done and on the line, he was just about "all in."

That evening John came to my room, and said kind of sheepishly—"What's the name of the firm that makes those washers you were telling me

about?" I looked up their advertisement and found the following address:

K. N. MORRIS, Manager,
The 1900 Washer Company,
357 Yonge Street,
Toronto, Canada.

That's all he said, but he lost no time in sending for their Free Washer Book. The book came in due time and with it an offer to send the 1900 Gravity Washer on thirty days' free trial. My husband jumped at the chance to try the Washer without having to spend a cent. "We'll have four weeks' use of the Washer anyway, even if we don't decide to keep it," he said! So he told the Company to send on the Washer.

It was sent promptly, all charges paid, and the 1900 Washer Company offered to let us pay for it in little easy payments. The next week I felt well enough to use it. It is the nicest Washer I ever saw, and it almost runs itself. Takes only six minutes to wash a tubful, and the garments come out spotlessly clean.

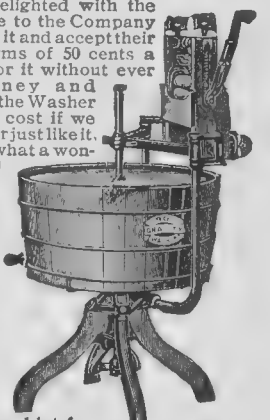
We were all delighted with the Washer, and wrote to the Company that we would keep it and accept their easy payment terms of 50 cents a week. We paid for it without ever missing the money and wouldn't part with the Washer for five times its cost if we couldn't get another just like it.

If women knew what a wonderful help the 1900 Gravity Washer is, not one would be without it. It saves work and worry and doctor's bills. Takes away all the dread of wash-day. I feel like a different woman since I have quit the use of the washboard. And if any woman's husband objects to buying one of these labor-saving machines, take a hint from my experience. Let the man do just one big washing by hand-rubbing on the old-fashioned washboard, and he will be only too glad to get you a 1900 Gravity Washer.

Anybody can get one on free trial, by first writing for the Washer Book.

Excuse me for writing such a long letter, but I hope, Mr. Editor, you will print it for the benefit of the women readers of your valuable paper.

Sincerely yours, MRS. J. H. SMITH.



Pleasurable Evenings

will do more towards keeping your young people home than anything else you can devise. Don't have them discontented, with a musicless home. Put in a

Karn or Morris Piano

and brighten life for your children. We warrant every instrument for an unlimited period, because they are made to stand Western climatic changes. We sell these famous pianos for cash or on terms, at lowest prices possible.

Catalogue on request.

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WINNIPEG

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Reed and Pipe Organs

E. J. MERRELL - Manager.



Bird's Eye View: Assiniboine Park, Winnipeg.

women all remind us, We can make
our lives sublime, And, departing, leave
behind us Foot-prints on the sands of
time."

The Factories,
by Margaret Widdemer.

I have shut my little sister in from
life and light
(For a rose, for a ribbon, for a wreath
across my hair),
I have made her restless feet still until
the night,
Locked from sweets of summer and
from wild spring air;
I who range the meadow lands, free
from sun to sun,
Free to sing and pull the buds and
watch the far wings fly.
I have bound my sister till her playing
time is done—
Oh, my little sister, was it I?—was
it I?
I have robbed my sister of her day of
maidenhood
(For a robe, for a feather, for a trink-
et's restless spark),

Shut from love till dusk shall fall, how
shall she know good.
How shall she pass scatheless through
the sun-lit dark?
I who could be innocent, I who could be
gay.
I who could have love and mirth be-
fore the light went by.
I have put my sister in her mating-
time away—
Sister, my young sister—was it I?—
was it I?
I have robbed my sister of the lips
against her breast
(For a coin, for the weaving of my
children's lace and lawn),
Feet that pace beside the loom, hands
that cannot rest:
How can she know motherhood, whose
strength is gone?
I who took no heed of her, starved and
labor-worn,
I, against whose placid heart my
sleepy good-heads lie,
Round my path they cry to me, little
souls unborn—
God of Life—Creator! It was I! It
was I!



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THERE is no longer any need to speculate in wagons. Before you buy the wagon you can be sure of the quality of wood in hubs, spokes, felloes, axles, bolsters, stakes, and boxes; of the weight and quality of metal in tires, skeins and ironing. One way to be sure of the greatest value your money will buy is to purchase an I H C wagon.

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are the easiest running, longest lasting wagons you can buy because the lumber used is carefully selected—first grade oak and hickory for wheels, the finest yellow or bay poplar for box sides, and the very best long-leaf yellow pine for box bottoms.

The construction of I H C wagons is worthy of the good material used. The air-dried lumber is machined swiftly by accurate, automatic machines, doing the work uniformly well and at a cost away below that of turning out wagon parts by old-fashioned methods. The saving thus made is returned to you in better quality of material. All joints fit snugly. Skeins are paired, assuring easy running. All ironing and other metal parts are extra thick and strong. Go to the I H C agent who handles these wagons and ask him to prove our claims. You are the person who must be satisfied.

The I H C local agent will show you the kind best suited to your needs. See him for literature and full information or write the nearest branch house.

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INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF AMERICA
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Man.; Yorkton, Sask.

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The purpose of this Bureau is to furnish, free of charge to all, the best information obtainable on better farming. If you have any worthy questions concerning soils, crops, land drainage, irrigation, fertilizer, etc., make your inquiries specific and send them to I H C Service Bureau, Harvester Bldg., Chicago, U S A



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The struggle for a better living grows greater each day. It can only be solved by more preparation and skillful training in present day business methods. Now is the time every young man and woman should secure a business education. No need any more spending time and money going hundreds of miles for this preparation when one of the best colleges in all Canada is located

AT YORKTON, SASK.

This college is opening under the direction of one of the most experienced business college men in America, and offers the most thorough and up-to-date instruction in Business Practice, Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Typewriting and Penmanship to be had in Canada. Less expenses and more personal help and attention than in the large city schools. A safe place for your boy or girl. Reduced rates for first twenty-five pupils enrolling. Send in your name now. Full particulars by return mail.

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Linking the School's Work with Work on the Farm. By Charles S. Phelps.

There is a growing demand for a form of agricultural training for our farm children that will hold more of them to the life of the farm, and that will also fit them to deal with the problems of life better than their fathers did. Only about five per cent. of high-school graduates ever enter a higher institution of learning. Less than one per cent. of the boys reared in farm homes ever take a course of instruction in an agricultural college, and yet more than twenty-five per cent. of the children of such homes take two or more years of high-school work.

In most high schools in the smaller towns and the rural communities all scholars are obliged to take the same course of study. The college preparatory course must be followed by the son of the farmer or the mechanic who must take up the struggle of life at the end of this high-school work, as well as by the few who expect to enter college. If the rural high schools are to be most useful and most practical they must offer courses that will better fit their graduates for the life of the farm. New York state has taken a forward step by offering aid to the extent of \$500 annually to any town that hires a high-school instructor in agriculture. In some towns courses in agriculture can readily be added to the regular high-school work. In many communities, however, special high schools, to be known, perhaps, as county agricultural schools, would accomplish more good.

One of the newer agricultural high schools of the East is The Agricultural High School of Baltimore County, Maryland. This school is doing a work that is worthy of the attention of other strictly rural communities. It combines the principles of a consolidated graded school and an agricultural high school, and is being developed as an educational and social centre for the entire community. The school is a part of the regular school system of the county and is an attempt to fit the rural schools to the needs of the people.

Four Schools United.

The building is a large stone structure, centrally located, near one of the principal railroad lines of the county. The school is in a typical farm community and draws nearly all its scholars from farm homes. The matter of discipline is reduced to a minimum, because dormitory life is unnecessary; the scholars return to their homes each night, and during the day are kept so busy in classroom and laboratory that they have little time for mischief.

Four elementary schools, totalling about ninety children, were consolidated into two classes, which meet at the high-school building. These two classes constitute the grade leading to the high school, and serve as feeders to it, though the students in the high school may come from any part of the county. Three covered wagons bring the children each day from the consolidated districts. Thus they have the advantages of a well-graded school with better teachers and better equipment than was possible under the old district system.

The course of study in the high-school department is so planned as to give thorough instruction in mathematics and English and in the sciences in their bearing on agriculture. The usual classical studies are replaced by classroom and laboratory work in agriculture. The main features of the equipment are a laboratory for science and agriculture, equipped with apparatus for studying chemistry, physics, soils and botany. A manual training laboratory is equipped with individual carpentry benches and complete sets of tools. There are also a farm machinery room with all the leading power machinery used on a farm and a domestic science laboratory equipped with modern conveniences for cooking, sewing and rug-making.

Though the school is mainly vocational

in its aims, its work has not been confined to these lines. Nearly as much attention is paid to literature and history as to the purely vocational subjects. Some of the best plays of Shakespeare have been studied and presented in dramatic form. The boys made the scenery in the manual training department, and the girls made the costumes

in the sewing class. With a view to broadening the vision and inspiring the minds the study of historical characters has been made equally important.

A feature of the work that appeals to the students and parents is that of encouraging the boys and girls to carry out at home the practical applications of the classroom and laboratory instruction. The farm is thereby linked to the school and the life of one stimulates and assists the work of the other. Students are encouraged in their home practice to adopt feeding rations that have been figured out in the classroom. Farms are visited for the study of animals and the students are thus given practice in the use of the scorecard in judging different types of animals.

Seeds are tested for the percentage of germination and for the presence of weed seeds. Students are asked to bring samples of milk and cream for testing with the Babcock tester for butter fat, and samples are tested for farmers as a check on their product when milk or cream is sold by test. During the summer the boys in the high school are expected to conduct some experiment of their own selection on their home farm. These experiments have a two-fold object: To bring the work of the school to the attention of the people at large, and to emphasize the practical bearing of the school work in the mind of the student. Many variety tests of corn have been made, and in every instance selected varieties of special merit have



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Occupation.....

excelled in yield the varieties that were grown on the farm by the fathers, the same methods of treatment being used in both cases.

Other students are testing herds of cows by weighing the milk of each cow in the herd twice daily and by making

frequent Babcock tests of the butter fat. Some students are growing acre plats of Alfalfa, and testing the value of lime and inoculation for this crop. Others are testing the value of certain varieties of cowpeas or soy beans. These experiments are closely watched by the

school, being frequently visited by the principal, who advises with the students regarding their work. This brings the principal into touch with the home life of the pupils and encourages the latter in pursuing their home studies.

Work for All the Family.

During 1911 the experiments on farms were enlarged as a result of a request from a farmers' club for a series of experiments. Most of these are conducted through various farmers' clubs and granges and cover virtually the entire country. They have included mainly variety tests of corn and of potatoes and fertilizer plat tests. In 1911 more than two hundred farms in the county were growing crops under the direct supervision of the school.

When the school was first started it was decided that, as a part of its policy, educational facilities should be offered to every class of persons in the community—men, women and children. A course of ten evening lectures on soils and fertilizers was given one winter by the principal of the school. These were illustrated by simple experiments and were designed especially for farmers. They were attended by farmers from all parts of the county, most of whom had to drive distances of from three to ten miles. The average attendance at a lecture was about one hundred and twenty-five. The second winter a similar series was given on the general subject of dairying.

A series of monthly meetings for women had been held on Saturdays. The school wagons are driven over the regular routes to bring them to the meetings, so that it is not necessary to use the home farm teams perhaps to the disadvantage of farm work. A short general session for all is held, at which some one of prominence has been asked to speak on some topic of general interest to women. This is followed by the study of special topics assigned to four groups.

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The Month's Bright Sayings.

Mrs. R. L. Borden.—A girl's primary duties are to look as nice as she can, and to be as nice as she can.

Lady Laurier.—The keeping of a home is as important a profession as the management of a business.

Miss Jane Addams.—Unless the home life of a country is strong, pure, and simple, there can be no national stability.

Lady Aberdeen.—Nobody can help being born stupid, but anybody can help becoming stupider than he was born.

Dr. James W. Robertson.—I doubt if our ancestors were any healthier than we are; but they did not take so much notice of trifling ailments.

Professor Leacock.—People who are wondering why the "art of letter writing" has declined must remember that when the postage was 25 cents a letter the writers wanted to get the worth of their money.

Mr. Humphrey Ward.—Life is made up not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness and small obligations given habitually are what win the heart and secure comfort.

Dr. W. S. Evans.—The knife and fork kill more people than the social glass. The penitent drunkard hasn't half the contract before him that the reforming glutton has. The former can steer pretty clear of all temptation; the latter has to face his troubles three times a day, and that, too, in its most insidious form.

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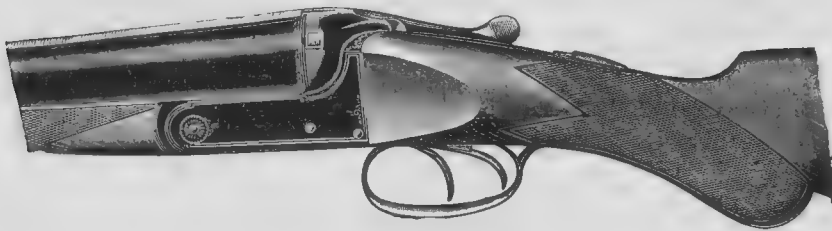
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Scotch Column.

Conducted by William Wye Smith, Scottish Expert on Standard Dictionary, Translator of New Testament in Braid Scots, etc.

He slew my knight, to me sae dear,
He slew my knight, and poined his gear;
My servants a' for lift did flee,
And left me in extremitie!

I shew'd his sheet, makin' my mane;
I watch'd his body, there mylane;
I watch'd his body, nicht an' day—
Nae leevin' cratur cam that way!

I tuik his body on my back,
An' whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat;
I digged a grave, and laid him in;
An' happ't him wi the sod sae green.

But think ye na my heart was sair,
As I laid the mools on his yellow hair?
And think ye na my heart was wae,
As I turned me roun', awa' to gae!

Nae leevin', man, I'll love again,
Sin' that my lovely knight is slain;
Wi' ae lock o' his yellow-hair,
I'll bin' my heart for evermair!
—Old Ballad.

A black hen may lay a white egg!

Short and sweet, like a cuddy's canter!

A blin' man needs nae keekin'-glass!

I ne'er sat on your coat-tail.

About the moon there is a brugh,
The weather will be cauld and rough.

A' cats are gray in the dark.

The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en,
May weel be black 'gain Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
When first fond love grows cule.
—Tannahill.

Makin' the Bed. A bed must not be left half-made; if so, the next person who slept in it would have some misfortune! A very convenient superstition for a mistress to urge upon a servant! But the servant had her turn; for, if she was dilatory in answering the "bell," or in answering the mistress's call, she could always say "she was making the bed!"

Three Names. A Canadian doctor, after a visit to Scotland, said: "I learned that there were three names that you must not criticize, or say one word against, in any shape or form; and they were William Wallace, John Knox, and Robert Burns!"

One Song. Some Scottish poets are known by just one piece. As William Laidlaw, by "Lucy's Flitting;" and James Hislop, "The Cameronian's Dream."

Wallace. The first book the conductor of this column ever read was the "Life of

Sir William Wallace." He asked his mother "who Sir William was?" She said, "He was the greatest man in Scotland." But the boy imagined he was still living; and thought that without doubt his father must have seen him!

Corn. A Scots girl in Ohio, the first time she saw boiled ears of Indian corn, asked, "How dae we do? Dae we eat it, runts and a'?" She soon learned.

"Seven cities did content for Homer dead,

Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

Burns died; his death hastened by a threatening letter about a £5 debt for a suit of Volunteer uniform, not yet paid for. And this spring, at Glasgow, a 16-line manuscript of "My Nannie's Awa'," sold at auction for £102; and a MS. letter, dated 1786, sold for £25.

Union. A serious proposal is made in Scotland, for the union of the Church of Scotland and the United Free Church. The "Kirk" is willing to make some sacrifice for the sake of "one Presbyterian Church for Scotland," but not ready to forego all financial connection with the State. Neither were the "Free Church" men in 1843. But the logic of events made them "Voluntaries."

A censorship of moving picture shows is called for in Scotland. The papers say it is needed. Something like ourselves, it seems.

The Scottish April, this year, is said to have been the driest since 1858.

Once crowdie, twice crowdie,
Three times crowdie in a day;
And 'gin ye crowdie ony mair,
Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away!
—Nursery Rhyme.

A parish minister had not prayed for rain during a long dry spell, and was reminded of it. "Weel, weel," he said; "I'll do it, just to please ye; but feint a drap ye'll get till the change o' the mune!"

A Peebles daftie heard the minister preaching about deict and falsehood; and as he sometimes cast his eyes in the direction of "daftie," the latter thought he was particularly addressed. At last he roared out, "Indeed, minister, there's mair leears in Peebles than me!"

Scotch Songs. Were ever the comic aspects of courtship so drolly set forth as in "Duncan Gray," or "Tam Glen," or "Last May a Braw Wooer;" or the beauty of long-weeded love, as in "John Anderson My Jo?" or the pathos of disappointed affection, as in "My Nannie's awa'?" What country has a finer national song than "Scots Wha Hae?" Where have the joys of old friendship been better celebrated than in "Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot?" and where will you find a more incontrovertible assertion of the rights of manhood than in "A man's a man for a' that?"

Scotch.

Mr. Ian Malcolm has an amusing essay in "The Nineteenth Century" on the humors of English elections, from which we take the following:—

Canvasser: "Surely you will give us your vote this time, sir?" (he said to a poor man standing at the corner of the street).

Voter: "Na, na; I'm voting Tory, as my faither and grandfather did before me."

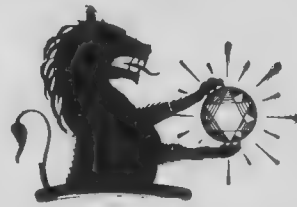
Canvasser: "But surely you don't want your food taxed, and six hundred peers to dictate to forty millions of people, etc."

Voter: "I dinna ken and dinna care about thon; my faither and my grandfather were Tories, and I'm a Tory, too."

Canvasser: Well, I must say that is a most unintelligent answer If your

father and grandfather had been thieves, what would you have been?"

Voter (pensively): "If my faither had been a thief and my grandfather had been a thief? . . . (brightening) likely I'd have been a Liberal."



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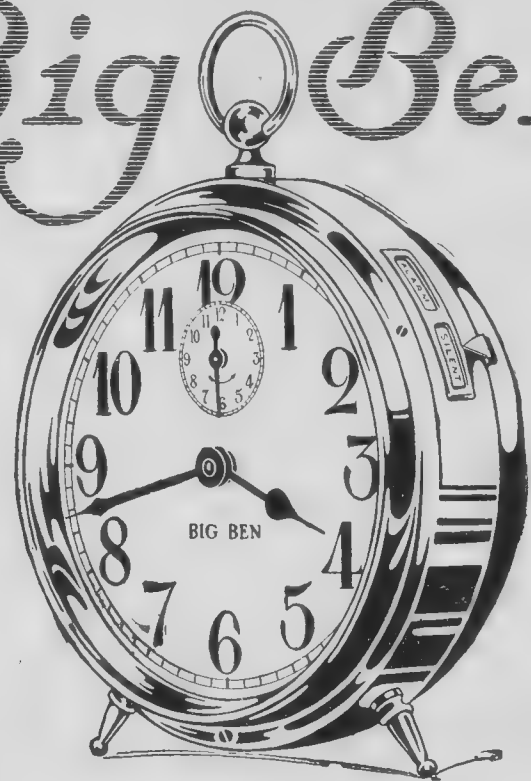
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Will you spend Two-Fifty to insure yourself for years against that everlasting bother—getting the farm hands in the fields on time? Will you spend it to insure a full days work from each man six days out of every seven.

Then, spend it for Big Ben. He's doing it on thousands of farms every day right now. More than a million people have spent it for Big Ben to help them get to work on time. Don't you want to join the Big Ben Army. Don't you want your farm hands to be members?

Alarms are sold at \$1.00 and \$1.50 less than Big Ben costs but such alarms are merely things to wake up by, not to wake on time with. They enable you to make a guess at the right time, that's all.

Big Ben enables you to know the right time. When he wakes you he

does it at the time you want, the right time.

Then, cheap alarms may last a year but Big Ben actually lasts for years and years. He's built of steel. He's a handsome clock plus a punctual alarm. You can use him all day long in any room for he fits bed room, parlor, dining room or hall.

The city man can get the right time of his neighbor or by picking up a telephone but that's not so convenient for you. You need a reliable time-keeper always in the house. That's why you need Big Ben more than you need a plain "alarm."

Big Ben rings just when you want and either way you want five straight minutes or every half minute during ten minutes unless you flag him off. His big keys make winding easy and his great open face and large hands tell the time plainly across the largest rooms.

Big Ben is sold by 5,000 Canadian dealers. His price is \$3.00 anywhere.—If you cannot find him at your dealer's, a money order sent to his designers, Wadley, La Salle, Illinois, will bring him to you duty charges paid. Put him right now on your Xmas list.

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THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM.

By James L. Gordon, D.D., Central Congregational Church, Winnipeg.

TODAY.

Make the most of to-day. It may be your last day. It may be your best day. It may be your day of fate. But be sure of one thing, it will give quality to every future hour of your life. So begin it with prayer—(for great men have prayed) and end it with holy meditation and into its holy hours crowd all that is possible of thought, toil, effort, and achievement. Live in the light of the eternal and let the gold of the sunset speak to you of God. During the dark day of 1780, in Connecticut the candles were lighted in many houses, and domestic fowls went to their roost. The people thought the day of judgment had come. The legislature was then in session in Hartford. The house of representatives adjourned. In the council, it was also proposed. Col. Davenport objected, saying, "The day of judgment is either approaching, or it is not. If it is not, there is no cause for adjourning; if it is, I choose to be found doing my duty. I wish, therefore, that candles may be brought."

WORK ON.

Work on. Keep pegging away. Put quality into all you do and be ever at it. When things look dark—work. When there is "nothing doing"—work. When the weather is bad—work. When others are discouraged—work. Work bears a compound interest. The article which you write for your class will be demanded by the newspaper, then it will appear in a magazine, and later on it will form a part of a chapter in a book and finally some body will tell you that it revolutionized his life. "On and for ever on." A writer remarks:—"While Drummmond was in Central Africa his book achieved a most amazing popularity. No one was more amazed at it than himself. He had left England within a week of its publication, in June 1883, and was beyond all news till the following November. Then suddenly, one midnight between Nyasa and Tanganyika, a bundle of letters was thrust into his tent. He jumped from bed, and hastily lighting a candle, fed his long famine of tidings from home. Nothing had changed there except his own reputation. He read that his volume had passed immediately through a first and a second edition; that the reviewers were carried away by it; and that in especial the "Spectator" could recall 'no book of our time (with the exception of Dr. Mozley's University Sermons) which showed such a power of relating the moral and practical truths of religion, so as to make them take fresh hold of the mind and vividly impress the imagination.'"

AN I.O.U.

Lean on the supernatural. Cultivate the invisible. It may be that there are a score of invisible angels waiting to wait on you. Science has revealed an invisible universe. The things which you cannot see are vaster than the things which you can see. And you are surrounded by elements of which you know little or nothing. Study them. Lean on them. Seek for their assistance. They may reveal to you a secret source of power. An American writer remarks:—"There was a man in America who had lent another a few hundred dollars, for which he had an I. O. U. After some time he wanted his money back, but found he had misplaced the bond. The other man seemed to have forgotten the fact—genuinely forgotten it—and not only denied the indebtedness, but accused his friend of dishonest intentions. Yet afterwards, the friend, while bathing in Charles River, was seized with cramp and nearly drowned. On coming to his senses he went immediately to his bookcase, took out a book, and between its leaves found the missing bond. In the sudden picture of his life which flashed before him while he was apparently sinking for the last time, he saw himself placing the document between the leaves of the book. It adds piquancy and completeness to the story to narrate that the debt was paid with a generous interest."

YOUR MOOD.

There are divine moods. Do it when the mood is on. Say the word when you think it, write the poem when you feel it. Paint the picture when the vision is before you. Preach your sermon when the text is ablaze. Send your gift when your heart is moved. Do not let the warm moisture of your soul fall on the hard rock indifference. Ever regard your higher inspirations as the voice of God. Seek for that voice. Know the secret cypher of your own soul. And when the mood is on, retire to your closet and turn the bright threads of new thought into the living fabric of life. "Until I am complete master of a tune in my own singing, such as it is, I can never," says Burns, "compose for it. My way is this. I consider the poetic sentiment correspondent to my idea of the musical expression,—then choose my theme,—compose one stanza. When that is composed, which is generally the most difficult part of the business, I walk out,—sit down now and then,—look out for objects in Nature round me that are in unison or harmony with the cogitations of my fancy and workings of my bosom,—hum-

ming every now and then the air, with the verses I have framed. When I feel my muse beginning to jade, I retire to the solitary fireside of my study, and there commit my effusion to paper; swinging at intervals on the hind legs of my elbow-chair, by way of calling forth my own critical structures, as my pen goes."

START EARLY.

Start early, young man, in the matter of investigating all public questions. Be broad in your reading, deep in your thinking, and courageous in the expression of your convictions. Start early before you have become involved commercially, before you have pledged yourself politically, and before you have compromised yourself by written phrase or spoken word. Start early. Have a hand in the writing of new platforms and in the projection of new political interests and then in the sunset of your life you may be able to say in effect with William Lloyd Garrison:—"I began my advocacy of anti-slavery in the Northern states of America in the midst of brick bats and rotten eggs, and I ended it on the soil of South Carolina almost literally buried beneath the wreaths of flowers which were heaped upon me by her liberated bondmen."

BURIED ALIVE.

Do not submit to being buried alive. Surrender not to the encircling crust of custom. Refuse to be covered by the wet blanket of a dead average. Do not hesitate to break the unnecessary rules of life. Accept no line of thought on a professional hearsay. Let your conduct be dictated by that direct child of genius, plain ordinary common sense. Consider not professional pride or social command or ecclesiastical regulation, or political precedent. None of these will compensate for the limitation of the prerogatives of your personality. Do not let society bury you alive. When Butler, the author of the "Analogy" went into close retirement in the little country parish of Stanhope, Queen Caroline, the Consort of George IV., asked the Bishop of Blackburn if Mr. Butler were dead. "No, Madam," he said, "not dead, but buried."

YOUR COMPETITOR.

Trust in God and keep your powder dry, saw wood and say nothing. Dig while others are dreaming. Strive while others are sleeping. Act while others are thinking. Sleep on the night of your defeat and rise early the next morning. Try new experiments. Turn new corners. Enter unusual fields, surprise your enemy by your resourcefulness. If six methods fail, try a seventh. Don't be afraid of your opponent. If you can out-work him, out-plan him, out-think him, out-do him—you are sure to win. Remember that he is just as much worried about you as you are about him. A Brooklyn divine says:—"And Grant had a bit of fighting blood in him. His maxim was, 'Don't be over anxious about what your enemy is going to do to you, but make him anxious about what you are going to do to him.'" Lincoln said, when McClure called to protest against Grant's appointment, I can't spare this man—he fights." And now the awful duel for mastery is to begin.

SPECIALISTS.

Get near to the specialist. By the specialist I mean any man that knows more than you do on any given subject—the dentist, the preacher, the lawyer, the successful politician, writer, the man with a splendid voice, the maiden lady who has a vast fund of information on missions, on flowers, on cooking, on literature. Ask all the questions you can think of. I never met a well informed person who did not like to answer questions. Remember that the best teacher is the man who knows more than you do. Such information is of great value and costs you only the time you occupy in extracting it. "Mark Hopkins on one end of a log," said President Garfield, "and a student at the other end, made a University."

LOVE.

Love is the brightest word in the dictionary and the divinest thought of the soul. Every maiden has her dream and every youth his ideal of splendid womanhood. The dream and the ideal are God-implanted. Let love have its altar and let the ideal be enthroned in the secret chamber of the soul. Let the bloom be too holy to be touched by unholy hands and the beauty too delicate for the embrace of the one who has not entered into the covenant of love. For, realized or unrealized, love is the divinest emotion that ever stirred the human breast. How tender are these words: "Washington Irving clung to the memory of his gentle and accomplished Matilda Hoffman with all the ardor of a youthful lover for more than fifty years after her burial, admitting no others to her place in his affections; and when he expired, at nearly seventy-seven, there was found on a table near his bedside an old and well-worn copy of the Bible, containing her name on the fly-leaf written in a delicate lady's hand. This had been his daily companion through scores of years."

THE PLAIN FACE.

Tolstoi was homely almost to the verge of ugliness. How he wept over it when he was a boy. And yet what character was revealed in that face. Handsome men are seldom great men. Pride of face or form often stands in the way of success. Character transforms the physiognomy. There are many noble women who prefer a strong face to well rounded features and the man who can win the crown of success and command positions of power is, to many, more acceptable than the man of handsome form and cultured style. Certain it is that the homely man finds great companionship in the temple of fame. Who has not read the writings of Oliver Goldsmith. An attack of small-pox, when he was a child, nearly killed him, and left his face much pitted and disfigured. In spite of his athletic prowess, which was considerable, he probably was not very happy at school, for he was almost morbidly sensitive, and his schoolfellows' frank comments upon his personal appearance gave him as much pain as the accusations of stupidity that he received at the hands of teachers, who could not see through his shyness.

COMMON COMFORTS.

Take great satisfaction out of the common comforts of life. For they are in the possession of all and are never out-distanced by the luxuries provided by wealth and power. The man of means is almost sure to become exclusive. He shuts himself into his private room where he may enjoy an easy chair, an open grate, the companionship of great books and the presence of his wife and children, but even a poor man may have all these; and the young mechanic who stood before the marriage altar, yesterday, will probably provide his bride with more home luxuries than were enjoyed by Queen Elizabeth or Mary Queen of Scots. George III., walking out one morning, met a lad from the stables, and asked him: "Well, boy, what do you do? What do they pay you?" "I help in the stable," replied the lad; "but I have nothing except victuals and clothes." "Be content," replied the King, "I have no more."

CANADA.

This is a new country. We are sowing the seed of destiny in virgin soil. We are the old timers—our fathers simply found the spot and decided on the location. When the history of our times is written we will be framed in an atmosphere of poetry. We built the towns. We extended the cities. We deepened the rivers. We organized great institutions. We laid the foundations of empire and erected the pillars of civilizations. Thus the historian will write the story of the early days. Oh, let us build well! Years ago when Henry Clay was crossing the Allegheny mountains, while he was waiting for the stage horses to be changed, he stood upon a great rock looking over the valley, and someone said to him, "Mr. Clay, what are you thinking about?" He said, "I am listening to the on coming tramp of the future generations of America."

BE PRACTICAL.

Be practical. Steer by the stars but keep your feet on the earth. Have your ideals but try and realize them. If you can't get the best take the best you can get. Stay near the border line of human necessity. Better preach a plain ordinary sermon for every day life to a full church than deliver a profound philosophical discourse to a quatered oak. Don't move so far ahead of the procession that your followers cannot decide which way you are going. Be practical. Be human. Be reasonable. Be broad. Be sweet. Charles Kingsley says:—"My father was a magnificent man in body and mind, and was said to possess every talent except that of using his talents. My mother, on the contrary, had a quite extraordinary practical and administrative power; and she combines with it, even at her advanced age (79), my father's passion for knowledge, and the sentiment and fancy of a young girl."

TRIBULATION.

Every experience has a cash value. There is nothing which can happen to you of sorrow, pain, worry, annoyance or embarrassment which you cannot convert into the current coin of life. Experience puts you in touch with all those who have travelled along the same road. Because you have suffered you can enter into the sufferings of the storm tossed. And all your heart breaks you can commute in poem, song, sermon, and painting. The man who has learned to feel, knows how to sympathize. The story goes that Henry VIII., wandering one night in the streets of London in disguise, was met by some of the watch, and, not giving a good account of himself, was shut up in the Poultry Compter for the night without fire or light. On his liberation he made a grant of thirty chaldrons of coals and a quantity of bread for the night prisoners of the Compter. So in trial, power to sympathize is realized.

AIM AND AMBITION.

I pity the youth who has no ambition. Tennyson had it. Lincoln possessed it. Moody was inspired by it. Even a saint ought to be inspired to be the saintliest saint that ever turned his face heavenward. If you are determined to enter a profession why not be determined to stand at the top. As Daniel Webster once said "there is always room at the top." Ambition stirs the Soul. Ambition kindles the fire in the eye. Ambition warms the blood. The highest ambition is to be good and great for the sake of God and humanity. When the old bishop of the Methodist church was examining a group of candidates for the ministry, he asked them: "Are you willing to be a nobody in Christ's service?" And every last one of them piously (as he thought) answered yes. "Then you're a poor lot" exclaimed the bishop.

BE GENEROUS.

Be big. Be kind. Be generous. When a man snubs you, smile on him. When a man opposes you cover him with a compliment. When a neighbor "runs you down" smother him with kindness. Go out of your way to assist an enemy. Speak well of the man who has no use for you. Find a good point in the man who declares that there is not one redeeming trait in your character. And keep it up.—day in and day out—be the friend of your enemy. Thus you shall heap coals of fire on his head—to burn him up. Nay verily; But to melt him down. It was in the fall of 1880, that Mr. Beecher introduced Col. Robert Ingersoll to a great political gathering in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, saying that the Colonel was the most brilliant living orator in any tongue. A day or two afterwards the Colonel was asked by a reporter what he thought of Mr. Beecher. He at once sat down

and wrote as fast as his pencil could trot over paper thus: "I regard him as the greatest man in any pulpit of the world. He treated me with a generosity that nothing can exceed. He rose grandly above the prejudices which are supposed to belong to his class, and acted only as a man could act without a chain upon his brain, and only kindness in his heart."

A Neglected Opportunity.

The making of potash from kelp gathered on the Pacific coast will be a new American industry, and there will probably be a demand for the exclusion of German potash. If the old backwoods industry, with its large capital in the form of kettles and coolers, had been organized it might have imposed the cost of its maintenance on the people to the present day.—Montreal Witness.

Williams'

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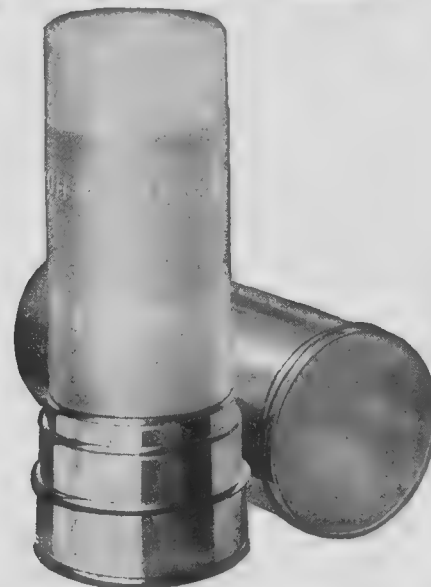
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What the World is Saying.

\$1,000,000,000 in Savings Accounts.

Bank deposits in Canada have reached the billion mark. This is a distinct achievement of the growing time.—Ottawa Citizen.

An Annual Prediction.

The Rev. Henry Stone foretells that the Second Advent will occur this year. He will also foretell it next year.—Montreal Herald.

Would Surprise Mr. Kruger.

A woman has been elected mayor of Johannesburg. Things have changed since Oom Paul was dictator.—Edmonton Journal.

Some not Paying.

New York records show one murder a day during the past four weeks. Evidently some people in New York weren't paying for protection.—Detroit Free Press.

A Conversational Stimulant.

The circus has come and gone. Irrespective of the spectacle it presented, it has given people something to talk about.—Lethbridge Herald.

A Plaintive Plea for a Crock.

Would the person who took the 10 lb. crock of butter by mistake (?) from the fair buildings kindly return the CROCK to the Secretary-Treasurer.—Nokomis Times.

Red Rubber.

Torturing natives to extort contributions of rubber in Peru will be investigated. The natives know the difference between the pretences and the practices of civilization.—Montreal Witness.

The Presidential Marathon.

The Waterbury Republican has a keen and nimble wit, coupled with admirable foresight. It advises its readers to vote for Taft, pray for Roosevelt, and bet on Wilson.—Cleveland Plain Dealer

Calling and Election Not Sure.

Wilson and Marshall are both Presbyterians, but they are going ahead with campaign committees just as if the doctrine of election permitted some doubt.—Brooklyn Standard Union.

Only One.

An anxious correspondent wishes to know whether the plural for bull moose is "bull mooses" or "bull meese." There is no plural for bull moose. There is but one bull moose.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Art and Fine Art.

The new dominion five-dollar notes, now in circulation, are pronounced a work of art. The process of acquiring a quantity of them is also one of the fine arts.—Vancouver Province.

The Dust Raised by Automobiles.

Cattle are being made sick by the dust in some parts of Ontario. An automobile that would consume its own dust would be a blessing to the entire community.—Toronto Globe.

A Prediction.

There has been but one Democratic President in the United States since the civil war, fifty years ago—Grover Cleveland. Woodrow Wilson stands a very good chance of being the second.—Brockville Recorder.

The Twine that Binds.

If binder twine is as scarce this year as reports state, the farmers will all be singing, "Blest be the tie that binds." Their modes of blessing may vary, however.—Saskatoon Phoenix.

Changing Seats in the Boat.

When you see the heading, "Tried to change seats in a boat," all that is necessary is to look at the bottom of the paragraph to see if the bodies have been recovered.—Guelph Mercury.

Making the East Sit Up.

People here in the East are apt to think they set the pace in regard to Canadian Clubs, but Camrose, Alberta, is the first place in Canada where the Canadian Club owns its building.—Hamilton Herald.

Big Trunks and Little Ones.

The baggagemen have struck against large trunks. Still, this is no reason why they should continue wreaking their hatred on the smaller ones. They gotta stop kickin' our trunks around.—Toronto Star.

Bertha's Millions from Armaments.

In three years Bertha Krupp's fortune has increased from \$45,000,000 to \$70,000,000. She would probably be able to get along now even if the nations were to agree upon a plan of disarmament.—New York Herald.

Coast Province no Longer Haughty.

British Columbia used to be haughtily indifferent to all that went on east of the Rocky Mountains, but the way she is making love to her "big sister Alberta" shows what a different status we have in the family today.—Calgary Herald.

Vancouver's Policewomen.

A despatch this morning tells us that one of Vancouver's two women constables has captured a man. Oh, well, one must be prepared for such announcements during leap year. Here's wishing success to the other female of the force before the year is out.—Victoria Colonist.

The Switzerland of Canada.

A Calgary man out with a party of hill climbers fell 200 feet down Storm Mountain in Alberta, and was carried into camp by Swiss guides. Thus it will be seen that Canada's Alps have the main attractions of the ones in Switzerland. Everything is there but the yodel and that may come in time.—Edmonton Bulletin.

What Plugging will do.

Sir William Macdonald, the Montreal tobacco millionaire, is about, according to rumor, to offer McGill another princely endowment. Sir William's career is an exposition of what can be accomplished by continual plugging.—Ottawa Free Press.

May be the World's First Billionaire.

John D. Rockefeller is only seventy-three, and as he intends to live for a good many years yet there is no reason why he should not be the world's first billionaire. He will probably also be the last, for the graduated income tax and the succession duty are hot on the trail of the too rich.—Vancouver World.

How to Build Up a Town.

The way to build up a town—or a country—is to help the newcomer, the homesick and struggling newcomer, to feel at home and to prosper. His welfare is yours, not only because he helps to bring business to town, but because he is your brother man.—Medicine Hat News.

Careful Sifting is Essential.

The fact that two foreigners were murdered after a drunken carousal by Italians in Toronto serves but to impress further the necessity of the most stringent regulations in respect to our immigration laws. We want population, it is true, but only of the right kind. Quality counts more than mere numbers.—Peterboro Examiner

Fatal Carelessness in Haiti.

The sad accident by which the President of Haiti was blown into smithereens was due to the fact that a power magazine was attached to the palace. A careless republic like that would keep its acetylene plant in the parlor.—Regina Leader.

Should Be put Down.

What shocking blasphemy one hears on the streets. Cannot something be done to check it? Boys and men indulge in it without restraint. It is spoken out loudly; and it is dreadfully offensive. Cannot something be done to stop it? Why do not the police get busy and make a few examples of the swearers?—Kingston Whig.

The Tongue of Slander Wags in Sydney.

Snakes and mosquitoes no doubt serve some good purpose in the Divine economy, but God never made whisperers and gossipers. They are self-made, and they carry on their pernicious trade day in and day out, blasting characters, ruining reputations and bringing sadness and sorrow wherever their poisonous tongues are allowed to wag.—Sydney (N.S.) Post.

A Plea to Young Girls.

Plait your hair if necessary, O maidens, but for the sake of your youth and beauty do not deprive us of the pleasure of seeing it gracing your young shoulders. The head dresses ye have worn were more fitted to the aborigines of darkest Africa, the ribbons with which you decked your heads might have suited a prize animal at a live stock show. Hair is beautiful; for a few short years you are able to flap it entrancingly in the faces of the passers-by, therefore, flap.—Vancouver Sun.

The Simple Life.

The little village of Fresens, in the canton of Neuchâtel, population 200, still wears an atmosphere of the middle ages, and its customs and local government have not changed for centuries. Most of the inhabitants, peasants, have never seen a railway train, placed as it is in a remote valley. No roads connect the village with other villages and towns, the place is not lighted up at night, and there is no cafe nor any public building. There is no policeman, for the president of the commune acts as judge, lawyer, solicitor, and gendarme, receiving for those offices 24 shillings a year.—Geneva Correspondent in London Standard.

Johnson, Colored Missionary.

If the repeated victories of Johnson over hopeless "white hopes" succeeds in making prize-fighting unpopular among the white people of this continent, the colored puglist will have done a great missionary work. Pugilism is a form of barbarism which we ought to be about ready to slough off. It is a little ridiculous for us to criticise the German students for their duels or the Spanish people for their bull-fights, while we continue to glorify prize-fighting.—Montreal Star.

The Importance of Forest Preservation.

Irrigation has become a live topic in British Columbia as well as in Alberta. If water is to continue to be available for irrigation purposes, the Government must preserve the forests which are the great regulators of rainfall and the flow of streams. If the forests are allowed to disappear there will be more arid land requiring irrigation, and less water to irrigate with. In this respect Canada could learn much by reviewing the history of large tracts of Europe and Asia, formerly fertile, but now desolate.—Vancouver News-Advertiser.

The Greenwood Sage on Gullibility.

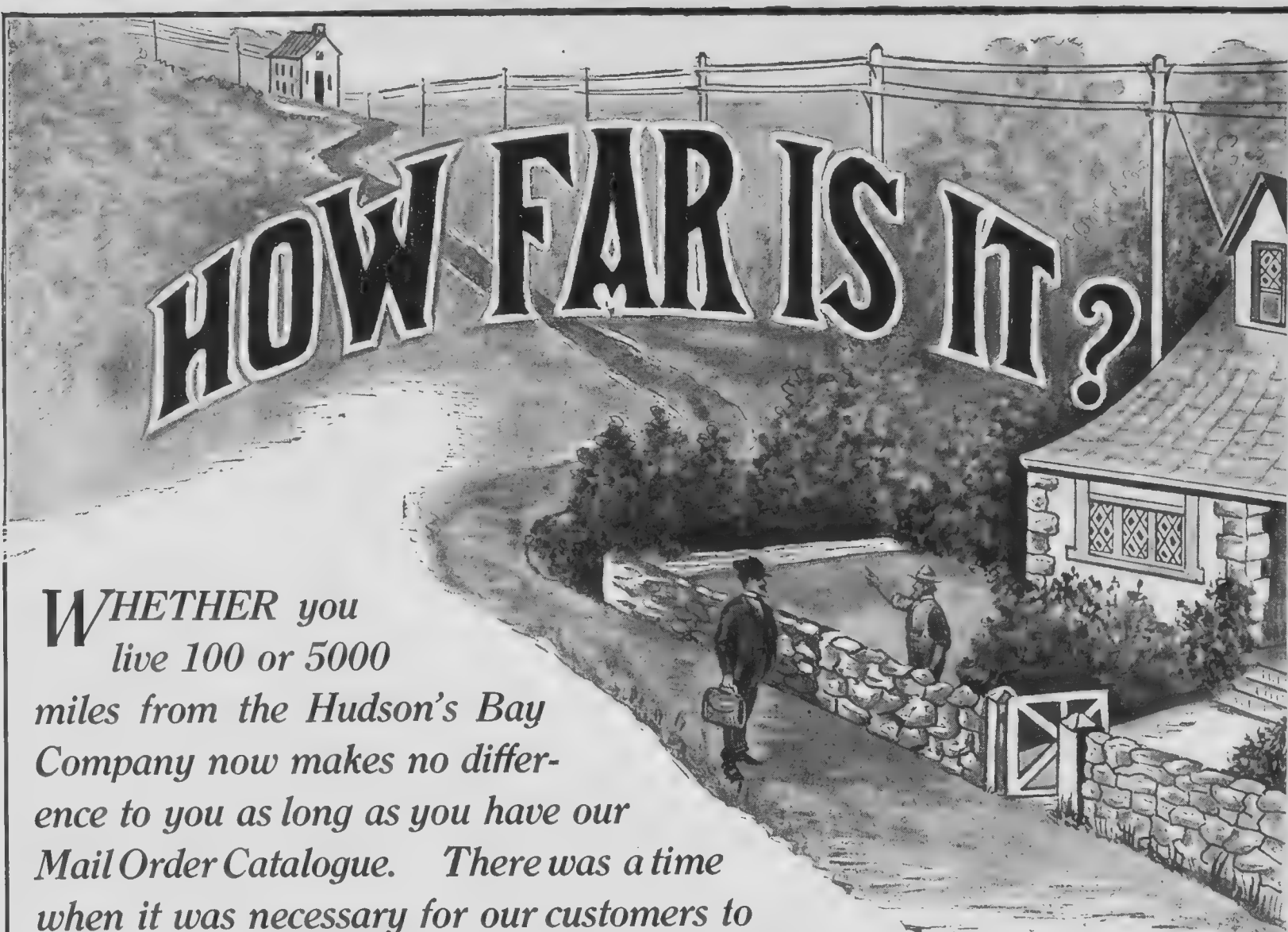
Local people would consider a man extremely daft who would plunk his money down for any lot in this city at a greater price than he would pay for a potato patch. And yet by sending real estate rustlers equipped with the proper maps and advertising into distant parts, every lot in Greenwood could be sold at profitable prices, and all the land around it for thirty miles could be put up as sub-divisions, and find ready buyers. Verily, we say unto you, that the gullibility of the human race passeth all understanding.—Greenwood Ledge.

As to Gambling.

It is declared by some who may know whereof they speak that there is as much gambling in London and in Paris as in New York. Human nature is much the same in every land, and where there are rich and idle people there will be busy and unscrupulous people to afford them excitement and relieve them of their wealth. Gambling under ordinary conditions may be carried on without attracting the public's attention. It is only when those who live by it forget to be cautious that they are likely to encounter the police. It is only, therefore, the more reckless operators, who are troubled. When they are not troubled it is within reason to think the police are not doing all that is expected of them. The reckless ones appear to be rather more numerous in New York than elsewhere.—Montreal Gazette.

"Nursing" a Constituency.

A bill has been introduced into the British Parliament which looks to limit the purely English process of "nursing" a constituency. They do not bribe in England—they "nurse." The laws against bold and brutal bribery, are very strict and well enforced. "Unseatings" for corrupt practices are rare. But a wealthy candidate spends immense sums in "nursing" his constituency without coming within the law. That is, he subscribes to every religious, charitable and public institution that he can find; he gives great "bean feasts" to his electors; he outdoes the famous jollifications furnished to the voters of North Toronto by Beattie Nesbitt. He makes it pay thousands of people in his constituency to have him as their "member." But this is not bribery. It is only "nursing." And now some interfering M.P. wants to make "nursing" illegal. It will soon be most difficult for a rich man to buy his way into Parliament. What are we coming to?—Montreal Herald.



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THE PHILOSOPHER.

THE PRAIRIES, AND THE PRAIRIE-DWELLERS.

There is an exceeding wholesomeness and a genuine inspiration in the ocean-like expanse of the prairies, the wide, sweeping, unobstructed vision of the great plains that produce so many millions of dollars' worth of wheat and other grains, and are capable of sustaining an immense population. There is life and hope and energy in the clear atmosphere and the bright, sunny skies and the bracing Western breeze. From early spring and all through the summer and fall, the prairies have their myriads of flowers. Wearing city noises, buildings that imprison and walled streets that hide the sun are forgotten in the blessed relief that the city toiler feels when he breathes the air of the open prairies, with its freedom, health, hope and quickened impulses. If one should be unresponsive to the charm of Nature's influence, even where so powerfully exerted, he must surely rejoice to see the prosperity that makes glad the people from so many climes who have made their homes in this new land. New homes are being established every year in their tens of thousands, and there is plainly written in the countenances of the new settlers the confidence that all will be well with them in their adopted country, if they will but do their part. They have breathed the buoyant, optimistic air of the boundless, resourceful West, and feel their lives renewed in their stimulating new environment of this promised land of home-seekers, than which there is no other land under the sun where industry and thrift are surer of their reward.

TOO MUCH TALK AT OTTAWA.

With the object of overcoming the evil of too much speaking in Parliament, the House of Representatives in Australia has adopted a rule limiting the length of a member's speech to sixty-five minutes, and to ninety-five minutes in special cases. In committee a member is limited to two speeches, neither to exceed thirty minutes in length. This is regarded by the Australians as a more practical and democratic method of dealing with the over-talkativeness of Parliament than the method of shutting down a debate arbitrarily. In the British House of Commons the closure rule works to the advantage of the Government of the day. But it has a worse fault than that, for it keeps down the ordinary member. When the leading men on both sides have spoken, the debate ends. In a speech lasting an hour a man should be able to say all he needs to say on any question. The more important speeches made by Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour, in the 1910 campaign, were each compressed inside the limits of half an hour of thoroughly condensed, meaningful talk. The right of a member of Parliament to rise in his place and speak for the people he represents should not be lightly taken away from him. But the right of a few men to bore Parliament by talking frequently and excessively is in need of curtailment. In so speaking they are imposing an abuse on their fellow-members and on the country. There is altogether too much speaking at Ottawa. The trouble is not so much that too many members speak, as that some of them speak too often, and of those who do speak, most speak too long. A member does not think that he has made a speech, until he has been on his feet two or three hours. A member will rise at half-past five, talk until six, when the House rises, and feel that after eight o'clock, when the House resumes, the night belongs to him. In the half hour before dinner he will scarcely have indicated the drift of his purpose; he is merely holding the floor for evening use. The excess of talk at Ottawa is costly to the country, not merely in the fact that every day Parliament sits costs the people of Canada thousands, but also in the fact that the flood of talk swamps the public business.

FROM A TEMPLE TO A MODEL FARM.

In China, which the world knew for so many centuries as the land where people worshipped the past and were unchangeable in all their ways, a great transformation is taking place. Since China ceased not many months ago to be an Empire and became a Republic, change has been following rapidly upon change. The old order is being dealt with rapidly. The latest news about the new regime is that the vast and famous temples at Peking, dating from a remote antiquity, are to be turned to utilitarian account. The Temple of Earth is to be converted into a model live stock establishment, the Temple of Agriculture—though this seems less revolutionary—into an experimental station for forestry, and the Temple of Heaven into a model farm. Of all that Peking contains that is picturesque or impressive, declares a Shanghai journal, there is nothing to compare with the beauty and majesty of this temple. Its main altar has for ages been one of the wonders of China. Other temples in China, we read, may offend by their grotesque and even terrifying images, but the Temple of Heaven is described as purely beautiful. Here it was that the Emperors, Sons of Heaven, unfailingly did sacrifice at certain seasons of the year, thus making atonement for the people to the gods. The last Emperor has vanished into the irrecoverable past, and the new Government, in what old China would have regarded as a spirit of impious flying in the face of Heaven, is at work in the most matter of fact way turning the scene of their

sacrifices of atonement for the people into a model farm. Could anything be more symbolic of the new era?

PEERS AND COURTESY LAWS.

A Toronto paper, which predicts a considerable migration of the peerage to Canada, calls attention to the fact that members of the Dudley and the Seymour family of the Hertford branch are the latest acquisitions to the blue-blooded section of Toronto society. Good, clean, hard-working aristocrats are as welcome to Canada from across the Atlantic as commoners; but the titles to which the Toronto journal refers, namely, Lord Somers, Lord Hyde and Lord Seymour are merely courtesy titles. The gentlemen in question are not peers. They cannot sit in the House of Lords. Some of the courtesy Lords now in this country are heirs to ancient titles and will by-and-by become peers, but the greater number are younger sons and not in the line of succession to the family title and estates. The eldest son of an Earl is a Lord by courtesy, and the other sons are Honorables. All the sons of a Duke or a Marquis are Lords by courtesy, but in the case of the younger sons the title does not descend, and the grandson of a Duke becomes a plain Esquire. When the present Duke of Argyle, the husband of Princess Louise, was Governor-General of this Dominion he was known as the Marquis of Lorne, but it was only a courtesy title. In all proclamations and other state documents his name appeared thus: "John Douglas Sutherland Campbell, commonly known as the Marquis of Lorne."

AS WE THINK, SO WE ARE.

The idea that thought is an active force is no new theory. Many philosophers have expounded it as one of the vital principles of the true gospel of life. Our condition is largely what our thoughts make it. As we think, so we are. And every thought increases our mental strength, or helps to make us mentally weaker. Thus anger is said to be nerve-wracking. If one were to give way to his temper often enough, his brain might become so seriously affected that he would go mad. Worry is debilitating. It saps the life-giving force, and makes one old before the proper time. Envy is demoralizing. It attacks the whole system, and incapacitates one for any kind of useful endeavor. Like anger and worry and all other deleterious emanations from the human brain, envy has no good purpose to perform. It is nothing more or less than a mental poison. You might envy another person during the progress of an entire lifetime, and you would get no good results from it.

ABOUT CAPTAIN VANCOUVER.

Some interesting facts in the life of Captain George Vancouver, after whom Vancouver Island, Fort Vancouver on the Columbia River and the city of Vancouver have been named, have been made public by Mr. John T. Walbrau of the Fisheries Protective Service at Victoria, B.C. Vancouver sailed with the famous Captain Cook as a naval cadet in 1772. That was the second of Captain Cook's great voyages of exploration, and as the result of his discoveries in the Antarctic Ocean during that voyage he was able to draw a map of that portion of the globe which subsequent knowledge has not greatly changed. Captain Cook's third voyage began in 1776, Vancouver being still with him. Its object was to explore the west coast of North America, and the geographical knowledge acquired on that voyage by Vancouver was useful to him when in 1791 he was selected to command a squadron sent to safeguard British interests on the island that bears his name. The settlement of a territorial dispute with Spain set him free to explore the coast northward, and in 1793 he was engaged in that work when Alexander Mackenzie crossed from the Rocky Mountains to the coast. The two famous explorers, it would appear, were entirely unaware that they were so near each other.

ROUGH DIAMONDS.

We say of a true-hearted genuine person, who is outwardly unattractive and unpolished that he is "a rough diamond." Needless to say, it is the genuine inward substance, not the exterior, that is important. But the exterior is not unimportant. One who adds to his strength and courage the qualities of tactful courtesy has a power for good that is nearly irresistible. Manners, as Tennyson says, "are not idle, but the fruit of loyal nature and of noble mind." Far from being a mark of weakness, they are the sign of strength and distinction. The great American painter, Henry Abbey, who died recently, related that when he was engaged on his most important historical canvas, "The Coronation of Edward VII.," which required sittings from more than a hundred distinguished personages, the most considerate of them all were King Edward and Queen Alexandra. "Be courteous" is a Bible command, and it is also a dictate of common sense. The boorish person does not realize this.

AN INVESTIGATOR FROM WASHINGTON.

The movement of population from the States into this country is a matter which the Government of the United States has sent out a commissioner, Mr. Ferrer, to investigate and report upon. Mr. Ferrer entered upon his duties last month, it appears; and inasmuch as he is instructed to endeavor to discover, among other things, why it is that the settlers from the United States in this country prefer this country to the United States it will be exceedingly interesting to learn what his report will say. Meanwhile it is to be noted that a few days after the news of Mr. Ferrer's appointment got into the papers, there was a news item telling of the organization of a club at Bredenburg, Saskatchewan, to be called the American Sons in Canada, with the object of encouraging more immigration from the States into this country.

WHEN TRAINS DID NOT RUN IN THE DARK.

A railway official in Winnipeg, speaking to the Philosopher about the constant advances made in railway equipment and methods of operation, remarked that it is a thing not generally known that the man is still living who began the running of trains at night. He is Henry Gassaway Davis, who was the Democratic candidate for Vice-President of the United States in 1904. He was then in his eighty-first year. He began work as a freight brakeman on the Baltimore and Ohio railway in 1841, was soon promoted to be a conductor, and showed such energy in clearing up a wreck that he was given a passenger run; and in five years he was traffic manager. In those early days of railroading, trains ran only in the hours of daylight. Mr. Davis began experimenting with the operating of trains by night. It did not take long to establish the fact that trains could be run by night just as well as by day. It makes us realize how close we still are to the beginnings of railway operation, when we know that the man who originated the running of trains after dark is still living.

THE YELLOW MEN AND AUSTRALIA.

In a remarkable article in the National Review, Mr. George Gascoyne declares his conviction that northern Australia—a territory two and a half times the size of France, with a seaboard of 1,240 miles and a number of navigable rivers—is destined forever for the colored races. "Deeply though I sympathize with the policy of a white Australia," he writes, "it is my unalterable conviction that the north can never be developed and held by whites. The pale, drawn faces of the women of the coastal districts of northern Queensland are surer testimony than all arguments." Northern Australia has at present throughout all its extent only a little over a thousand whites, only half of whom are male adults. The colored races are at present rigidly excluded from Australia. The question which Australians are anxiously asking is, "How long can this policy be maintained in respect to the northern part of the island continent?" The awakening of Asia intensifies the problem. Only field workers can develop and hold northern Australia. The Indian coolie, as experience in South Africa has shown, is prone to quit field work for commercial undertakings. If the door is opened, it seems that it must be opened to the yellow races. And Japan and China are already casting eyes towards that Naboth's vineyard of northern Australia.

IN REGARD TO HEREDITY.

British journals are still discussing the problems of heredity, which were brought so prominently before the world's attention by the international congress organized by the Eugenics Education Society. Some curious facts and theories are being set forth and discussed. A leading Italian physician, Dr. Antonio Mauro, of Turin, who has made a special study of criminals and the insane, holds as the result of investigations that it is the children of young parents who are the most addicted to committing offences against property, "owing to their inherited tendencies, the love of pleasure, revel and idleness, which are characteristic of youth." He goes on to say that swindlers are an exception to the rule, as that class of crime belongs to riper years. The children of aged parents, according to this Italian theorist, are more given to crimes of personal violence. All of which is, no doubt, more interesting than important. Among the notable facts that have been brought out is that in Denmark, Sweden and Holland during the past half century the average height of the adult has decreased by over an inch. Professor Whetman, of Cambridge, advances the theory that the supremacy of the western nations depends upon the tall, blue-eyed and fair-haired people dominating the short, dark members of the community. But, when all's said and done, the greatest authorities must admit that the laws of heredity are only dimly apprehended. Luther, Napoleon, Lincoln and many others of the greatest men in history furnish striking proof of how absolutely inscrutable are the workings of heredity in regard to the coming of geniuses and leaders of humanity.

PARTY NAMES.

There would be nothing surprising to a Canadian in the fact noted in our leader columns yesterday, that represents no great change of national policy from the present Conservative government in Canada that of the late government while in office. In Canadian politics the words "Liberal" and "Conservative" have not the same meaning as they have here. Both parties are much more democratic than average English Conservatives, and neither is as democratic as the modern English Liberal. The Conservative party, by the way, does, or until lately did, call itself the "Liberal-Conservative" party. As a rule the real difference between the two Canadian parties is on some definite matter of practical policy, not on underlying political principles.—Manchester Guardian.

A NOVELIST-STATESMAN AND CANADA.

The fact that the name of the author of "The Last Days of Pompeii" and "The Lady of Lyons" is connected with the history of this country is recalled by a recent "Fifty Years Ago To-day" item in a Toronto journal, to the effect that it was hoped that Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer might again become Colonial Secretary, and that if he did the Northwest Territory would soon be "opened." The great novelist was Colonial Secretary in the Government of Lord Derby in 1858 and 1859, when the discovery of gold had brought an inrush of adventurers from California into British Columbia. Those gold-seekers had little or no respect for law when they arrived. But Governor Sir James Douglas, Chief Justice Sir Matthew Begbie, of whom many remarkable stories are told, and the Admiral of the small British fleet at Esquimalt, governed the rough community strongly and enforced British justice. And Sir Edward Bulwer, as Colonial Secretary, backed them up in their constantly autocratic manner of preserving order. The outcome was greatly to the advantage of British Columbia, with which the Island of Vancouver was consolidated in 1866, the year that Sir Edward Bulwer entered the House of Lords as Baron Bulwer. The reference to the "opening" of the Northwest Territory is in regard to the fact that in the long controversy over the throwing open of the prairie empire owned by the Hudson's Bay Company to settlement he had taken the popular side against the Company. What might have happened had he resumed the post of Colonial Secretary, as seemed likely in 1862, must be left to conjecture; what did happen was that in 1867 the Dominion of Canada was organized, with Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick as its four constituent provinces, and within the next four

years the Dominion purchased the Hudson's Bay Company territory—that is to say, Western Canada between Ontario and British Columbia—for \$1,500,000, and the province of Manitoba was created and British Columbia taken into the Dominion as a province. Towards this result Sir Edward Bulwer undoubtedly contributed.

ON TIME.

Cultivate the habit of being on time. It's a good thing for you. It's a good example for others. It's an expression of order, arrangement, precision, and exact commercial and social science. Be on time! Begin on time. Time is radium. My friend George H. Stuart once said, in reviewing his Sunday school work:—"I was very particular in securing godly teachers, both male and female, requiring in all who taught in the school what I called the six p's which would lead up to a seventh. These six p's were, first, piety; second, preparation; third, punctuality; fourth, patience; fifth, perseverance; crowning these with sixth, prayer. In the end the seventh p, promotion, would come, though this was not to be sought."

NATIONS AND NATURAL INDUSTRIES.

We could make the growing of oranges in Canada an important industry by levying prohibitive duties on foreign oranges. But it pays far better to grow grain, and make dairy products, and raise cattle, and catch fish, and fell trees, and saw lumber, and trade any of them in return for oranges. Nations have natural industries just as individuals have natural aptitudes.—London Advertiser.

What Shall a Man do for his Wife?

(Continued from Page 3.)

that they were unable to recognize old friends who sat across the room in their Oriental dress. A little sketch suggesting the procedure and the background of the fete should, however, be attempted. Driving up in the carriages, a beautiful hedge was made each side by the hydrangeas. They reached from the gateway to the entrance, for where none grew they were inserted, placed there in pots. In the pink hydrangea bushes, pink lights were placed, and in the blue hydrangeas, blue lights were placed. Lights also twinkled in the trees and the moon was shining to help all the artificial grandeur. The veranda of the

house was surrounded by Oriental arches outlined by bulbs in Oriental colors, red and yellow, and from the arches hung baskets filled with flowers in red, blue and yellow. Everything was Oriental except the pink and blue hydrangeas, and these in their soft contrast seemed suggestive of the hostess, whose pink and blue evening gowns at the opera in New York are exquisite with her silver gray hair. Passing along the pathway lined by the pink and blue bushes, all the great potentates with their heavy turbans, and the fascinating creatures with harem veils found their way to the dressing rooms at each side and then to the room at the left in which they were received. In spite of the magnificence of their costumes many of the men had much more to say about what they ate than about what they wore. The supper menu included consomme madrilene, homard bordelaise, poussins a la polonaise, petits pois, chaudfroids de caneton, bigarrade, salade jardiniere, glace ananas, gateaux and cafe.

The one good feature of this display was that it meant the distribution of some money among the working classes, but how many lives could have been brightened, how much sorrow lightened, if the expenditure had been made in other ways.

THE LIQUOR QUESTION.

Perhaps it is a good thing that we do not all see things in the same way. One of the letters received during the month brings us to task for views expressed on the selling of liquor. Here is one sentence, "The evil lies in the production of an article which if compelled to be manufactured pure would not intoxicate." I wish the correspondent would send along a little. If he means unfermented grape juice his contention will be granted, but did any bar room in Western Canada ever offer spirituous liquor that had not intoxicating qualities? A second sentence reads, "Why should those who do use it to the benefit of themselves be deprived from getting it by a law which over rules the present law?" The answer is in two parts, 1. Does liquor except as a medicine ever benefit anybody? 2. In matters of conduct within a social organism is it not always true that the individual will must be subordinated to the class-will? We do not permit a man to throw refuse into his back yard—the community has something at stake in the matter. We cannot permit that which is the parent of vice, crime, family ruin, and unmanliness to flourish in a community even if a few wish it. An individual has no right to trespass on the rights of his fellows. As part of the social organism he must keep in tune. If he goes wrong he puts every thing wrong. No man can be a law to himself.

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Western Teachers in England.

Written by one of the party for Western Home Monthly.

Every day, verily every hour in London, brought forth something new to sight, for even the paving stones on the streets are historic. Of course, we attended the Conference and met our professional brethren from the remotest parts of the Empire. Mrs. Orde Marshall was untiring in her zeal for our entertainment. Visits to the Parliament buildings, the Tower, and many other places of interest were organized for our benefit.

The Tower was particularly interesting. We stood on the spot where Lady Jane Grey viewed the headless body of her husband return from Tower Hill; we saw the spot which marked the execution of the same hapless lady and Anne Boleyn. And in St. Peter's Chapel we saw the tombstones of these, and many other people of note, who had been overtaken by the same wretched fate. Raleigh's cell was visited, a miserably small one, hewn out of the thick, stone walls. Nevertheless, this gentleman was obliged to pay £18 a week for his board and lodging there and after all which he had done for his country he met the common fate. At the end of the same corridor stood an effigy of Elizabeth, mounted on horse, and attended by a page. Her finery was grayed with dust and age, but both figure and face still succeed in impressing one with the domineering spirit of the woman. If she could only come back and lead the Suffragettes their cause would speedily win.

Down into the dungeons we went and viewed the instruments of torture—the rack, the thumb-screw and “the scavenger's daughter.” How hard it was for we twentieth century Canadians to realize that such things had really been! The cell of “little ease,” four feet each way, into which many prisoners—Guy Fawkes among them—were kept for weeks without light and very little air, after having been submitted to various excruciating tortures, was of itself sufficient to make even the bravest confess anything in order to be freed.

Of course, we rode about on the “busses,” always on top if there was room. We “shopped” and took an insufferably long time to count our change. We walked through the parks; we tested the politeness and perhaps the endurance of the London policeman, and we admired the flowers, and the London flower “girls,” as they are all called, be they old or young. One and all we enjoyed while we were there, and when we left we loved London.

One day we spent at Aldershot. Officers met us at the station, escorted us down to the military portion, showed us the monument of the Iron Duke in order to infuse us with the correct spirit, as it were, and then took us over to the field to view the manoeuvres. It was most interesting; cavalry and infantry were both taking part. Time and again we were right on the firing line and several of us were “killed” a number of times. This was so fascinating that we watched it for some time, then we went to inspect the camps. We were taken first to the officers' mess, where we were refreshed with lemonade; then on to different camps where everything was quite “soldier shape” and orderly. We watched the camp cook for a few moments, then went to a delightful luncheon prepared for us in the gymnasium. Lady Haig, Lieut. and Mrs. O'Malley, all honored us with their presence. The room and tables were resplendent with military decorations, whilst several bands played Canadian airs. During the afternoon we visited the soldiers' recreation rooms, where Tommy Atkins plays billiards, reads or otherwise amuses himself. The hospital came in for a share of our scrutiny. Here there was a class of teachers just about to graduate and be sent to different military stations throughout the Empire. Five o'clock called us all back to tea. A lovely walk across sporting grounds brought us to the aeroplane sheds. After examining this portion of the military equipment, we walked up to Farnborough and took the train “home” to London. We had

completed a glorious day. We knew more about military life and certainly had a greater sympathy with it than before.

Saturday, July 20th, saw the southern party embark from Liverpool on the S.S. Meroe. London to Liverpool seemed one immense garden; only repeated tellings could make us remember that these small divisions were actually fields. Liverpool reached, we drove down to the docks. It was scarcely a pleasant drive, but it was a memorable one. The district was one of squalid poverty, and sympathy was freely extended to the dock hands even by those who do not believe in strikes.

Once on board the steamer it was very interesting to watch the cargo being loaded; linens and flour for Alexandria and several large engines for Algiers. About six p.m. all was ready, and we carefully threaded our way between other steamers and left the Mersey behind us. There were many light-houses and other vessels to watch until the sun went down.

It was cooler than we had expected to find it, and we were glad of our heavy wraps. A few white-caps met us as we skirted the Bay of Biscay, but they were soon forgotten in watching the snow-capped mountains and quaint light-houses, some of which had been old monasteries, that were scattered along the coasts of Spain and Portugal.

About 4 a.m., July 25th, brought us through the Straits of Gibraltar, and we were anchored in the Mediterranean before that mighty fortress. As soon as breakfast was finished we boarded the Government tender which had been kindly placed at our disposal by our host of the day, the Governor of Gibraltar, and sailed across. We were met at the dock by a number of officers who escorted us through the store houses and machine shops of the garrison. Then on to hackney coaches, a kind of cab seating four and canopy topped. We were then driven some distance. Then began our ascent of the galleries, vast subterranean passages winding around the mountain with openings hewn through to face the water. These were of various sizes, but all large enough to hold at least one good sized cannon. One of these was named St. George's Hall and was quite a fair sized cavern, fortified by six large cannon. In this hall Nelson had his dinner the evening before Trafalgar. The galleries contained gates which were always carefully locked after us, and here we had a good opportunity to observe military precision and care.

Another treat in store for us was a ride through the mountain in a special train, used only on very special occasions. From this side we could see the tops of the vast reservoirs used for catching and storing the rainwater during the dry season. Afterwards we were taken down inside one of these reservoirs, which was 51 feet deep and capable of holding tons of water.

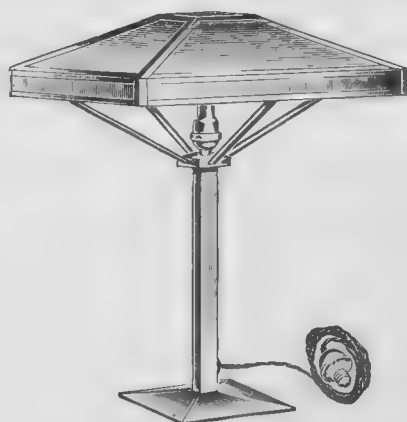
The tender took us back to our own boat for lunch, and the afternoon was spent in driving around the mountain, walking through the Alameda Gardens, and seeing the beauty of semi-tropical vegetation even in its “off” season. Orange trees, lemon trees, date and fig trees, pepper trees, mimosa, acacia, arbutus and many other rich and fragrant blossoms delighted us. We viewed the rock fortresses, dock and town from every possible point, but I think the journey through the rock and the climb around the galleries did more than any mere view, or any cold statistics to give us an idea of its strength and greatness. The Governor's palace was opened to us and we viewed the old chapel connected with it which in olden times had been a Roman Catholic one.

A short time was left us for shopping and then beneath the light of a glorious moon we were brought back to the S. S. Meroe with our minds full of the splendid day which we had enjoyed.

For some time we could see the north coast of Africa, then once again we were out on the open sea, this time the blue Mediterranean, which is beyond description and constantly brings to mind “the light that never was on land or sea.”

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Our supply of these lamps is limited and after the original number has been distributed it will not be possible to duplicate at the price.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
WINNIPEG CANADA

The Western Grain Situation.

The Annual meeting of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange was held on September 10th, and reports of a very gratifying nature were presented from all departments. Mr. Donald Morrison, the retiring president whose term of office proved so beneficial to the Exchange and so acceptable to the members, occupied the chair, and his report, which we have pleasure in presenting to our readers is interesting and comprehensive.

President's Address.

Following the usual custom of retiring presidents it is my privilege at this time to be permitted to make a few brief remarks regarding some matters that I believe you are all interested in.

Council.

At this meeting you will be presented with a very full report of the proceedings of your council during the past year. They have had many meetings and devoted a great deal of valuable time to the consideration of matters affecting, not only, this Exchange, but the grain business in general. I feel that I am justified in saying that much of the success of our Exchange is due to the work of the men who have always composed the council, and that we should be correspondingly grateful to them for their unselfish and arduous services.

Last Year's Crop.

It gives me great pleasure to have to report that the last crop was the largest ever handled in the West, notwithstanding fears expressed a year ago that it might be otherwise.

The total inspections of the Western Grain Inspection Division for the year ending 31st August, 1912, and for the corresponding period of the previous year are as follows:—

	1910	1911
	Bushels	Bushels
Wheat	87,618,950	145,937,700
Oats	26,351,100	53,141,100
Barley	2,554,800	6,301,200
Flax	3,216,000	7,190,000
Rye	17,000	35,000
Total	119,757,850	212,605,000

As you are all aware the handling of this crop was an enormous undertaking, not altogether owing to its bulk, but for the physical condition a great deal of it was in, owing to the unfavorable weather and inability of the railways to speedily handle it. I do not desire to criticise the railways unjustly, I believe they did all they could with the facilities they had. The trouble seems to have been that they lacked the facilities they should have had if they hoped to cope with the situation. If they had put their grain freight rates to the South into effect earlier in the season it might have saved a great deal of grain. In connection with this, it might be well to say here that I am informed the newly appointed Grain Commissioners are now taking steps towards having this special rate placed in effect early this season so as to prevent a recurrence of last year's loss. It is but fair to say, however, that the conditions prevailing last year were unprecedented. A great quantity of grain stood in the fields in stock all winter and that it kept so well was a surprise to many; however, it appears to have retained a great deal of moisture, causing it to heat when handled this spring and summer and serious loss was sustained by the owners. Whether the railways can be accused of causing this loss is a question, for the railways, like individuals, have their limitations and may have done all that was possible to move the crop expeditiously with the means at their disposal. It is not likely the railways will ever get to the point where it will be possible for them to move all the crop in a few months; even if it were, it is exceedingly questionable, from an economic standpoint, if the producer would be benefited; and, in my opinion, it would be the reverse for the larger the stocks in sight the

lower the prices are naturally liable to be.

Immigration and opening up of the West.

The rapidity with which the great Canadian West is being opened up is one of the marvels of our age. What the slow oxen did leisurely a few years ago is now being done speedily by the tireless steam and gasoline engines. Go where you will to-day in the West, you will see a great many of these engines, pulling, not one small plow, as in olden days, but many plows, and each one very much larger than the oxen used to draw.

Under these conditions, one might be almost startled into thinking that it would only be a matter of a few years until all our available land was brought under cultivation and that consequently we would soon reach the limit of our ability to provide food stuffs for those not so fortunately placed as we are. How little we need fear in this direction may be gathered from the following review.

We have prospects this year of a crop of some 200,000,000 bushels of wheat, 200,000,000 of oats, 12,000,000 of flax, 48,000,000 barley, besides other products raised on barley 35,000,000 acres now cultivated. This is practically but a tenth of our available land it being estimated that we have approximately 350,000,000 acres capable of being brought under cultivation. Surely with such wonderful possibilities we are justified in having the utmost confidence in our heritage, confident that we will raise enough food stuff to supply the United Kingdom (indeed even this year we are approximately able to do so) with all its requirements, and have plenty to spare for others.

The immigration into the West is enormous and increasing yearly. This means greater production and greater prosperity for the whole Dominion. These settlers raising grain will require machinery, clothing and other articles which have to be manufactured or supplied to a great extent by people in other parts of Canada. Thus the cultivation of our prairies will give employment to vast numbers, far removed from their vicinity.

Railway Extensions.

The railways are trying hard to keep pace with the development of our West, and find it difficult to do so. Scarcity of labor being largely responsible for this state of affairs. Notwithstanding the various difficulties, you will be interested to know that in our three prairie provinces alone, the various railways have added, or are adding, to their mileage as follows: The Canadian Pacific Railway Company some 580 miles of new lines last year, and has under construction some 870 miles more. This company has also finished a good deal of double tracking, so that it now has double tracks all the way from Brandon to Fort William.

The Canadian Northern Railway Company has added about 380 miles during this past year, and has under construction some 600 miles in addition.

The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company expect to add about 600 miles to its system, and has, in contemplation, quite an extension to its branch lines.

New Grain Act.

We will be working this season under the new Grain Act. This act is largely based on the old Manitoba Grain and Inspection acts, but has some very important additions, including the new Grain Commission, and the authority practically vested in it to sanction changes in our present methods of doing business, such as the permission to mix grain, which makes a sample market practicable and possible. One of the principal changes in the Inspection Act is in connection with flax seed, several new grades having been added.

The appointment of this new Grain Commission is a most important step. There is every reason to trust that the Commission will act in such a manner as will permit the rapid handling of cars and vessels, and not unnecessarily

More About The Loading Platform

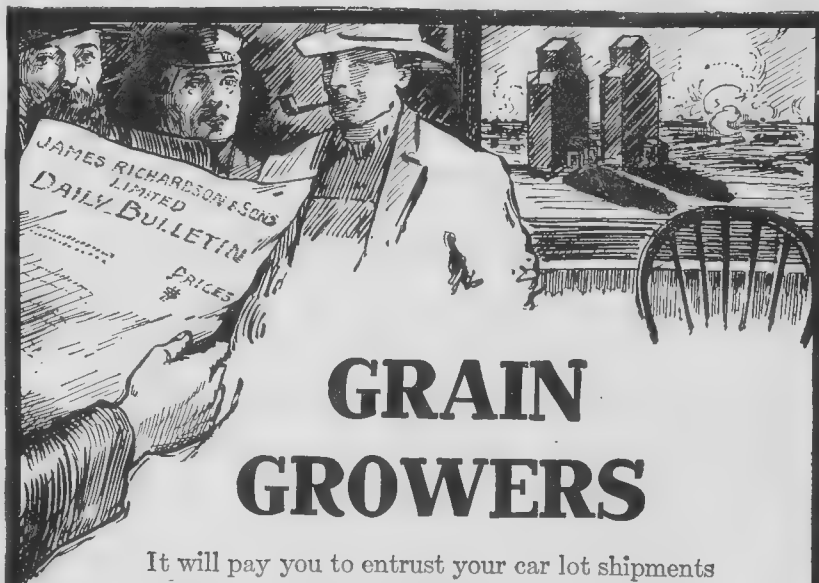
The present generation of western farmers will never know the difficulties and vexations experienced by their predecessors in the earlier years, when no one could get a carload of grain shipped in bulk except by loading it through an elevator. The system forced the majority of farmers to sell their grain to the elevator owners at arbitrary prices, and oftentimes to submit to heavy dockage and other annoyances, causing continual dissatisfaction. Now, however, the distribution of cars as fixed by the Grain Act, and the use of the loading platform, provide facilities which enable the farmer to secure satisfactory treatment in the disposal of his grain, and the highest market prices at time of sale. Every farmer, therefore, should more and more endeavor to use the loading platform in shipping his grain to the terminal elevators. It is the safeguard of the farmers' freedom in disposing of his grain to the best advantage for himself. If farmers refrain from using the loading platform freely, it might result in its being done away with, because railway companies and elevator owners are strongly opposed to it. It is easy to understand why elevator people desire the loading platform abolished. The railway people on their part say it delays the loading of cars and helps to cause car shortage; this we know to be nonsense, because frequently after cars are loaded, whether with grain, coal, lumber or other merchandise, they are sidetracked for days and even weeks instead of being promptly moved forward to their destination. It is engine shortage and shortage of competent train men which mostly cause grain blockades on the railways, and not lack of cars. Let every farmer, therefore, do all he can to use the loading platform and become an independent shipper. In subsequent advertisements we will state in detail the savings and other advantages of direct loading into cars as compared with loading through elevators.

We handle the farmers' grain strictly on commission; make liberal advances on car bills of lading; supervise the grading at time cars are inspected; secure the highest prices at time of sale, and make prompt returns when sold. Write us for shipping instructions and market information.

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Will be pleased to send you our daily bulletin on the market when you are shipping.

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handicap the trade. The period during which navigation is open after the new grain moves freely is so limited that it is of vital importance that every facility commensurate with protection to grain owners be afforded the shippers, and at the same time that as much storage room as possible be left for use after navigation close.

Sample Market Coming.

At the present time the intention of the Grain Commission is to put such regulations into effect as will permit of a sample market being established here beginning 1st September, 1913. This is beyond question one of the most important events that has ever transpired in the evolution of the grain business in the West. It is going to make it possible for the individual grain grower to obtain the full market value of his grain independent to some extent of the general government grading, and the farmer will obtain the first benefit from this system, new here, but not in other markets. We all know that there is to-day good 2 Northern, and 2 Northern also that barely possess the legal requirements for that grade. Under our present system both these qualities sell for the same price, because under the present law the various qualities of the same grade are unloaded into the same bin at the terminals; but under the new system the good 2 Northern is going to command a premium over the ordinary 2 Northern, and the owner of the grain is going to get this premium; no mistake about this. I have sold grain by sample in markets where this custom prevails, and know, from my own personal experience, that no matter who or how many derive benefits from the sample system, the owner who sells his grain on a sample market gets the first benefit. Of course the opportunity of selling grain by sample is not going to remove the grading system; we shall have that in addition, so that we shall be placed in the position of being able to sell grain by sample or by grade, whichever method will enable us to obtain the best results. I have heard fears expressed of the effect of mixing on prices to be paid to us by the foreign buyers, but so far as I can see there is no ground for any apprehension. The Government sets its standard for each grade; and buyers will pay according to such standard as they have always done. There is absolutely no ground for doubt that the Government inspection out will not be as faithfully adhered to as the inspection in, thus doing away with all dangers from any undue lowering of the grades.

Storage.

The question of storage room for grain is always going to be an interesting and important one in the West. The agitation for government ownership of both terminal and country storage, which has prevailed during the past few years, has resulted in quite a shortage of this most necessary accommodation, private capital, naturally hesitating in investing in such enterprises, when confronted with the possibilities of being at the mercy of politics and politicians. Indeed it is difficult for one to get away from the feeling that the advocates of government ownership are not directly responsible for the serious loss sustained last season through lack of storage room. This agitation produced one result at least—the Province of Manitoba buying up the great majority of the country elevators within its borders and the result has been anything but satisfactory from a financial standpoint. The Manitoba Government's experience will undoubtedly be of much benefit to the other provinces in keeping out of similar experiments and losses. Saskatchewan has already benefited by adopting a plan which is on an entirely different basis. The business, which is conducted by the Saskatchewan system would appear to be conducted along good business lines.

The Dominion Government has let a contract for the construction of a large terminal elevator to be built at the lake front and which is to be ready in time to handle the crop of 1913. The result of operating this plant will give the Government a good idea of what is ad-

visable to do in the future, in the way of providing public storage for grain.

It is very much to be hoped that through one source or another ample storage accommodation will be provided in the future. It would seem as if farmers would, for their own protection, provide more initial storage on their farms.

As indicating the growth of the grain business in the West, it may be of interest to you to know that in 1900-1901 Manitoba had an elevator storage capacity of only 10,300,000 bushels, while last season it had 22,400,000 bushels.

The Northwest Territories, which included the present provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta, had storage capacity of 2,400,000 bushels in 1900-1901 against which Saskatchewan alone had last year 29,300,000 bushels and Alberta 9,800,000 bushels, or a total of 39,100,000 bushels for the two provinces, making a grand total of about sixty-one and a half million bushels country storage licensed by the Warehouse Commissioner for the last crop season. In addition to the above there were licensed at Port Arthur and Fort William terminal elevators having storage capacity of 25,700,400 bushels.

New Building.

In 1908 when the present Grain Exchange building was erected it was supposed that trade requirements for, at least, ten years had been fully anticipated and provided for. You all know how inadequate it is to-day many of you would gladly double your office space if room was available. You will be pleased, therefore, to know that the Traders Building Association, owners of our present building, have prepared plans for an addition which will practically double the present space, besides providing for a room to be used for the purpose of selling grain by sample, which will be one of the largest in the world in use for this purpose.

Lake Shippers' Clearance Association.

This Association has continued to be of very great benefit in facilitating the handling of grain out of the terminals at Fort William and Port Arthur. During the season just ended, there were shipped through their office 134,652,000 bushels of grain, an increase of some 52,000,000 bushels over the previous year, and some 60,000,000 bushels above two years ago. No doubt some of our old time shippers wonder how they ever got along before the organization of this auxiliary. The registration by this Exchange's bureau (which is operated by the Lake Shippers' Association) of all warehouse receipts issued by the terminal elevator companies, the expenses involved being paid for partly by the Dominion Government and partly by the Terminals Elevators, will be done this coming season by the new Board of Grain Commissioners, who have adopted practically the same system as has been heretofore in use.

Commission Rules.

For many years there has been more or less difference of opinion regarding the commission rate on oats, many believing that the present charge of 1c. per bushel is too high; it would also seem as if the rate of 1c. per bushel commission on flax seed is not sufficient, considering the value of this product. A committee was appointed by the Council to consider these matters, and you will be called upon at this meeting to pass on their recommendations.

I consider the living up to this commission rule, as well as all our other rules, most important for the welfare of our Association. Many complaints of the infringement of this commission rule particularly comes annually before our council, and it is difficult to get the necessary evidence required. No doubt many of these complaints are unfounded and perhaps injury is done to members who are innocent and who are living honorably up to their obligations to the fellow-members. It is the intention in the future to investigate such charges by a different method from what has prevailed in the past, and towards this very desirable end you will be asked to vote on a proposition to supply the secretary's office with such help as will enable our council and officers to discover and to discipline any members who may be guilty of depart-

ing from the spirit of these rules. These rules were made to put all on an equal footing, and I sincerely trust that no member will dishonor himself for the sake of a few dollars made by evading the spirit which should govern us all the spirit of fair play and living up to our obligations to one another. On the whole, the greatest harmony has prevailed between the members of the Exchange during the past year, the differences that have arisen between the members being settled in a splendid spirit of give and take, and that during a season when trade has been conducted under most difficult and vexatious conditions.

I feel under personal obligations to our esteemed secretary, Mr. Bell; his long experience connected with the grain trade, and which he has so freely placed at my disposal, has made my task as president much easier, and I take this opportunity of expressing my appreciation of his invaluable services to our Exchange.

In conclusion, permit me to express my appreciation of the very great honor you did me in electing me president of our Exchange and to thank the members for their kindness and courtesy during my term of office. My special thanks are due the members of the council for their help, consideration and forbearance.

New Officers.

The officers for the next twelve months are:—

President—Andrew Kelly; vice-presi-



Mr. Andrew Kelly, President, Grain Exchange.

dent—A. K. Godfrey, secretary-treasurer—C. N. Bell.

Council — H. T. Swart (Zenith Grain Co.), John Fleming (Alex. McFee & Co.), G. R. Crowe (British Empire Grain Co.), G. V. Hastings (Lake of the Woods Milling Co.), W. L. Parrish (Parrish & Heimbecker), Donald Morrison (Donald Morrison & Co.), A. C. Ruttan (Jas. Richardson & Sons), J. C. Gage (Consolidated Elevator Co.), W. E. Milner (Maple Leaf Milling Co.), Geo. Fisher (Scottish Co-operative Wholesale Society), S. T. Smith (Smith, Murphy & Co.).

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Committee of appeals—Thos. Thompson, W. W. McMillan, E. S. Parker, S. P. Clark, S. A. McGaw, S. Spink, E. W. Kneeland.

Mr. Andrew Kelly, the newly-elected President of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, is one of the most familiar figures in the Canadian Grain trade, having been closely associated with it all his life.

Born in McGilvray township, Ontario, in 1852, he spent the early years of his life farming. When about twenty-four he entered the grain business at St. Mary's, Ontario, where he continued until he came West to Brandon early in 1881. Shortly after arriving he formed

a partnership with some other pioneers, commencing in the milling business under the firm name of Alexander, Kelly & Sutherland. This organization continued until 1890 when the A. Kelly Milling Company was incorporated, which concern subsequently lost its identity in the Western Canada Flour Mills Co., founded by Mr. Kelly in conjunction with S. A. McGaw of the then Manitoba & Lake Huron Milling Co., of Goderick, Ontario.

Since the organization of the Western Canada Flour Mills Co., Mr. Kelly has occupied the position of president.

Not only in the grain and milling business has Mr. Kelly had a distinguished career, but also in the field of municipal affairs. For several years he took an active interest in civic politics at Brandon, of which city he was twice elected Mayor by acclamation, holding this office during 1890 and 1891.

A thorough Westerner, with a clear vision of his country's needs, agriculturally, industrially and financially; his advice is sought on these topics by those interested. He enjoys the distinction of being one of the original members of the directorate of the Great West Life Insurance Company, a position which he still holds. His monetary interests are wide and varied, covering the entire field of Western financial endeavor.

His appointment to the position of President of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange is one of honor, well earned and thoroughly deserved, as in addition to being one of the leading men connected with the grain trade, he also enjoys the knowledge that he is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, member of the Exchange actively engaged in the grain trade of Western Canada, having actually participated in the handling of every crop since 1880.

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ONERE .POS. ET
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E. SELLERO.
F. IMP.
IN. GT. ONAS. DO
TH. HI
S.O.
ON . SOR.
T.J.A.N.E.

This was greatly valued by the possessor of the stone on which the above was inscribed. It was supposed to relate to the Roman Emperor Claudian, until one day a schoolboy spelt it out thus: "Beneath this stone reposeth Claud Coster, tripe seller of Impington, as doth his consort Jane."

Look Like them

Mary saw the creases in the baby's feet, and exclaimed: "Oh, des see! She's dot frowns on her feet."

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One word true hope part.
The least disciple need not say
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If love be in the heart.

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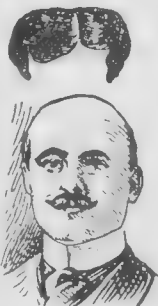
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Fun for Hallowe'en.

By Mrs. Todd, Cereal, Alberta.

"Some merry kindly countra folk
Thegither did convene
Tae burn their nits and pu' their stocks
And haud their Hallowe'en." Burns.

Once again Hallowe'en or the evening of Hallow-mass, the feast of All Saints, is at hand. Long ago people used to think that witches and elves were abroad that night, and though we in these enlightened days no longer believe in these "little people," that is no reason why we should let the evening, with its fun and jollity, become a thing of the past. Let us keep up the old customs, the old time jollity. Let us "haud our Hallowe'en" as our forefathers did on the 31st of October, and let us do our best to hold the night as they did.

The invitations, like the whole of the party, ought to be as original as possible. Ordinary square cards will do,

room door, waits, and as silently leads the way downstairs again. She leads them to the door of a dimly lit room, which for the nonce is labelled the "Witches' Room." Here "goblin tea" and "Elves' fingers" are served by two witches, if possible, out of a cauldron or large pot. The elves' fingers are brown bread and butter sandwiches cut into fingers. This gives all the guests time to turn up. In the corner of the witches' room stands a large pasteboard circle—the wheel of Fortune. On its surface is a large pasteboard hand which is covered with gilt paper. The wheel revolves, the hand remains stationary. Along the "wheel," just where the end of the hand or arrow comes to, are cut little slits and into these a small pink or green card is thrust. On this a young lady's name is written. The young men are invited to have a turn at the "Wheel of Fortune," and



The New Emperor of Japan—Yoshihito.

but have drawn round them in ink witches astride broomsticks, black cats, and bats. If you are not artistic enough to do this yourself, try to enlist the sympathies of an artistic friend to do it for you. In the upper right-hand corner have a clock drawn with the hands pointing to eight o'clock, and the opposite corner one pointing to 1.30, the time the party is to "skail." To make a success of a Hallowe'en party there must be nothing conventional—everything weird, "witchy" and mysterious. It is nice, if possible, to have all the lighting done by candles and these shaded by "witch" candle shades. When the guests arrive at the door and prepare to knock, to their surprise the door opens silently, and when they enter there is no one to be seen. (The door is opened by one told off for the purpose to watch for arrivals and open it just at the right moment, and then withdraw behind the opened door.) As they enter, a silent figure, clad as a witch in short, red skirts and tall hat, with a bit of muslin crossed over the breast, comes forward and silently leads the way upstairs, opens a bed-

when it stops revolving, he draws out the pink card and finds thereon written his partner's name for the evening.

After all the guests have arrived, an adjournment is made to the drawing room where the fun is to be held. This room is dimly lit, likewise, only candles in pumpkins and candles with shades being used or else heavily shaded lamps. Everywhere there ought to be evidences of the character of the evening—grinning Jack o' Lanterns, bats and owls cut out of paper on the wall, witches astride broomsticks, etc. These decorations need not cost more than a few cents; crepe paper is cheap, and a little of it goes a long way. The clever hostess who wants to make her Hallowe'en party a huge success, or the hit of the season will not grudge the little time required to get up these little details that go so far towards giving the evening character. She will need three girl friends if she has no daughters old enough to act as the witches, but as they are pretty central figures in the evening's entertainment she will not have much difficulty in getting them. Their dresses may be entirely

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inexpensive — a red felt skirt, black waist, square of muslin, and tall hat. This can be evolved out of pasteboard, a cornucopia being formed of it, sewed on to a brim, and the whole covered with black paper.

The first game is usually a "Hunt for Hidden Fortunes." These have been written on small scraps of paper, and hidden about the room, one for each person. They must be cleverly concealed. For example, a simple-looking walnut on the mantel might, on examination, show that it had been carefully cut in two, the fortune inserted and the two halves neatly glued together again. Each one as he or she finds his fortune gives up the hunt and sits quietly till all have been found. The reading of the fortunes generally causes a bit of fun.

The burning of the nuts is a symbolic game of Hallow-mass, and may be the next game. If possible, it ought to be done in a room with an open fireplace. The nuts are paired, a large one and a small one, and named respectively for man and maid. When well "toasted" they are set alight and their progress is keenly watched. Should they burn quietly side by side a happy wedded life will ensue; should one or other start apart, there will be a "rift within the lute." To quote Burns:

"The auld wife's weel hoarded nuts
Are then and there divided,
And monie lads' and lassies' fates
Are there that nicht decided.

Some kindle couthy, side by side,
And burn thegither trimlie,
Some start aside wi' saucy pride,
An' jump oot owre the chimlie."

The supper table ought to be as symbolic as possible. A large paper "Jack o' Lantern" might hang from the chandelier: From it might suspend strings whereon are fixed black cats (paper), bats, and witches galore. These might all be made of paper and have pieces of stiffer paper glued at back to keep them in shape. The centrepiece might be a huge "Jack o' Lantern." Scattered over the cloth should be gilt horse shoes (cut from paper) for luck. Red cheeked apples in little wooden tubs, nuts in small grinning "Jack o' Lanterns," etc., etc., while the menu ought to be Hallowe'en-ized for the evening, say,

Goblin pies, Jack o' Lantern cream,
Witch cake, Gnome salad.

Goblin pies are merely little individual pumpkin pies served in a frill of orange crepe paper. A few currants can be stuck in to represent a goblin face just before baking.

Jack o' Lantern Cream could be merely a whipped jelly, with a Jack o' Lantern outlined on it just before serving with melted chocolate.

Witch cake is an ordinary spice cake, but with a ring, thimble, button and coin mixed in the batter. The person who gets these is to be married within a year, a spinster, or bachelor and wealthy respectively. The witch cake ought to have on its white frosting a figure of a witch done in red, and chocolate icing.

Gnome salad is dished up in fresh, green lettuce.

After supper there ought to be a story drive in the witches' room, everyone having to tell a ghost story, the more weirdly, and realistic, the better.

Next should come the time honored "Three Luggies." To again quote Burns' poem on Hallowe'en, than which a better guide on Hallowe'en as it should be kept cannot be given:

"In order on the clean hearth stane
The luggies three are ranged,
And every time great care is ta'en
To see them duly changed."

The "luggies" (basins) contain clean water, dirty water, and no water at all. The candidate is led blindfolded up to the basins where he points to one, getting as his fate, marriage with a spinster, with a widow, and no wife at all, as his luck may be.

"The pu'in o' the kail stocks" is not now adhered to, but in Burns' time it

was the first ceremonial of the evening. Together, hand in hand, lad and lass went to the kail yard, where with closed eyes they sought and pulled their kail stock. Did earth stick to it, that signified fortune, while sweet or sour, as its taste was, so was the disposition of their future better half

"The lassies' feat and cleanly neat,
Mair braw than when they're fine,
Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe,
Hearts leal an' warm, an' kind.

The lads sae twig, wi' wooer babs,
Weel knotted on their garten,
Some unco blate, an' some wi' gabs
Gars lassies' hearts gang startin'."

"Then first an' foremost through the kail.

Their stocks maun a' be sought ance,
They steek their e'en and graip and wail
For muckle anes and straucht anes."

Blind man's buff is also a good old game for Hallowe'en, likewise blowing out the candle. A candle is lighted and placed on the table. Each one is blindfolded and led up to it. Each unsuccessful "blow" means one month longer of matrimony. After twelve unsuccessful blows the candidate has to retire, doomed to single blessedness.

A nice finish for the evening is to have a "Dip for Fortune." Have a large tub filled with bran or sawdust, and in it all kinds of little parcels, made up in paper so that all feel alike. These parcels contain a ring, thimble, button coin, scrap of earth (single blessedness), crooked stick (marriage with a widow or widower), bit of dry heather (all kinds of good luck), red cloth (marriage with a soldier), blue cloth (marriage with a sailor), black cloth (with a minister or doctor), green cloth (with a

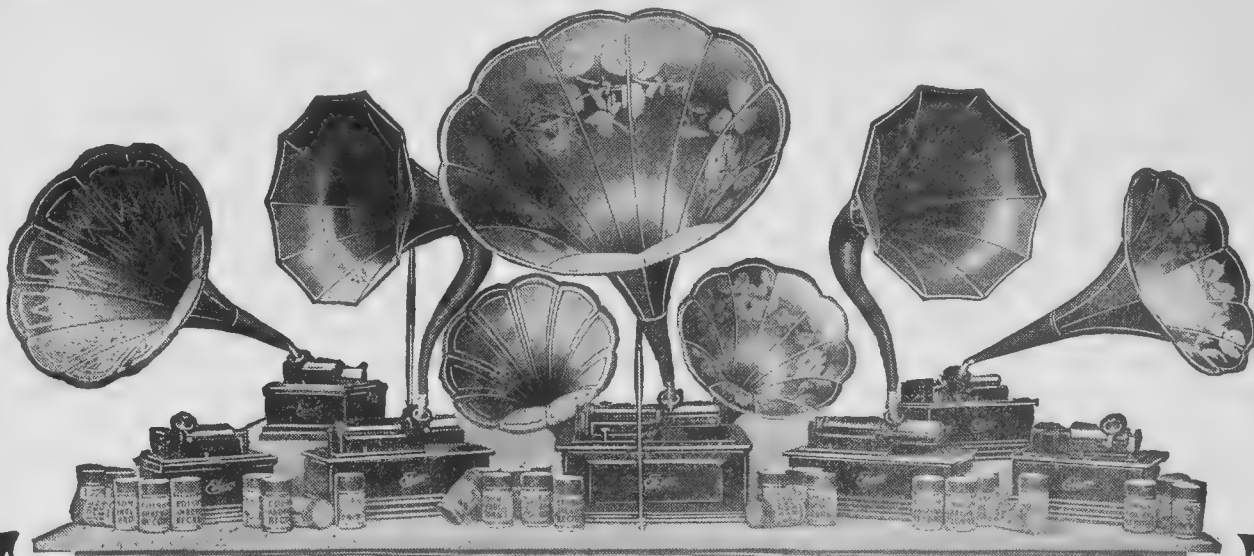
farmer). These, if liked, can be put in envelopes and delivered by a witch or pumpkin woman (got up to look like a pumpkin) just after supper.

Of Course not.

"William," said the teacher of the Sheldon-Chicago school, "you may give me a short essay on what you think of early rising. You know the early bird is the one that catches the worm."

"Early to bed and early to rise
Should make you healthy, wealthy, and wise.

William, aged twelve, evidently didn't think so for this is the essay he turned in. But you won't meet many prominent people."



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Health Notes.

The True Meaning of Exercise.

The mode of life, or what is more popularly understood as the habit of an individual, has great influence on the health and duration of life. No doubt the commonest and largest error in this respect is in the want of due and proper adjustment of exercise and rest. The maintenance of a healthy proportion between exercise and rest is, no doubt, the exception to the rule. Exercise is a necessary condition of health, and the best form of it is to be found in some useful and congenial occupation. So far as its influence for good upon the whole individual is concerned, it should be of such nature as to engage, in fair proportion, all the bodily and mental functions and faculties. Now, exercise or occupation, or work, is sometimes excessive; it involves too much wear and tear, and allows only of inadequate periods for restoration and renewal. Sometimes, and more frequently, it is not in proportion to the various needs of the system. The mind may be unduly taxed, while the body gets nothing like a proper exercise. More commonly, perhaps, the mind is allowed to lie fallow, while muscular labor is overdone. One is familiar with instances where, after a day of great mental exertion and fatigue, the muscles are still uncomfortably irritable from want of exercise; but one is far more familiar with cases in which, with daily fatigue from muscular exhaustion, the mental faculties gradually grow very rusty from want of use. Hence, the "proverbial stupidity of the athlete." It is significant that in its ordinary use the term "exercise" is supposed to refer only to the system of voluntary muscles. But cultivation by exercise in one direction may be, and often is, at the expense of it in another. No doubt muscular exertion involves important consequences beyond those to the muscles themselves, such as its influence on the formation and destruction of the blood, as shown in its effect on the circulation, respiration, and appetite; but, withal, the nobler part—the brain and its functions, the mental faculties—may suffer terribly from want of use.

Variety of Food.

Simplicity of diet has been preached; the prophet eating the locust bean and

wild honey—the Hindoo with his rice—nomad races on cheese, milk, and goat's flesh, have been held as examples worthy of all admiration. The poor, the uncivilised, and those who would rend the body for the soul's faults, use, from necessity or choice, simple diets; but, as a rule, when man can get a complicated diet he eats it. A man in this climate, to do what he had to do well, requires to have at least twice a day a certain amount of complicated pabulum floating down the intestinal canal, and the amount must be a little in excess of what the body requires. The reason why the diet should be of a complex character is because if several kinds of albuminous matter are present and one fails to be digested another succeeds; if several kinds of fat are present, if one is unabsorbed another is taken up. And the reason why there should be an excess of nourishment taken is because the digestive organs are never perfect; there is always waste.

The Secret of Beauty in Women.

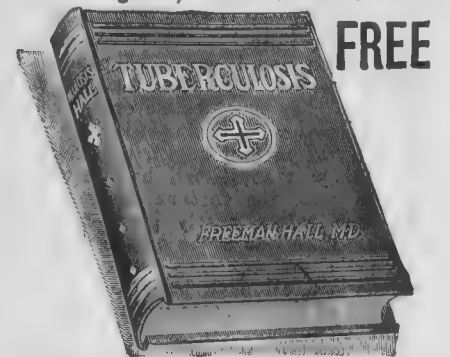
To determine the proportions of the face, its length, from the roots of the hair to the chin should be divided into three equal parts: the first dividing line marking where the eyebrows meet, the second line denoting the position of the nostrils. The perfect face in profile, should approach a straight line and the nose should be so placed as to divide the face into two equal parts and it should be on nearly the same line as the forehead.

That most eloquent and expressive feature, the mouth, should be of medium size, for too small a mouth is as great a violation of true symmetry as an excessively large one; but it is the form that is important. The perfect upper lip should be like the bow of cupid, in its curves; in fact, it is held that the human lip supplied the ancient artists with the model for the said bow. It should project slightly beyond the lower lip and that in turn should be fuller and turned downward, thus accentuating the graceful hollow between lip and chin. The latter feature should be soft, white and prettily rounded. The teeth should, of course, be small, even and white.

The eyes, those windows of the soul, are a most important feature. It goes without saying that both the white and the iris should be immaculately clear, but true beauty in the eye requires a

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long opening rather than a short one, between the eyelids. The eyes should be large rather than small, and in women dark blue, black or brown eyes furnish the most beautiful examples.

It has been truly said that a woman's crown of glory is her hair. This should be fine and soft, and the most attractive colors for women's hair are held to be auburn, brown, and golden; although some of the most beautiful women have rejoiced in raven tresses.

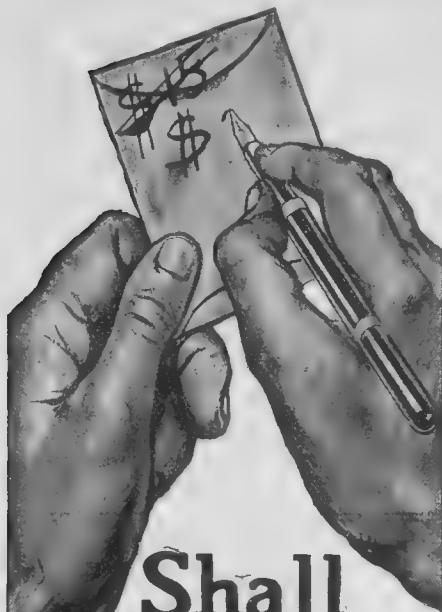
The perfect neck should be smooth, straight and above all flexible. It should gradually increase in girth from its junction with the head, downward toward the shoulders, while the shoulders themselves should be narrow, firm and gracefully rounded. These qualities, including whiteness and elasticity, should extend to the bosom, which should be well developed, but in strict proportion to the rest of the figure. The breasts must be equal in size, but completely separated.

The hands should be soft and white, the fingers long, round and tapering. The foot should approach the form of the ellipse, but, unfortunately, the compression of the foot by tight shoes, renders a perfect foot a rarity. Owing to this practice, the second toe, which should project the most, is more or less arrested in its development and consequently rounded without beauty.

But given all the foregoing requirements they will not represent perfect beauty, unless that most important factor is present: a soft, smooth, transparent skin. Perfect beauty is the expression of good organization and perfect systemic function, therefore it must indicate the possession of health; for beauty, which is the sign of health, has no kinship with disease.

The secret of beauty, therefore largely depends upon health and the mental attitude. A symmetrical body can only be permanently possessed when the food is of the right character and the digestion and the eliminative process are in perfect working order. If the food be improper in kind, or irregular in quantity, the results will inevitably appear in the form of obesity or emaciation. If the drinking of water be inadequate, or the individual carelessly permits the excretions of the bodily waste to accumulate, then just as surely will the evidence of this neglect manifest themselves in a coarse, sallow or pimply skin; a poor condition of the hair, or a lack of brightness and sparkle in the eyes.

The mental attitude is no less important, in fact, we are inclined to assign it the first position for the reason that it exercises such a vast influence upon the various bodily functions. It should not be forgotten



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For loading cars and filling granaries—operated by gasoline engine which sits on front end of skids.

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Will elevate from 500 to 1,000 bushels of wheat per hour according to power.

We also have a Horse Power outfit complete, called our Junior Star. Only a few of them left.

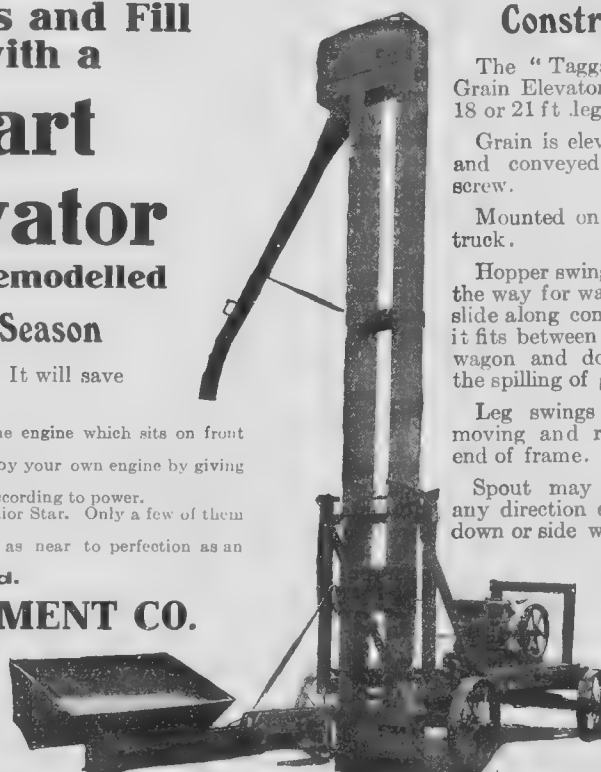
Our 1912 Model has improved Gearing and Frame and is as near to perfection as an elevator can be made for convenience and capacity.

Write for descriptive circular. Agents Wanted.

THE HARMER IMPLEMENT CO.

Winnipeg

This cut shows Elevator mounted on truck, with leg up and Hopper swung back to let team drive up alongside of Elevator.



Construction

The "Taggart" Portable Grain Elevator is built with 18 or 21 ft leg.

Grain is elevated by cups and conveyed by worm screw.

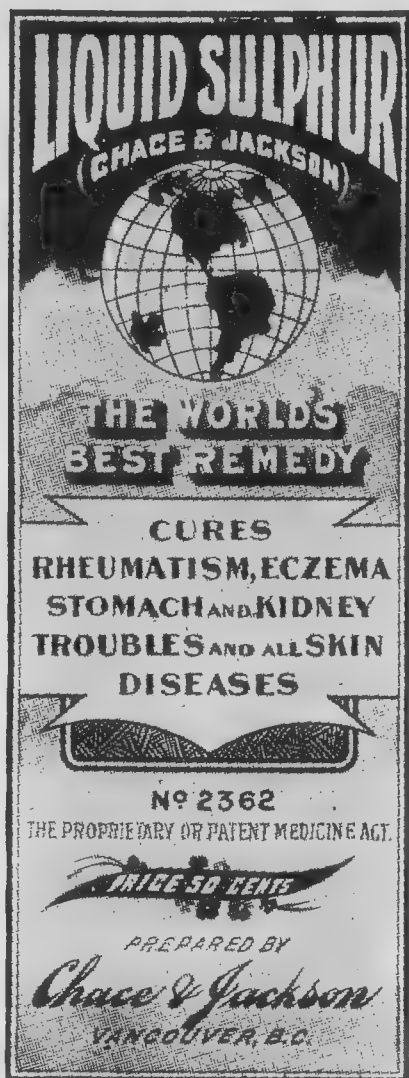
Mounted on skids or farm truck.

Hopper swings back out of the way for wagon, and will slide along conveyor so that it fits between the wheels of wagon and does away with the spilling of grain.

Leg swings down when moving and rests on front end of frame.

Spout may be swung in any direction either up and down or side ways.

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AT LAST the process of liquifying sulphur has been discovered, thus relieving the stomach of trying to do something beyond its power to give the blood the full benefit of the sulphur.

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Liquid Sulphur cures all skin and blood diseases, stomach and kidney troubles, relieves asthma and colds. **USED AS A GARGLE GIVES ALMOST INSTANT RELIEF FOR SORE THROAT.** Liquid Sulphur is splendid for the complexion, used as prescribed, gives that clear healthy appearance, so much sought after. Sulphur in its crude state has been used universally as a blood purifier, and disinfectant for centuries, but only a small portion could be assimilated through the stomach into the blood, the residue remaining in a caked form in the intestines, until carried off by great labor on the part of these organs. Liquid Sulphur relieves the stomach of this work, and is ready to be absorbed by the blood, thus driving out the impurities. Liquid Sulphur does not contain lye or alcohol, is in fact, as in name, pure sulphur liquified, **AND IS THE GREATEST BLOOD PURIFIER KNOWN TO-DAY.**

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Chace & Jackson, Vancouver, B.C.

that wrinkles, lines and haggardness are the result of facial distortion, caused by tension of the facial muscles. These tensions soon become habitual and are destructive of beauty of expression.

Therefore the woman who desires to be beautiful should constantly bear this truth in mind, that every time she allows herself to assume an expression of petulance, anger or worry she is inflicting an injury upon her face, that is beyond the power of cosmetics to remedy. Beauty is only permanently possible when the mind is right. It is, of course, possible for a young woman to be passably good looking despite a cross inconsiderate disposition; but it is impossible for her to retain her good looks more than a few years; while she may become and remain actually beautiful by cultivating calmness, hopefulness and loving kindness.

Remember that the highest possible beauty can only indicate perfection in every particular. A lack of beauty in any part, member or system of the body, indicates a lack of goodness in that part, member or system, the defect being either physical, mental, or both.

Sir H. Thompson on Diet.

Sir Henry Thompson has contributed to a popular magazine an article on "Diet," which is calculated to upset some of the most cherished notions of the well-to-do Englishman. The popular theory is that in youth a man should be frugal in his mode of living, but that when his frugality and industry have placed him in a comfortable position he can indulge himself more freely in the luxuries of the table, and that these luxuries are rather beneficial than otherwise. "Quite wrong," says Sir Henry Thompson. "If the man who is going down the hill of life," says the great surgeon, "con-

tinues to consume the same abundant breakfasts, substantial lunches, and heavy dinners, which at the summit of his power he could dispose of almost with impunity, he will in time certainly either accumulate fat, or show signs of unhealthy deposit of some kind in some parts of the body—processes which must empoison, undermine, or shorten his remaining term of life." The loving wife who is concerned about the diminished appetite of her husband is altogether wrong; his diminished appetite arises from natural causes, and if she manages to coax or force him to consume more food she is only doing him an injury. Even fresh milk, which is becoming so popular a drink in these days, comes in for a share of Sir Henry's condemnation. For those of us who have long achieved our full growth "it is altogether superfluous and mostly mischievous." Sir Henry Thompson is not a pronounced vegetarian, but his testimony is decidedly favorable to the vegetarian theory, for he does not hesitate to declare that it is a vulgar error even to regard meat in any form as a necessary of life, though he considers it to be highly useful in its place. To sum up, Sir Henry Thompson affirms that as regards the middle classes generally three-fourths of the nutrient matters consumed are from the animal kingdom, and that a reversal of these proportions, i.e., one-fourth only from this source and three-fourths from vegetable sources—would "tend to maintain a cleaner palate, increased zest for food, a lighter and more active brain, and a better state of health for most people not engaged on the most laborious employments of active life."

Blameless Bodies.

It is not enough that we keep our bodies from open, palpable violation of

God's laws of health—from drunkenness and rioting. They have been given us to care for, to develop. Health is holiness; health is duty. A good digestion is as truly obligatory as a good conscience; pure blood is as truly a part of manhood as pure faith; a vigorous brain is as necessary to useful living as a vigorous will, which it often helps to make vigorous; and a well-ordered skin is the first condition of that cleanliness which is next to godliness. Therefore, good food and plenty of it, which makes good digestion; good air and plenty of oxygen in it, which makes good blood; rest, recreation, any, above all, sleep, which are brain restorers; and bathing regularly and frequently, which keeps the skin healthy, are truly sacred duties as much as Bible reading, praying, and church-going. These are not comforting words to the invalid; but they are needful words to those who are guilty of needless invalidism, and to those who are going carelessly in that direction. If you are sick, your first duty to yourself, your fellows, and your God is to get well. All other duties are, except in extraordinary cases, subordinate to that. If you have a reluctant body that must be spurred to all its duties like an over-jaded horse, your first duty is to feed it, rest it, clean it, put it in repair. There are many whose first prayer, night and morning, should be, "Give me a blameless body"; and whose first endeavor in life should be to use those "means of grace" which will give them an answer to that petition.

School Headaches.

Dr. Crichton Browne, in the "Book of Health," says that headaches are increasing amongst children attending schools where methodical and effective ventilation are carried out, and such

headaches can only be traced to the incidence of intellectual work upon brains of low educability or badly nourished, and so easily fatigued and exhausted. Headaches in children used to be rare, and were regarded as almost always importing organic disease of the brain, but they are now of daily occurrence, and may be neuralgic, as when they are limited to one side; hyperaemic, due to congestion of the brain; anaemic due to brain starvation; or toxic, or dependent upon the presence of pernicious matter in the blood. Whatever their cause, headaches in children merit instant and close attention, and their study may lead to amendments of our educational arrangements in various directions.

Illusions.

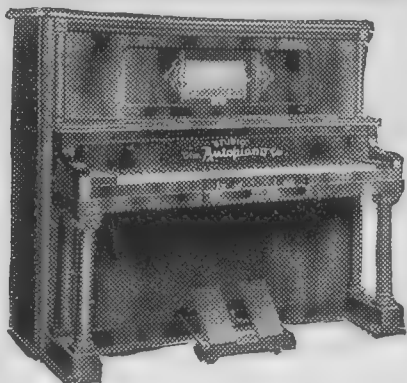
All persons, even those in good health and of sound mind, are subject at times to illusions.

The brain is a very delicately adjusted organ, is easily disturbed in its action by strong emotions, by furious passions, by indulgence in day-dreaming, or any subject which too exclusively absorbs the attention.

But, by keeping the head cool, and by avoiding unhealthy degrees of mental excitement and devoting our time largely to practical subjects, and keeping the companionship of healthy, well-poised persons, and correcting our illusions by our judgment we may overcome the habit and establish mental health, unless, as is often the case, they arise from diseased states of brain over which the person has no control.

Revive the Jaded Condition.—When energy flags and the cares of business become irksome; when the whole system is out of sorts and there is general depression, try Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They will regulate the action of a deranged stomach and a disordered liver, and make you feel like a new man. No one need suffer a day from debilitated digestion when so simple and effective a pill can be got at any drug store.

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The following list contains some of the best values that we have ever offered in Used Pianos. It is a genuine opportunity to procure an instrument at a great saving of money, and on practically any terms which will suit you best.

Any instrument on the list will be sent on approval to any address in Canada, and if not satisfactory may be returned freight collect. Each instrument is guaranteed for five years, and is carefully packed without charge.

Send a second choice when ordering in case your first choice is sold before your order is received.

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UPRIGHT PIANOS, under \$250....\$10 cash and \$6 per month

UPRIGHT PIANOS, over \$250.....\$10 cash and \$8 per month

10 per cent. discount allowed for cash, or if these terms are not satisfactory payments quarterly or half-yearly or at stated intervals may be arranged.

STIRLING—Seven Octave upright piano, mahogany case of simple design, with plain, polished panels; has been thoroughly repaired. Has ivory and ebony keys, double repeating action, etc. Sale Price.....\$145

SHERLOCK MANNING—Very attractive modern style upright piano, in mahogany case, with full-length plain polished panels; has three pedals, with practice muffer; double repeating action; used less than a year. Sale Price.....\$265

NEWCOMBE—Upright piano, in walnut case, with plain polished panels, etc. This instrument is small in size, but has an excellent tone and is in the very best order. Sale Price \$198

BELL—Cabinet grand upright piano, in rich mahogany case, with full-length panels and music desk; has Boston fallboard, ivory and ebony keys, three pedals, etc. Originally \$500, but on account of less than a year's use the price has been reduced to.....\$198

HEINTZMAN—Cabinet grand upright piano, in rich burl walnut case; 7 1-3 octave double repeating action, ivory and ebony keys, etc. Sale Price.....\$260

MASON & RISCH—Cabinet grand upright piano, by Mason & Risch Co., Toronto, in handsome walnut case, with full-length music desk, carved panels, Boston fallboard, ivory and ebony keys; three pedals, with practice muffer, etc. Just as good as new. Sale Price.....\$305

BELL—Cabinet grand piano, in attractively figured walnut case of present style; has been used only for a few months professionally. Is constructed of first-class materials throughout, and is a piano of exceptional standing-in-tune qualities. Regular \$500. Now, \$310

GOURLAY—A cabinet grand Gourlay piano, in attractively figured walnut case. Florentine design, with plain panels and music desk. This piano is in quality something better than merely first class. It is an instrument that we could not improve on in either material or workmanship even if we were to add to its cost, for extra money would have to be spent on the case. Was \$550 Sale Price.....\$320

NORDHEIMER—A very beautiful figured mahogany cabinet grand upright piano. This piano is today as good an instrument as when it first left the factory. It was taken in exchange for a Gourlay-Angelus. Regular \$550. Special Sale Price.....\$315

GOURLAY—A fine grand scale Gourlay piano in rich mahogany case of colonial design, without carving. This instrument is the most exclusive style of Gourlay piano, a piano which is "high priced, but worth the price." Cannot be told from new. Special Sale Price.....\$345

NEW PIANOS at \$250, \$300, \$350, \$400, \$450, etc. Sold on Easy Terms.

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Fashions and Patterns.



The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of 10c. Order by number stating size wanted. Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.



FASHIONABLE GOWNS FOR LATE SUMMER.

Late summer is not always the season in which we look for new designs in the world of fashion, but there is a growing activity in this direction as in many others, and almost every month of the year has come to mean some novelty. These gowns show interesting features

be utilized for materials of many different sorts. Flowered and brocaded silks will be exceedingly fashionable throughout the autumn and they are well adapted to such use, but there are also plain fabrics of two weaves or colors that can be combined successfully. The girdle can be arranged at either the high or the natural waist line. The blouse is made over a lining and the trimming por-



7438a—Fancy Shirred Blouse.
7498—Draped Panier Skirt.

7506—Fancy Blouse.
7483—Four Gored Skirt.

and will be found satisfactory for the coming season as well as for the present one.

The panier skirt is one of the prettiest of that kind and unquestionably will be much worn. The foundation is circular with a panel back that can be made either in walking length or with a train and the paniers are arranged over it. The blouse is a very attractive one with a daintily shirred upper portion that is peculiarly well adapted to thin materials. The gown is made of radium silk over a foundation of satin and with a shirred blouse of chiffon, but it can

tions are separate and over it; consequently, these can be omitted if a plainer blouse is wanted. The neck can be made square or high. The sleeves can be finished with frills or cut a little longer and gathered into plain bands.

For the medium size, the blouse will require 3 3/4 yards of material 27, 2 1/2 yards 36, or 2 yards 44 inches wide with 1 yard 27 inches wide for the trimming portions; the foundation skirt 2 3/4 yards 27 or 36, or 2 3/4 yards 44 inches wide; the paniers 4 yards 27 inches wide.

The May Manton pattern of the blouse 7438A is cut in sizes from 34 to



RENNIE'S FALL BULBS

IF FIRST-CLASS BULBS ARE USED the following sorts are hardy in WESTERN CANADA, and may be planted about October in the beds to bloom next Spring.

All the Tulips, Crocus, Daffodils (see Catalogue for best sorts in the West), Scilla Siberica, Bleeding Hearts, and others.

We furnish instructions for the successful growing in the house of Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissus, Lilies, Freesias, etc.

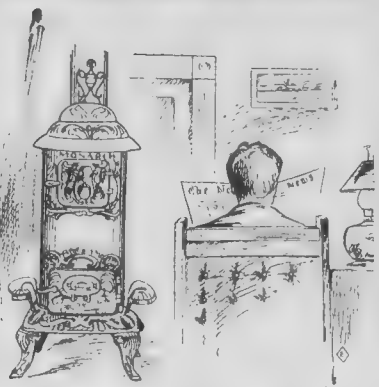
If you have not received a copy of our BULB CATALOGUE send us your name and one will be mailed you at once.

Wm. Rennie Co. Ltd.

393 Portage Ave.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

ORDER YOUR HEATER NOW



EATON'S CAN SELL YOU A HEATER FOR LESS

No matter how much or how little you wish to invest in a Heating Stove, we have facilities for supplying you at money-saving prices.

Our new Fall and Winter Catalogue shows you everything in the heating line, from the little "Air-Tight" Heater at \$1.00 to the splendid Art Huron Base Burner at \$28.00. On every Heater we guarantee you a substantial saving in price, after freight is paid.

We distribute direct to our customers the entire output of two large stove foundries.

Our prices represent one profit only on the actual foundry price—and the Eaton profit is always low-based, as it is on a quick cash turnover and on national sales. That is why we can sell you a Heater or a Cooking Stove for less money.

We put every Dollar into our Heaters that is necessary to produce reliable and durable quality. We finish them well and we guarantee each to prove satisfactory after test. But we do not add one cent for needless selling expenses and middlemen's profits.

The cost of selling a stove under the EATON plan is the lowest that experience, organization and system can make it. The Eaton way of doing business permits economies unknown to other organizations and the Eaton policy is to share these economies with the customer by lowering prices in proportion.

ORDER YOUR HEATER EARLY

Almost any Heater except the very small sizes will make a freight shipment of itself. Cold days may be expected any time now, and the cold evenings are here already. Order your Heater now and have it ready. We ship promptly and guarantee safe delivery.

The Heater shown in this advertisement is the "Monarch," one of the most popular styles in our Catalogue. It may be had in four sizes at **\$8.85, \$11.45, \$12.85 and \$14.50** respectively. Full particulars on page 319 of our Fall and Winter Catalogue. The Catalogue is free on request. Write for your copy if not already received.

T. EATON CO. LIMITED
WINNIPEG CANADA

40 inches bust measure, of the skirt 7498 in sizes for 22, 24 and 26 inches waist measure.

The second gown makes a very charming model for voile, marquisette and the like, as well as for the fashionable silks.

For the medium size, the blouse as shown in the front view will require $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of bordered material 12 inches wide with 1 yard of plain material 44 inches wide and 1 yard of all-over lace 18 inches wide; the skirt will require 4 yards 27, or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36 or 44 inches wide with $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of bordered material 44 inches wide. To make as shown in the small views will required $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27, 2 yards 36, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of all-over lace 18 inches wide for the blouse, and $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 or 44 inches wide for the skirt.

The May Manton pattern of the blouse 7506 is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 inches bust measure; of the skirt 7483 in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure.

The above patterns will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper upon receipt of ten cents for each.

SEMI-PRINCESSE GOWN.

With or without chemisette and peplum, with elbow or long sleeves.

Gowns that can be worn both within doors and upon the street are doubly valuable for they serve a double purpose. This one belongs in that category and is excellent for between season wear. In the illustration, it is made of a striped novelty material with trimming of lace banding. The model will



7542 Semi-Princesse Gown
34 to 42 bust.

be found an excellent one for serge, mohair and similar materials as well as for those of lighter weight. The shield is adjustable, consequently, it can be worn or omitted as occasion requires. There is a simple blouse with a becoming tuck over each shoulder and it is finished with a big collar and includes one-piece set-in sleeves. These sleeves can be made in elbow or full length, and long sleeves with frills over the hands will be much worn with the coming of cooler weather. The skirt is made in two pieces. The blouse is closed at the front and the skirt at the left side. The blouse joined at a slightly raised waist line. The peplum is separate and joined to a belt.

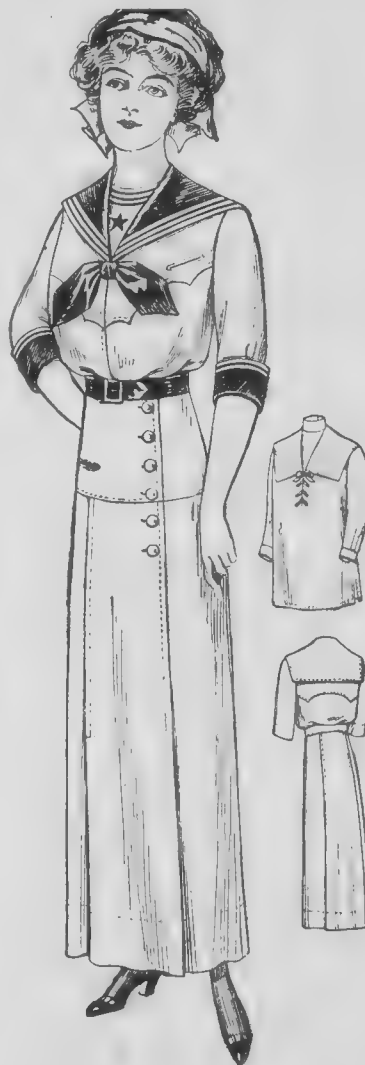
The quantity of material required for the medium size is 9 yards 27 or 5 yards 36 or 44 inches wide with 7 yards of banding, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 18 inches wide for the chemisette and stock collar. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

The pattern 7542 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

MIDDY COSTUME.

With six gored skirt, with or without yoke and blouse, with blouse open at front and joined to the skirt or made separate and drawn on over the head with elbow or long sleeves.

Girls always like dresses in sailor style. They are becoming and youthful in effect and they are thoroughly comfortable and in every way satisfactory for school and general wear. This one



7545 Middy Costume for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years.

is excellent for small women as well as for young girls and is especially liked by college students. Serge and mohair are much used for such suits but linen and poplin are worn at all seasons.

On the figure, the blouse is made with full length opening at the front and joined to the six gored skirt, but a great many girls like the blouse made separately and it can be finished as shown in the small view, either with or without the yoke, while the skirt is attached to a band.

For the sixteen year size will be required 8 yards of material 27 or $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 or 44 inches wide with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 27 inches wide for the collar and cuffs. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards or 2 yards when the plaits are laid.

The pattern 7545 is cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

A SMART NORFOLK COSTUME.

Norfolk styles are exceedingly smart this season and the costume is as satisfactory from the standpoint of comfort as if it is from one style. The skirt is a very new one with panels at the sides, the lower portions of which are

CLEAN BRIGHT SANITARY ALUMINUM FOR YOUR KITCHEN



Nearly every woman has heard about the new Aluminum Utensils and has resolved at the first opportunity to own at least a few pieces. Their light weight, remarkable durability and absolute cleanliness have made them the pride of many a housewife. Best of all they are remarkably efficient. They heat very rapidly and the heat is so quickly distributed that milk cooked in an aluminum saucepan will not burn. They do not chip and break like enamelware. They cannot rust. They are seamless, made in one piece, and cannot leak. They are quickly and easily washed, and nothing is more pleasing in a woman's eyes than the clean, bright look of an "Aluminum Kitchen."

Originally quite high in price, these superior utensils may now be had from Eaton's at reasonable cost. The prices quoted below are taken from the Eaton Fall and Winter Catalogue.

Include one or two Aluminum pieces in your next order.

EATON PRICES:

23 P 680 Lipped Sauce-pans—
3-pt., 50c; 4-pt., 65c
5-pt., 85c; 6-pt., \$1.00

23 P 690 Berlin Kettles—3-qt., \$1.00;
4-qt., \$1.25; 6-qt., \$1.50; 8-qt., \$1.75.

23 P 681 Preserving

Kettles—

4-qt., 80c; 6-qt., \$1.10

8-qt., \$1.30

10-qt., \$1.60



23 P 682 Double

Boilers—

1-qt., \$1.30

2-qt., \$1.65

3-qt., \$2.00

23 P 685 Tea Kettles—

5-qt., \$3.20; 6-qt., \$3.40; $6\frac{1}{2}$ -qt., \$3.80

23 P 678 Coffee Pots—

2-pt., \$1.65; 4-pt., \$1.85

23 P 679 Tea Pots—

2-pt., \$2.15; 3-pt., \$2.35

We can supply almost any Kitchen Utensil in Aluminum. If interested in a further selection please write us, giving a list of what you require.

We handle Aluminum Hotel Ware, and shall be pleased to quote prices to hotels, restaurants, clubs and institutions.

T. EATON CO. LIMITED
WINNIPEG CANADA

Complete Notion Outfit for \$1



This Ideal Outfit is needed in every home and contains the following articles:

Nickel Plated (6) Spool Holder
Spool Richardson Dark Blue Twist
Spool Black Silk (50 yds.)
Spool Basting Cotton
Skein Red Marking Cotton
Skein Light Blue Mercerized Em
broidery Cotton
Aluminum Thimble
Strawberry Shaped Emery Bag
Bone Crochet Needle
Card Imported Mourning Veil Pins
Package Imported Invisible Hair Pins
Package Imported Wire Hair Pins
Card No. 1 Steel Safety Pins
5 packages "Hold Fast" Needles

40 assorted Imported Mourning Pins
Package Plain Pins
Card Black Shoe Buttons
Pair Black Shoe Laces
Pair Corset Laces
Card Black Darning Cotton
Roll White Tape
60-inch Tape Measure
Button Hook
Steel Bodkin
Bone Bodkin
Card Chalmer's Pearls
Shoe Needle and Thread
Bone Stiletto

We will send all the above for the special bargain price (postpaid) of \$1.

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WINNIPEG

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WINNIPEG

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FREE CATALOGUE COUPON

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Photographic Dealers
WINNIPEG, MAN.

Please send me your Free Illustrated Kodak Catalogue and Price List.

Name

Address

plaited. In general effect, it is not wider than those which we have been wearing, but it allows greater freedom in walking. It can be finished in either



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.
7487 Norfolk Coat,
34 to 40 bust,
7524 Two-Piece Skirt,
22 to 30 waist.

the natural or the slightly raised waist line for the new skirts are shown in both ways. The jacket is exceptionally effective, for it includes the new patch pockets that are exceedingly smart for coats of the kind. It is easy to make and easy to fit, for seams extend to the shoulders and are concealed by applied box plaits. This costume is made from a mannish suiting but a great deal of serge is being worn and a great many mixed chevrons are shown. There is a tendency toward corduroy and velvet for suits of the kind and often the coat is made of one material and the skirt of another. Plain blue serge for the coat with blue and white stripes, or blue and white checks for the skirt would be smart and various similar effects are attractive.

For the medium size, the coat will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 27, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yard 44 or $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 52 inches wide; the skirt 4 yards 27, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44 or 52. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards, or 2 yards when the plaits are laid.

The May Manton pattern of the coat 7487 is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 inches bust measure; of the skirt 7524 in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents for each.

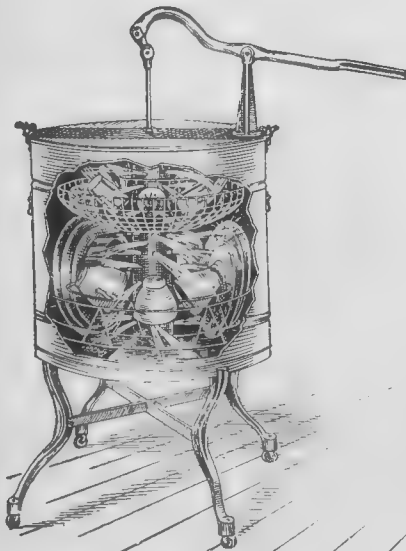
DOUBLE BREASTED COAT.

For the medium size, the coat will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 27, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36 or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 or 52 inches wide; the skirt 5 yards 27 or 36, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 or $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 52 if there is figure or nap, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.
7447 Double-Breasted Coat,
34 to 42 bust.
7507 Four-Piece Skirt,
22 to 32 waist.

TRY This Wonderful Dishwasher FREE FOR TEN DAYS



This is the Kitchenette—the dishwasher that will wash, dry and sterilize all the dishes used by a large family in three minutes. No need to put your hands in water or perform any labor whatever, as the Kitchenette does all and does it better. It is so simple and easy that a child can work it, and it is rigidly guaranteed. Every housekeeper should have one at once.

TERMS—\$5.00 a Month if you wish

We do not ask you to buy it until you have tried it for ten days and proved to your satisfaction that it is worth its weight in gold. We do not ask you for a penny down. We ship you a Kitchenette Free. Try it for ten days; then if you like it pay on our easy terms of \$5.00 per month, for a few months. If you do not like it return at our expense. We are able to sell only a limited number of these machines on the above terms, so do not delay.

We Pay freight charges when cash in full is sent with the order.

THE "HOOSIER" STORE
Please send me complete information about the Kitchenette Family Dishwasher, with full particulars of your Free Trial offer and easy payment plan.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

THE "HOOSIER" STORE

Household Specialties

1755 Rose St., Regina, Sask.; and 419 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

36 or 44 if there is not. The width of the skirt at lower edge is 2 yards.

The May Manton pattern of the coat 7447 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure; of the skirt 7507 in sizes from 22 to 32 inches waist measure. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents for each.

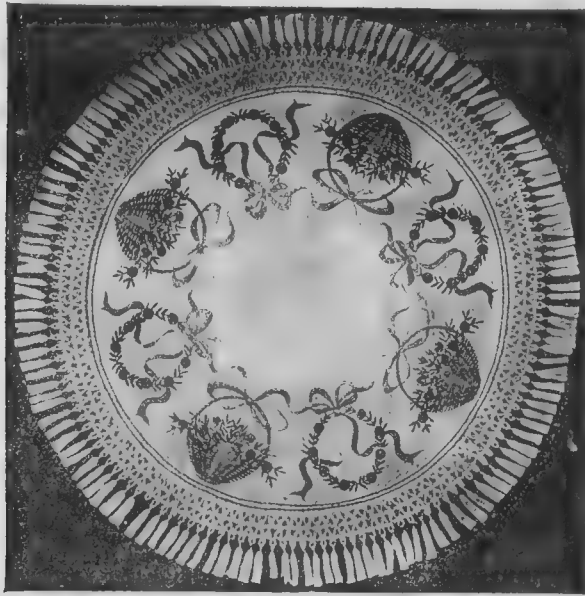
The Fashionable Rambler Rose Embroidery.

One of the most effective embroideries ever shown is pictured here and to this needlework novelty has been given a name which is characteristic, this is known as the "Little Rose," or "Rambler Rose," and as it is the rose itself which gives this work its distinctive feature it will be well to study the diagram which has been prepared with a view to making this easily.



Method of Making Rose. work its distinctive feature it will be well to study the diagram which has been prepared with a view to making this easily.

be carried out in any preferred coloring, or a darker shade blending into the remainder of the rose may be used. After this foundation has been made begin with another thread and work round and round this centre portion using a long simple outline stitch bringing each stitch more than half way around the flowers; do not pull the stitches too tightly and the first few rows should be worked with the needle well inserted under the preceding row, making one stitch lie under the other. The rows of outline stitches near the outer edge are worked closely together, but not so directly under the



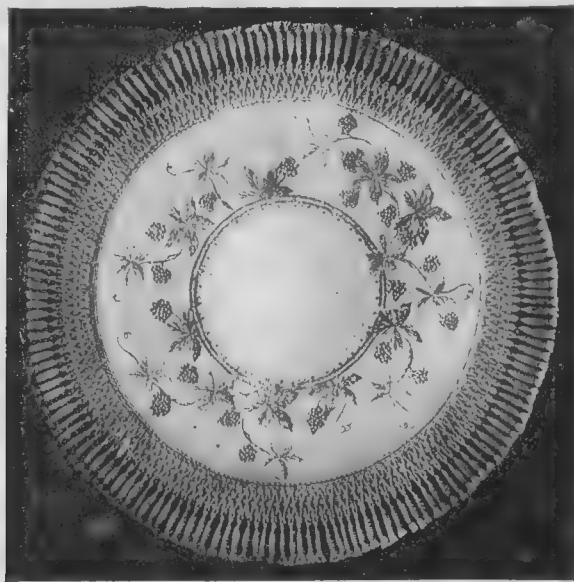
No. 2242, 27-inch Rambler Rose Centre-piece, 55 cents.

This beautiful embroidery is very simple as it consists of nothing more than long out line stitches worked around a centre. After the roses are embroidered the remainder of the design is worked in satin stitches as in the illustrations showing the centrepiece and cushion, the flowers are contained in baskets loop together with ribbons.

This embroidery is adapted to cushions, centres, blouses, in fact almost all articles for household decoration may be effectively embroidered. Suitable materials are medium weight linens, in either white or colored, and for blouses

preceding rows as they are at the centre, and thus the rose gradually flattens towards the edge.

With a little practice it becomes an easy matter to work these compact little button roses, which may be said to pad themselves. About three shades may be used to work one of these roses, darker towards the centre and about six shades of pink or any preferred colorings may be used on a piece of embroidery. The prettiest roses are made with deep centres and two lighter shades form the long outline stitches which cover the remainder of the rose. All the flowers



Wood-bead Embroidery.

No. 2251, 27 Inch Centrepiece 55 cents. No. 7170 Scarf to match \$1.50. No. 8186 Cushion 60 cents.

dainty sheer marisettes are effective.

Regular embroidery needles with long eyes are necessary to accommodate rope silk which is the proper thread to work these dainty roses. To commence a rose, make a number of stitches crossing them in different directions until they form a little mound, which gives the centre of the rose, green silk may be used for this portion of the work as these roses may

should not be worked alike, some should be made in darker tones, while others should contain more light than dark. It is a good plan to have a needle threaded with one each of the shades to be used conveniently at hand. When finished the little roses will stand out from the goods in relief, if the stitches are pulled too tightly a hard stiff looking rose will be the result and much of its beauty lost.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS & VARNISHES



Beautify the home

When you paint your home the 48 attractive colors of SWP give you the widest range for the choice of a pleasing and original color scheme. Ask your local Sherwin-Williams dealer for a color card and make your selection. Write us for a portfolio of color plates suggesting various artistic and practical color combinations. For lasting beauty use SWP.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver



Danger!

When your back aches just above the waist-line, BEWARE! That is Nature's danger signal—the sure sign of out-of-order kidneys. Heed the warning—cleanse the kidneys and stop the aching quick.

Get Your Kidneys Well

Easily done—with Dr. Clark's Sweet Nitre Pills. These are the pills that work directly on the kidneys and urinary organs—affect no other part of the body—and tone, invigorate and make healthy the whole urinary tract, whence so many diseases arise. Use them with confidence and you will be healthier than you ever were. Sold everywhere or mailed direct.

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SWEET NITRE PILLS
50c A BOX

THE
MARTIN,
BOLE &
WYNNE CO.,
WINNIPEG
CANADA

Notice to Subscribers!

The Subscription price of the Western Home Monthly is \$1.00 per annum to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription price to foreign countries is \$1.00 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States of America \$1.25 a year

Remittances of small sums may be made with comparative safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more it would be well to send by registered letter, P. O. Money Order or Express Money Order.

Postage Stamps will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills. We prefer those of the one cent or two cent denomination.

Change of Address.—Subscribers wishing their addresses changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month. That is to say if you want your address changed for the July issue, we must hear from you to that effect not later than June 20th.

When you renew be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

Address all letters to—

**THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY,
WINNIPEG, MAN.**

[To be cut out on the dotted lines.]

Special Subscription Order Blank.

1912

The Western Home Monthly,

Herein find \$.....c..... to pay for.....years' subscription to Western Home Monthly.

Name

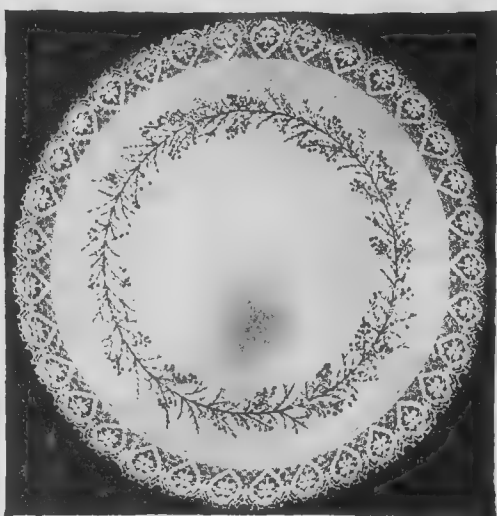
P.O.

Province

Street or Box No.

A remittance of \$2.00 for 3 years' subscription does not include any premium

If You will send us 35c.



For eight skeins of ART EMBROIDERY SILK which is sufficient to embroider a 15 inch Cream Linen Centre Piece, stamped for the new HEATHER EMBROIDERY.

We will give you FREE, this Centre Piece, and sufficient Cream Lace to edge this as illustrated, also a diagram lesson which will teach any woman this beautiful embroidery which is simple but effective.

Send to-day, as this generous offer is good for a short time only.

This offer is made to convince every woman that our ART EMBROIDERY SILKS are the best made.

Address:

BELDING PAUL CORTICELLI LIMITED.
Dept. L. Montreal, P.Q.

Special Clubbing Rates

WE append a very attractive list of combinations embracing the "Western Home Monthly" and the principal Canadian, British and American periodicals, which should interest those of our readers who are in the habit of subscribing to several papers.

CLASS A	CLASS B	CLASS C
Weekly Free Press Vegetable Grower	Nor'-West Farmer The New Idea Woman's Magazine Weekly Telegram	Sunday at Home Girls' Own Paper Boys' Own Paper
CLASS D	CLASS E	
Cassell's Magazine Quiver Building World Girls' Realm	Story Teller Chums Work Little Folks Cosmopolitan The Argosy Everybody's Magazine McClure's Magazine	Success All Story Ocean The Munsiey

The Western Home Monthly	and any 1 Periodical in Class A	
2	"	A 1.00
1	"	B 1.50
2	"	B 2.25
1	"	C 1.70
2	"	C 2.90
1	"	D 1.90
2	"	D 3.05
1	"	E 2.10
2	"	E 3.45

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The Western Home Monthly.....\$1.00	The Western Home Monthly \$1.00
American Review of Reviews 3.50	Winnipeg Weekly Free Press 1.00
Poultry Review50	Nor'-West Farmer..... 1.00
Toronto Weekly Globe..... 1.00	
All for \$3.35	All for \$1.75
\$6.00	\$3.00

British Publications

Let us send you an English paper and the "Western Home Monthly" to your friends at home. We have Special Rates on all British periodicals and quotations on any not given here will gladly be furnished on application.

The "Western Home Monthly" and any one of the following periodicals for one year for \$2.35; any two for \$3.60:—

Overseas Daily Mail	The London Magazine	The Strand Magazine
Royal Magazine	Wide World Magazine	Tit-Bits

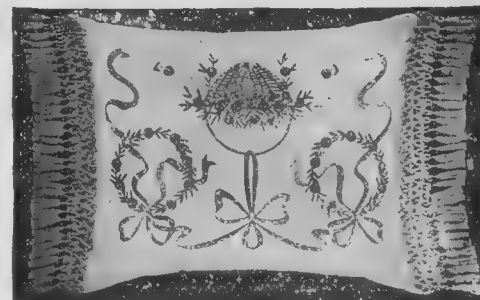
Quotations on other periodicals on request.

Address: **THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg, Man.**

We illustrate two beautiful examples of this embroidery consisting of a 27-inch centrepiece with cushion to match, these designs are tinted on tan colored material and finished with a handsome fringe. The roses have been embroidered in shades of golden yellow with small green foliage, the basket in shades of brown and the ribbon of pale green outlined with black, any preferred coloring may be substituted for these as the tinted design is completely covered with the embroidery.

A commenced sample of this beautiful work together with a special needle used for this embroidery will be sent on receipt of 25 cents.

The great interest shown by our readers in the Wood Bead Embroidery has induced us to show another beautiful centrepiece consisting of Elder Berries worked in shades of blue and the foliage embroidered with Autumn colors. This embroidery was fully described in our August issue and further information regarding the embroidering and supplies required for this centrepiece



No. 8196 Rambler Rose Cushion, 60 cents.

will be furnished on receipt of a stamped envelope.

A cushion and scarf may be supplied to match this beautiful design.

The prices quoted in these columns are for stamped or tinted linens only, as we do not supply embroidered articles.

For further information regarding any of the articles described in these columns address Belding Paul Corticelli, Limited, Department L, Montreal, P.Q.

Dainty Articles in Birch Bark.

By Jaunitu.

Scissors holders are made of birch bark. Choose the prettiest pieces and cut into squares, ovals, shields, hearts or circular shapes any size you wish, taking care that it is not too crowded and small. Cut pasteboard for the back same size as the bark and lace the two together with ribbon, punching the holes through which ribbon is run with a punch or shoemaker's awl, and use green and deep, rich reds for lacing. If silkoline is used, tie little loops with tassels at all the corners. Three large brass rings are attached with bows, the same as at the corners, by piercing two little holes in the back, bringing the ribbon through from the other side, the word scissors being printed on with ink or crayons. Decorate with hand painted flowers or little pictures cut from magazines, or, better still, with views of home cut from picture post cards.

Then for the gentlemen come the pipe racks. They are made the same way, the only difference being the wording and decorating. One long oval one has six rings, hung with ribbon bows, almost an inch apart, and in succession below each ring are printed the following words: "My handy pipe;" "My dandy pipe;" "My pipe so neat and small;" "My big pipe;" "My little pipe;" "My best old pipe of all."

Care must be taken in printing to remove all the flimsy lacy bark from the parts to be printed as it causes the ink to run.

Another rack can be made circular with three rings, and the words, "One, two, three," here and there, and decorated with pictures of pipes, also a little match holder of birch bark. One more rack can be decorated with a pencil drawing of clouds and the words "Peaceful clouds."

Key racks are made of long strips of bark laced to a pasteboard back and about eight inches by three wide. Six little brass hooks are screwed through the bark and pasteboard, which is fastened together in the usual way. Across the top is printed the words—

"Said the stately birch to the clinging bark,
Come, hold for me the key of my heart."

Decorate and hang with ribbon.

Whisk holders are made round, oval—all shapes. The band of bark that holds the whisk must be cut larger than the width of the holder. It is made of thin bark, lined same shade as ribbon. Print on it, "Brush up and decorate."

A snow-shoe whisk holder is made by drawing the pattern of a snow-shoe about eight inches long, and wide enough to hold a medium sized whisk. Line the same as in the other whisk holders, draw the criss-cross lines with crayons or ink, or better still, make them of silkoline, with bows top and

bottom, each tasselled at the end. All these birch bark articles need pasteboard backs.

Match holders, snow-shoe shape, are made the same way, except that a little canoe of bark is attached. You can line it or not as you choose. Below the canoe sandpaper is gummed or laced on. A square match holder has two little holders, one in the upper corner, the other in the lower, opposite corner. A strip of sandpaper is fastened between the end stretching from the other two opposite corners. "Just a scratch" is printed at the top. Decorate as you wish.

Shaving pads are exceptionally easy to make. Cut your bark the desired shape and cut a great many pieces of daintily colored tissue paper to match the outside; attach it to the bark. Decorate one with crayon drawing of wagons and print the words, "A penny saved from the barber's shop is a penny gained and a penny got." Another is decorated with a little lad chasing a turkey with an axe, and the words, "A close shave." Another has an odd, little lad with patched trousers and the words, "A cute little shaver;" and, again, a rabbit running and the words "The timid hare."

A watch rack is made any desired shape, with little brass hooks attached. A little stand of pasteboard is attached to the back with a piece of lining. Decorate and print the words, "You sleep, I'll watch," or "Time flies."

Little cases for holding ladies' powders and chamois are easily made, also for sticking plaster.

Hatpin holders are made, eight by three inches, the bark and the front six inches long. Lace all together and put bows in each corner. Another way is to take the nine inch bark and put strips of pink flannel at the back. Print "Sharp darts for hats, but not for hearts."

Hair receivers are made eight inches long with heart shaped bower points, the back piece to be wider than the front and lined to match shade of ribbon used, and decorated with hares and the words, "Stray hares."

Needle-books and pin balls are cut round and shield-shaped. The needle-books are made of two pieces lined with layers of pink flannel placed between, and all is fastened with a bow. The pin balls have two pieces lined, backlaced with ribbon and closed together with sheet wadding between, and fastened around with pins.

Then a spool holder is made from thin, thin bark, the shape of a baby's boot. A spool of silk is placed inside, and some buttons. A Japanese doll head is put on a stick and let hang from the neck of it a gay silk frill. This resembles the "old woman who lived in a shoe."

Was Confined To Bed FOR FOUR MONTHS

RHEUMATISM THE CAUSE
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HIM

Mr. W. H. Riley, Ruddell, Sask., writes:—"It is with the greatest of pleasure that I can recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to all suffering with rheumatism. I was so bad with this terrible disease, I was unable to get up from my bed for four months, and nothing seemed to relieve me until a friend recommended Doan's Kidney Pills. I had my doubts about them, but was so desperate I would try anything suggested to me. After taking half a box I was able to get up, and after taking two boxes could get around quite well. After taking six boxes I was completely cured, and able to work for the first time in five months, and have not had a touch of rheumatism since. Anyone who saw me then would not know me now, as I am so strong and active since taking your valuable medicine."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

In ordering direct, specify "Doan's."

HOW I KILLED MY SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Even After Beauty Doctors, Electricity,
Powders, Pastes and Liquid
Depilatories Failed

(From a Correspondent)

"Killed seemed a strong word to use, but that is just what I wanted to do to the hair that disfigured my face and arms—I wanted to kill it, root and all, so that it would never live again. It spoiled my looks, made me seem old and masculine, and hence interfered with both social and business success."

I tried the ordinary dissolvents, and depilatories, but found them worthless—even dangerous. From a so-called specialist, I secured electrical treatment. It was painful and expensive, but I would have stood the suffering and cost, had I not found that

the needle (electrolysis) often leaves scars that are even worse than the disfiguring hair itself.

So I gave up all hope, and in despair resigned myself to being called the "hairy lady" for the rest of my life, until a travel friend persuaded me to try a new and easy method learned from the Japanese. In it I found a way to actually kill the hair, and I permanently removed the superfluous



growth, at the same time improving my complexion. Having myself experienced so many previous disappointments, I have decided to forget my own sensitiveness, and for the benefit of my sex, I will gladly explain to others the method which cured me. It is nothing like the powder, paste and liquid preparations that simply burn off the exposed hair and run the skin. It is a discovery only recently introduced into this country and so simple that any woman can use it in the privacy of her own room, and in only a few minutes' time.

Many friends have said to me, "It seems too good to be true," but the test proved it true both for myself and others as well. If you will write me for full particulars, enclosing stamp for reply, which will be sent in plain, sealed envelope, you too may enjoy the same happy experience, for I will tell you fully and freely about this wonderful discovery so you can be just as successful as I was. Address, Mrs. Caroline Osgood, Suite 990 B. R., 118 East 28th St., New York City.

SPECIAL ENDORSEMENT As the method above referred to has been endorsed by doctors, true specialists and many other publishers, we advise all readers thus afflicted, to take advantage of Mrs. Osgood's offer and write her at once at above address.

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When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

Young People.

The Light Brigade.

That the charge of the Light Brigade seemed to onlookers a piece of magnificent folly is evident from all reminiscences of that day. First came the attack of the Heavy Brigade upon three thousand Russian cavalry. Then, later in the day, the attempt to recapture seven guns taken from the Turks by the Russians in their first advance upon the redoubts led to the charge of the Light Brigade.

"When we saw the English coming at us," says a Russian soldier, "there was but one thought. 'What fools!' we said. We never dreamed they would charge."

Ivan Ivanovitch, a Russian survivor of the day, says in his "Recollections": "We were so sorry for them. They were fine soldiers, and had such fine horses. But the charge—it was the maddest thing ever done. We could not understand it. I had been in the charge by the Heavy Brigade in the morning, and was wounded. We had all unsaddled and were tired. Suddenly there was a cry, 'The English are coming!'"

"Our colonel was angry, and ordered the men to give no quarter."

"I was lying down with my wound bandaged when I saw them coming. We thought they were drunk, from the way they held their lances. Instead of carrying them under their armpits they waved them in the air. Of course, they were easier to guard against like that."

"Those men were mad, and never seemed to think of the tremendous numbers against them, nor of the fearful slaughter that had taken place in their ranks during the desperate ride. Then they neared us, and dashed among us, shouting, cheering and cursing. I never saw anything like it. They were irresistible, and our men were quite demoralized."

His Sky Menagerie.

By Edith Perry Estes.

Johnny was going to sleep every night in a big old army tent on the lawn. The doctor said it would make him stronger, and so everybody was willing.

Johnny himself thought it would be fun. At first it did seem a little strange to be sleeping right under your own parlor windows, but even when the cold weather came, Johnny liked his tent-room the best.

For the doctor was one of the jolly kind. First he called the little boy a real live soldier because he was fighting the enemy and because he was brave—soldiers cannot have their mothers with them, you know—and then when he dressed him up in a sleeping-bag with a fur hood, he called him an Eskimo.

One evening they made believe that the lawn was a desert, and that Johnny was an ancient Arab sleeping in his tent. "But where is my fiery steed?" asked the little boy.

"Ah, I guess you'll have to take the great Cameleopard—made of stars, up there in the sky." Can't you see him? No? Well, perhaps he hasn't swung round there by your tent door yet, but he will never fear. See, there he is by the pole-star in the tail of the Little Bear; that's the star the sailor steers by. Orion, the mighty hunter, will peep in on the southwest. See his belt of bright stars, and each of his star feet spread as if he were going to stride down the Milky Way and threaten all the sky animals with his club."

"Are there enough for a whole circus?"

"Well, there are several pretty ladies. They do say that the big bear—you call it the Dipper—was once a mother lady who was changed by enchantment into a bear. Jupiter took pity upon her when her son, a hunter, did not know her. So he changed him into a Little Bear, and set them both high up in the heavens. See, there's a dragon running between them, always trying to reach the two-headed sea-serpent that runs up along by the Milky Way on the other side of the sky. See, he is right near Taurus,

the bull that frightened the lost Pleiad away. See the other sisters sparkling near!"

"Girls are always afraid even of cows," said Johnny.

"There, right over the other side of the Milky Way are Gemini, the twins, with Castor and Pollux at their feet—"

"Did that first one invent castor-oil?" asked Johnny, laughing.

"There is a little dog that follows these sky-larking boys, just as the great dog follows after Orion; there's a hare and a dove following after him, too, and there are two hunting-dogs which are always worrying the Great Bear. There's a lion, too, on the other side of the sea-serpent, a ram and a whale, a crab and a crow—oh, and all sorts of things!"

The jolly doctor tried to stop here, for he thought that Johnny was sleepy.

"Tell me more about the sky menagerie!" he cried.

"Go right to sleep now, like a good little Arab, and I'll bring you some books and maps that will tell you all about them, and help you to understand all the wonderful things that night paints on the ceiling of the world's house."

Grandmothers Thimble.

"Oh, dear, how I do hate work!" said Lily.

"Have you got much to do, dearie?" asked her grandmother, gently.

"All that!" replied Lily, holding out a long seam, with a dismal sigh. "Oh, do granny, tell me about yourself when you were little."

"Well, your dislike of needlework reminds me very much of my childhood. You know it was not the fashion then for girls to play games, as you do now, and I often got into sad scrapes for running and climbing with my brothers instead of sitting quietly at my needle. One day my mother spoke seriously to me, and said I should never be a useful woman unless I tried to learn a little more, which made me cry and promise to do my best. Finally she kissed me, and promised that when I should have finished a set of shirts which I was then making she would give me a gold thimble of her own. I really tried very hard; and at last the shirts were finished, and I went triumphantly to claim my prize."

"Yes, you deserve it," said mother, when I put it on. 'But be careful where you keep it.' I promised, and flew to the school-room to put away my work, when one of the boys called out that they were going for a walk. Down went my work and new thimble on the table, and out I ran to join them. We had a delightful ramble, and on our return I went to the school-room, to find my work there, but not the thimble. High and low I searched, but it was gone. In terrible trouble I went to the boys (not daring to confess to mamma), and we hunted everywhere together, but in vain. Suddenly Alfred looked out of the window. 'Look at old Jack,' he said. 'What has he got there?' We had a tame crow, who used to live in the garden, and was now hopping over the lawn with something glittering in his beak."

"My thimble!" I cried, springing through the window, and we both raced after the naughty bird, but too late. With a wicked croak of triumph, he flew toward the pond at the bottom of the garden, and dropped the precious prize into the water."

"Oh, you dreadful bird!" I cried, and fairly burst into tears. 'Never mind, old girl!' said Alfred. And in a twinkling, he had tucked up his trousers and waded in. It was shallow just there, and to my relief he spied the thimble, where it had lodged against a stone, and restored it to me."

"Dear old boy! I love it for the memory of that bit of help!" And granny drew the thimble from a case, where it rested in company with an old, faded photograph. "I couldn't part with it now, but some day you shall have it, Lily."

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Gee! Look at that pair of skinny scarecrows! Why don't they try Sargol?

This is a generous offer to every thin man or woman reader of the Western Home Monthly. We positively guarantee to increase your weight to your own satisfaction or no pay. Think this over—think what it means. At our own risk, we offer to put 10, 15, yes, 30 pounds of good solid "stay there" flesh on your bones, to fill out hollows in cheeks, neck or bust, to get rid of that "peaked" look, to rejuvenate and revitalize your whole body until it tingles with vibrant energy; to do this without drastic diet "tonics," severe physical culture, "stunts," detention from business or any irksome requirements—if we fail it costs you nothing.

We particularly wish to hear from the excessively thin, those who know the humiliation and embarrassment which only skinny people have to suffer in silence. We want to send a free 50-cent package of our new discovery to the people who are called "slats" and "bean poles," to bony women whose clothes never look "anyhow," no matter how expensively dressed. To the skinny men who fail to gain social or business recognition on account of their starved appearance. We care not whether you have been thin from birth whether you have lost flesh through sickness, how many flesh builders you have experimented with. We take the risk and assume it cheerfully. If we can not put pounds and pounds of healthy flesh on your frame we don't want your money.

How can we do this? We will tell you. Science has discovered a remarkable concentrated treatment which increases cell growth, the very substance of which our bodies are made—a treatment that makes indigestion and other stomach troubles disappear as if by magic and makes an old dyspeptic or a sufferer from weak nerves or lack of vitality feel like a 2-year-old. This new treatment which has proved a boon to every thin person is called Sargol. Don't forget the name "S-A-R-G-O-L." Nothing like it has ever been produced before. It is a revelation to women who have never been able to appear stylish in anything they wore because of their thinness. It is a godsend to every man who is under weight or is lacking in nerve force or energy. If you want a beautiful and well-rounded figure of symmetrical proportions, of which you can feel justly proud—if you want a body full of throbbing life and energy, write the Sargol Company, 5-x Herald Building, Binghamton, N.Y., today, and we will send you, absolutely free, a 50c. box of Sargol that will prove all we claim. Take one with every meal, and in five minutes after you take the first concentrated tablet of this precious product it will commence to unfold its virtues, and it has by actual demonstration often increased the weight at the rate of one pound a day. But you say you want proof. Well, here you are. Here is the statement of those who have tried—who have been convinced—and who will swear to the virtues of this marvelous preparation.

What Sargol has done for others

When we mail you the Free 50-cent package of Sargol, we will send you copies of letters received from grateful patrons, reporting actual gains in solid, healthy, permanent flesh, of from ten to over thirty pounds.

We give here a few interesting figures from reports which are being received daily:

REV. GEORGE W. DAVIS says:

"I have made a faithful trial of the Sargol treatment and must say it has brought to me new life and vigor. I have gained twenty pounds and now weigh 170 pounds, and what is better I have gained the days of my boyhood. It has been the turning point of my life. My health is now fine. I don't have to take any medicine at all and never want to again."

MRS. A. I. RODENHEISER writes:

"I have gained immensely since I took Sargol for I only weighed about 106 pounds when I began using it and now I weigh 130 pounds, so really this means 24 pounds. I feel stronger and am looking better than ever before, and now I can carry rosy cheeks, which is something I could never say before."

"My old friends who have been used to seeing me with a thin, long face, say that I am looking better than they have ever seen me before, and father and mother are so well pleased to think I have got to look so well and weigh so heavy for me."

F. GAGNON writes:

"Here is my report since taking the Sargol treatment. I am a man 67 years of age and was all run down to the very bottom. I had to quit work as I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol I look like a new man. I gained 22 pounds with 26 days' treatment. I cannot tell you how happy I feel. All my clothes are getting too tight. My face has a good color and I never was so happy in my life."

Name	Weight	Gain
C. E. Crouner	10	30
Thomas Davis	16	30
Leonore Patten	13	20
Mrs. Seim	10	40
Mrs. A. Arnott	20	30
F. A. Myrick	9	30
Phillip Drapeau	30	40
Mrs. S. E. Murray	18	40
Mary Bland	36	50
W. W. Allis	5	10
Wm. Carmichael	5	12
Arthur Stewart	13	30
Mrs. C. Craig	18	35
Mrs. N. Galliger		

Send today for our free 50-cent package and let us prove that

Sargol should do the same for you

This treatment increases the red corpuscles in the blood, strengthens the nerves and puts the digestive tract into such shape that your food is assimilated and turned into good, solid, healthy flesh instead of passing through the system undigested and unassimilated. It is a thoroughly scientific principle, this Sargol, and builds up the thin, weak and debilitated without any nauseous dosing. In many conditions it is better than cod liver oil, and certainly is much pleasanter to take.

Send for the 50-cent box to-day. Convince us by your prompt acceptance of this offer that you are writing in good faith and really desire to gain in weight. The 50-cent package which we will send you free will be an eye-opener to you. We send it that you may see the simple harmless nature of our new discovery, how easy it is to take, how you gain flesh privately without knowledge of friends or family until you astonish them by the prompt and unmistakable results.

We could not publish this offer if we were not prepared to live up to it. It is only the astounding results of our new method of treatment that make such an offer and such a guarantee possible on our part. So cut off the coupon to-day and mail it at once to The Sargol Company, 5-x Herald Building, Binghamton, N. Y., and please enclose 10c with your letter to help pay distribution expenses. Take our word, you'll never regret it.

FREE COUPON

Come Eat with us at Our Expense.

This coupon entitles any thin person to one 50c. package of Sargol, the concentrated Flesh Builder (provided you have never tried it), and that 10c. is enclosed to cover postage, packing, etc. Read our advertisement printed above, and then put 10c. in stamps in letter to-day, with this coupon and the full 50c. package will be sent to you by return post. Address: The Sargol Company, 5-x Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y. Write your name and address plainly, and

Pin this Coupon to Your Letter.

Tragedy in the Woods.

Bucky Blacktail was born and spent the first few months of his life on the mountains far up above the Teton Canyon in the very western part of Wyoming. At first he was mostly four long and wobbly little legs that supported a timid little body. When he was two months old his body was filled out until his legs did not look quite so long, and they were no longer wobbly, but very firm and springy and graceful. His dark, reddish-brown coat looked like satin, and it was covered with white spots that made it look like royal apparel. He had large, handsome brown eyes, and altogether he was as pretty a little creature as ever romped around the mountain side.

But he did not know that he was handsome. He simply knew that he was very happy while he played around his mother or when he was sleeping under some secluding bushes while she went away to feed.

One day he was sleeping in this manner when he was awakened by a sharp report. He had never heard such a sound, but it frightened him. He lay quietly under his clump of laurel, and wished that his mother would return.

She did not return, but he lay very still, without moving from his hiding place, just as she had told him when she left him. Finally he heard another sound different from anything he had ever heard before. Some large animal was hunting around the bushes, and he heard it say:

"That doe I just got surely has a kid around here somewhere. If I can find him I'll take him home for my boys."

Bucky did not understand the words, but he heard the man talking and calling to another man, and all the time the talker was coming nearer to the clump of laurel under which the poor little fellow was hiding. Pretty soon his trembling heart almost stood still as he heard the man call: "Here he is!" and he saw the cruel creature that had killed his mother peering at him through the bushes.

Bucky was certain that his mother's command not to move from the spot did not apply then; the little curled-up spotted brown ball straightened up into a thoroughly frightened little deer, and how his springy legs did take him flying up over the rocks and through the bushes away from the man!

He heard the men hunting for him again, but he kept on running until he was so far up on the mountain side that they could not find him. There he remained all night, hungry and cold, not daring to move from the bushes where he was hidden.

The next day he made his way back to the spot where his mother left him and waited there, hoping that she would come back, for he did not know that she was dead. Along in the afternoon he saw the same man that had so frightened him the day before, and away he flung up over the mountain again.

That night he was colder and hungrier than ever. In the morning he saw another mother deer with her fawn, and he went up to them, hoping that he might get something, to eat, but the mother struck him with her sharp hoofs and would not even let her baby play with him.

That day his legs were more wobbly than when he first tried to use them. He was so weak from hunger that he could hardly stand. In his desperation he picked and chewed some leaves as he had seen his mother do. He was so hungry they tasted good. He ate more of them, and when he curled up under a bush that night he felt much better. The next day he ate more leaves and the soft green ends of twigs. He did not know why, but he did not eat the leaves of laurel and other poisonous bushes, only using them to hide under.

Since he found that soft green things would satisfy his hunger, even if they were not as good as milk, he one day tried some bunch grass. But he did not like that so well, and decided to stick to leaves and twigs. So he learned by experience what his mother would have taught him had she lived—that deer eat grass only when they can get no other kind of food, always preferring to browse on leaves and twigs.

Bucky soon found that he had many enemies to watch for, and that his nose and ears were his most efficient organs for warning him of their approach. When he slept, he accordingly lay with his nose and ears pointed in the direction from which the wind blew.

One day he awoke just in time to see a coyote sneaking up behind to grab him. It was all his nimble legs could do to escape from his swift pursuer. From that he learnt another lesson, and thereafter when he slept he lay with his nose pointing quartering to the wind to warn him of the approaching of an enemy from that point, while at the same time he could turn his ears to catch the sound of anything coming from the other direction.

When winter came he sought the south slope of one of the gulches that led up from the Teton Canyon, where

the valley, but while it was still in the mountains, he followed down the Cretan Creek one night far beyond the Canyon, into Teton Basin. There he found willows and other shrubs, which furnished him good feeding. He followed along the creek for several days without knowing the danger to which he was exposed from near-by ranchers and their dogs, for he was all the time well hidden in the willows.

One day he happened to step out into the open near a cabin, when he was instantly discovered by a rancher, whose dogs started after him, while their master hurried into his cabin for a rifle. As the frightened little fellow went hurrying across the open valley, he heard the same kind of a sharp report that he had never forgotten, and a bullet went whizzing past him. But he eluded dogs and bullet, and ran for nearly five miles



O., the shaded shores of Lake Wabameen.

there were plenty of evergreens and other bushes on which to browse. Several other deer planned to winter on the same slope, and when the leaves and branches within reach became scarce they frequently drove him away and prevented his eating until he was almost as hungry as on the days that succeeded the death of his mother. The full-grown deer could reach leaves and branches much higher than he, so they did not fare so badly. He frequently had to gnaw bark or even dig in the frozen ground with his sharp hoofs for roots to appease his hunger.

When the crust formed on the deep snow he succeeded in getting to another exposed slope, where he fared better, but when spring came and with the other deer he went into the valley, where the first signs of green life were to be found, he was poor and hungry enough.

Soon after the snow was gone from

across the open valley until he came to the foothills along Packsaddle Creek, over 20 miles from the mountain side where he was accustomed to range.

He had another suit of hair then—a light brown, with none of the beautiful spots that first marked him. He felt a prickling and tickling on his head, which he soon learned was caused by his first little spikes of horns that were beginning to grow.

It was while eluding a coyote along the Packsaddle that he one day learned, quite by accident, another trick that he afterwards frequently used to throw pursuing animals off the scent—running for a distance in the creek.

He spent the summer and winter in the hills along the Packsaddle, in the summer going up as far as possible into the mountains to escape flies. Late in the fall he twice had to run and dodge to escape the shots of hunters.

He had grown large and strong, and

Cure Your CATARRH Now!

Take it in hand at once. If you don't get rid of Catarrh now, in the Fall there's certain peril ahead, for you'll meet the extreme trying weather coming with your system terribly weakened and undermined by this treacherous, poisonous trouble. Remember—if you keep on neglecting Catarrh, later on it's sure to mean danger—disease—perhaps incurable and deadly disease.

It's a horribly loathsome disease—is Catarrh. It makes you an object of disgust to your friends—though they're usually too kind to tell you so. As a matter of fact your hawking and spitting and constant nose-blowing fairly makes them sick. They turn away nauseated by your foul, fetid breath. Such things hurt you tremendously, not only at home but also with outsiders—with the people you meet in daily life.

But Catarrh is more than a loathsome trouble—it's a fearfully dangerous one. People make a terrible mistake in saying "Only Catarrh." It isn't "Only Catarrh"—It may be CONSUMPTION if you don't stop it in time. Cure your Catarrh now before it becomes Consumption. Don't be discouraged if other doctors or the widely advertised so-called "Catarrh remedies" have failed to help you.



Don't be a nuisance to your friends, And that's just what you are, With hawking, spitting, and a breath Made loathsome by Catarrh.

Seek aid at once from one who thoroughly understands all about Catarrh and its cure. Accept the generously proffered help of Specialist Sproule, B.A., (Graduate in Medicine and Surgery, Dublin University, Ireland, formerly Surgeon British Royal Mail Naval Service), the Catarrh Specialist known the world over. He will give you

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It entitles readers of this paper to medical advice on Catarrh free of charge.

Is your throat raw?
Do you sneeze often?
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Are your eyes watery?
Do you take cold easily?
Is your nose stopped up?
Does your nose feel full?
Do you have to spit often?
Do crusts form in your nose?
Are you worse in damp weather?
Do you blow your nose a good deal?
Are you losing your sense of smell?
Does your mouth taste bad morning?
Do you have a dull feeling in your head?
Do you have pains across your forehead?
Do you have to clear your throat on rising?
Is there a tickling sensation in your throat?
Do you have an unpleasant discharge from the nose?
Does the mucus drop into your throat from the nose?

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and explain to you just how you can be cured. For years he has studied the causes and cure of Catarrh. Today he is recognized as a leading authority on this common but dangerous disease. His success in conquering it is unparalleled: yet with all the benevolence and open heartedness of a good as well as a great man he now offers, free of charge, the benefits of his amazing skill and knowledge to all who need his help. He has saved thousands from Catarrh after all other treatments had failed to help them. They came to him sceptical and unbelieving, he cured them and their cures have been PERMANENT. He will send you the names of people, living right near you, who will tell you how successful he was in their cases. Without its costing you a cent he will gladly give you the most valuable and helpful Counsel. Don't miss this golden opportunity. Answer the questions yes or no, write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines, cut out the Free medical Advice Coupon and send it at once to

Catarrh Specialist Sproule
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would no longer permit other bucks to drive him from a favorite browsing place without first trying conclusions at a clash of horns. Perhaps he was becoming too vain of his prowess as a "self-made" deer and of his ability to take care of himself, so that he became a little careless. He certainly was less watchful than common one afternoon in October. While he was feeding, only a short distance from where his mother was shot, he heard the same kind of a sharp report that had startled him so many times during his two and a half years of life, and at the same time he felt a pain in his foreleg, which dropped under him, broken by a rifle ball.

In spite of his crippled condition, on three legs he ran like the wind. He ran for over 200 yards, until he was crossing a slight ridge, when another rifle shot rang out, and this time there was a stinging pain through his body, and a few feet farther on he fell, unable to rise. Just before he drew his last breath, the hunter approached. With his great soft eyes Bucky looked up into the face of his slayer, the same face that had peered at him through the laurel so long before—the face of the man who killed his mother.

Half Past.

By S. Jennie Smith.

"Half past what?" asked Connie. "Three," guessed Nan. "No." Then came Millie's turn. "Nine," she guessed. "No," said Connie. "Ada comes next." And so it went on down the long line of girls who were playing the game, and at last it came to Kitty. "Eight," she guessed. "Right!" cried Connie, and then she started toward the corner, running as hard as she could, and Kitty ran after her. But Connie reached the post on the corner before Kitty caught up. "You didn't get me!" she said, triumphantly. "No, I can always guess the number, I never catch anybody," laughed the little girl, and she again took her place in the line. Then Connie and a girl that she picked out chose a number, and the guessing went on. "I wish I could catch somebody just once," sighed Kitty. "I'd like to be chased." "Half past?" Nan was asking, and Kitty's turn had come to answer. "Four," she said. "Right." Then Nan started on a run, but what was the matter with Kitty? When she heard the word, "Right," she had given a jump and a little scream, cried "Half past four!" and started to run, not after Nan, but in the opposite direction. On and on she went, with the girls watching her in wonder.

When Nan saw that she was not being pursued she went back to the others. "Why did Kitty run that way?" she asked.

But nobody knew. "She just looked up at the sky, hollered, and ran off," said one of the smaller girls.

"I think she has gone home," remarked another.

"Suppose we all go after her and find out why she did it," suggested Nan.

So off they started, going two by two, and looking very much like a procession of some kind.

When they reached Kitty's home they found her sitting on the front stoop. Her face was flushed and she looked tired, but she smiled when she saw them.

"Why did you run away?" demanded several of the girls.

"I was so afraid that I wouldn't get here in time," Kitty told them. "You see, I promised mama that I would be here by half past four, and when we said that in the game, I just thought of it, and I had to hurry as fast as I could so as to keep my word."

"Would your mother punish you if you hadn't come?" questioned Nan.

"Oh, no, but she would have been sorry!"

"Anyway," Kitty added, "when I say I'll do a thing I want to do it, if possible."

A Little Flower-Girl.

By Emma C. Dowd.

Hetty Crandall was to be flower-girl at her sister's wedding. Everybody on the street knew that. Had Hetty talked of anything else for the last three weeks? Had she not carried herself with so important an air that all her friends wished they could be flower-girls at somebody's wedding, too?

All these friends contented themselves with just wishing and pouting and making ill-natured remarks: out Hetty—that is, all except Betty Field. Betty was made of different stuff. She never could make an ill-natured remark,—she was too sweet for that,—and she felt that perhaps—just perhaps—she could "put on airs," as the others called it, if she were going to be flower-girl. Dear me, how would it feel to be dressed all in white muslin, with a basket of pink roses on her arms? She could not tell. It must be beautiful.

Betty was poor, too poor to have a white muslin dress. When any of her relatives were married they did not wear white silk, like Hetty's sister, and there were never any flower-girls.

It occurred to Betty that since she could not be a flower-girl, she could at least give that delight to her dolls. She knew just what Hetty was expected to do. Hetty had told her every detail. She was to walk ahead of the bride up the church aisle to the altar, put the white ribbon aside, that the pair might pass through, and then, after the marriage, she would scatter flowers all the way to the door in the path of the bride and groom. Hetty was practising it over and over at home, that she might make no mistake.

Several of Betty's plain little dolls had white cotton dresses, and every day she had a wedding for them. Sometimes one doll was bride and sometimes another. The flower-girls took turns, too. It was a pretty play, with books arranged on the couch for seats, a strip of white paper for the ribbon across the aisle, and a basket made of tin-foil for the flowers. The flowers were rose petals from the climber at the end of the kitchen porch. The day before the real wedding found Betty still at her pleasant play.

One day she told Hetty about this new play for her dolls, and when school was out they walked round to Betty's house, and the dolls went through the entire ceremony without making a single mistake.

"I don't believe I shall do it half so well," Hetty said, "because I shall be afraid. Dolls haven't any hearts to beat fast and make them scared."

Then a sad thing happened. Poor little Hetty came down with mumps. Her family did not know what to do. Hetty herself cried and cried. At last, just as it was about decided to give up having a flower-girl, Hetty had a bright and happy thought.

"Mama," she said, "Betty Field is just my size, though she's six and a half. We've changed dresses lots of times. She'll be a lovely flower girl, and she'll know just how to do it 'cause she's been playing it with her dolls for ever so long."

Thus it was that dear little Betty was flower-girl at the great wedding, and wore the white muslin frock and carried the pink roses. She did not make a single mistake, either. How could she, when she had managed so many doll weddings and had trained so many doll flower-girls within the last three weeks.

Awful!

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"Yes, they are the shades of my departed ancestors."

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About the Farm.

BRITISH DAIRY NOTES.

Dissemination of Foot and Mouth Disease.

The Departmental Committee of the British Government appointed last November by the President of the Board of Agriculture to inquire into foot and mouth disease, issued their report on June 1st. After tracing the history of the disease and describing its symptoms, the committee, of which Sir Ailwyn Fallowes was chairman, states that it recognizes that it is impracticable, even if it is not impossible, to erect an impregnable barrier against the introduction of

whom would probably ever have seen the disease) it might be well for the Board to issue occasionally (say every five or seven years) to all veterinary surgeons and stockowners a circular describing shortly the symptoms of the disease. The committee is also of opinion, however, that an obligation immediately to report any observed case of the disease should be imposed not only, as at present, on owners of stock, but also on all persons employed as knackers or slaughterers. Having considered the advisability of requiring the cleansing and disinfection of holds of ships, lorries and railway wagons in or on which hides and skins from infected countries have been



A peaceful and beautiful scene at Minaki.

disease, but points out that it is agreed that the risk is greater with certain articles; those most open to suspicion being (a) hay and straw, (b) milk and milk products, (c) hides and skins, heads and feet, carcasses of calves in skins, vaccine seed lymph, (d) hoofs, horns, bones, and other animal offals, (e) persons and their clothing. As regards the danger of milk, the committee thinks that it might be overcome if foreign milk were required to be heated to 60 degrees centigrade before being despatched to this country.

Authorities to be Notified.

The report also suggests that it is of vital importance that the Board of Agriculture should have immediate notice of any outbreak of the disease, and as there is some danger that an initial case might not be recognized either by the owner of the animal affected or by the veterinary surgeon called in (neither of

carried, they believe that if such hides and skins are sterilized prior to shipment, the occasion for such cleansing and disinfection will not arise. But they remark that evidence was given that it was customary to sweep out the holds of ships when a cargo was discharged, and that in some cases the sweepings were landed and carried away by the local authority. This, the committee, considers to be a source of danger, and recommends that the sweepings should not be allowed to be landed.

Stamping out the Disease.

The committee is strongly in favor of international action being taken to stamp out the disease. For this it recommends an international experimental station in preference to one in this country, and suggests that continental, and possibly other countries should be approached with a view to co-operation in this matter. Moreover, it feels that



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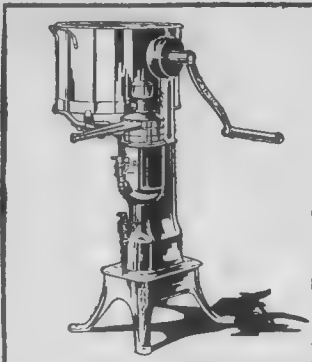
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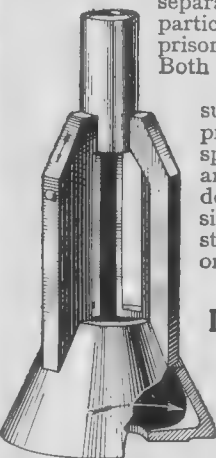
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other importing countries must be interested in determining the most effective sterilizing agent for undressed hides, and recommends that on this subject Great Britain might take the initiative, and arrange for a practical experiment to take place at selected ports.

The report closes with a commendation of the work of the Board of Agriculture in recent years in dealing with outbreaks of the disease.

Leasing a Dairy.

J. H. Burton's article in the Journal of the British Dairy Farmers' Association recalls a curious custom which pertains largely in the dairying counties of Dorset, Wiltshire, Somerset and Devon. The letting of dairies might be dismissed without due consideration as a relic of the times when it was thought by the corn grower to be beneath his dignity to make dairy produce. In these days wheat was king, and no doubt it was considered that the farmer had enough to deal with when he tended his live stock and managed his mixed holding. At all events, it is difficult to ascribe any other origin to the custom which is continued to this day. Briefly, the system of letting a dairy farm involves the leasing by a farmer of a herd of dairy cattle to a second party, who, in consideration of a fixed sum for each cow, takes the calf and the produce. The owner of the herd, whether, it be of milking Devons or Shorthorns, obtains from £2 10s. to £3 7s. a cow, the contract being for twelve months. In return for this sum he provides the feed, the house accommodation, and a stipulated area of pasture, while a reservation is made of land for mowing. The rent is usually paid quarterly in advance, the dairyman undertaking to rear such calves as the farmer wants, these being as a rule heifers to fill up the blanks in the herd caused by losses and old age. These calves the farmer takes over at about three months old at a price agreed upon. The alternate plan is to take the calf at a valuation and pay for the rearing. The rest of the calves are usually destined for the veal market, the fodder being found. About two acres of pasture are allowed with each cow, one-half being reserved for mowing and the other is grazed. The aftermath is grazed on the dairyman's behalf, but he generally gives up this part of the land for two months in winter so that the farmer may run stock on it. Roots are not always provided. Where they are, about two tons of mangels are allotted to the cow and a provision is made for the calves, but straw is free both for foddering and littering. Feeding stuffs are jointly provided, there being a special clause in the agreement to insure that there shall be no waste. Haulage of manure and the machinery generally are provided by the farmer.

There is necessarily a certain amount of elasticity in the agreement with regard to mutual help. For assistance provided at harvest and other times of pressure a quantity of cider or the cession of a portion of the potato land may be accepted. The farmer's obligation with respect to the herd is to provide calving cows that are full of milkers. A cow with a blemish is replaced, and where there is no live calf a concession is made. An interesting point illustrating the quaintness of the agreement deals with hedging, with which in the ordinary way the lessee has nothing to do, but if a cow makes a gap in the hedge, it is supposed to be the duty of the dairyman to repair it.

The produce is generally sold in the form of cheese or butter. A milk trade could be easily carried on by the farmer as by a substitute. The introduction of the separator has altered the dairyman's methods somewhat. Mechanical separation takes so much of the fat out of milk that to make the old blue Dorset cheese saleable it is necessary to skim a portion of the milk. Most of the dairymen, however, make butter and as Dorset butter has a considerable reputation, it is probable that it owes much to this system of creating a class of specialist dairy men.

Advantage of Renting Dairies.

The letting of dairies has this particular advantage, that while it means two profits, it enables a man with a small

capital to have a definite stake in farming. The labor is usually provided by the dairyman's family, so that in addition to profits they get their wages. Experience has shown that the hiring of dairies has frequently been a stepping stone to men of small capital requiring farms.

How to Obtain Pure Milk.

A discussion on bacteria in milk leads a writer here to the conclusion that when the minute forms of life have once got firmly established in milk there is no known satisfactory means of getting them out again or killing them. Certain substances may be added which have the desired effect but the quantity required renders the milk dangerous as food. It may also be sterilized by heating, but the high temperature necessary brings about a change in the lime salts, by which a certain proportion, hitherto soluble, is rendered insoluble, therefore, causing a very necessary bone-forming constituent to be useless. The only practical and really satisfactory method of obtaining comparatively pure milk is to prevent its becoming contaminated. This can only be done by starting in the cowshed, when the milk is being drawn, and carefully avoiding all known sources of contamination from that time until it is consumed.

The Strainer does not Remove all Dirt.

Education on the subject is very necessary, for at present the average British cowman thinks if his milk is strained, and all visible foreign matter removed, he has done his duty, and the milk is pure. But it is in that which is not visible to the naked eye that the danger lurks, that which is carried by and with the visible portion tiny enough to pass easily through the strainer, but large enough to do untold mischief to the consumer of the milk.

Education Preferable to Stringent Laws.

Education would do more to ensure a pure milk supply than stringent laws, that is, more so than at present. Further legislation will have a tendency to discourage milk-producing, for it will make it so much more expensive and risky that British farmers will set it aside for something less risky. Even now, in many cases, working expenses are so high as to swallow up practically the whole of the profits.

Results of Early Maturity in Stock.

Early maturity in stock is all the fashion, and for the table the saving effected in feeding has been great, while fatteners have known where to stop so as to escape the soft and flabby. But early mating of stock is a tendency which requires very serious weighing, and J. Douglas Stewart has been doing a good work in telling farmers plainly what such mating means. It tended, he said, to undermine the animals' vitality by over-taxing their systems to meet the demands of rapid growth of nourishment for the foetus, and of provision for yield of milk. As the vital forces were lowered, both mother and offspring developed a corresponding receptivity of disease.

Breeders should not lose sight of the fact that it is just as essential to preserve the points that indicate robustness of constitution as those peculiar to the breed. Efforts to improve the milking quality of any strain were defeated if the constitution of the progeny was not sufficiently strong to withstand the strain of heavy milk yields for lengthy periods. The tendency on the part of some breeders of dairy stock to make large sacrifices for increase in milk yield was but a short-sighted policy, the effects of which became manifest in the physical degeneration of the herd, once the margin is exceeded. It was unwise to breed from animals belonging to tuberculous families, as the progeny may inherit a predisposition towards the disease, and readily succumb on exposure to infection. Professor Stewart is a conservative over tuberculosis, and does not accept direct transmission as proved. But his argument for greater security is unanswerable and the liability to get infected on slight exposure is the chief danger.

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Address or consult Dr. McTaggart, 75 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada.

How Cream is Graded.

Creamery managers in Saskatchewan have unanimously agreed that our conditions now warrant this change to cream grading; that patrons who supply first grade cream should receive two cents more a pound for butterfat than that paid for butterfat in second grade cream, and that two grades of cream be established as follows:

First grade.—Cream must be clean and fresh flavored, preferably sweet, showing no sediment and of smooth and even consistency. To qualify for this grade, cream testing 35 per cent. or over and delivered at the creamery at least twice a week is recommended.

Second grade.—Sour or sweet cream slightly off or strong in flavor, but of a smooth and even consistency.

Third grade.—Cream that does not qualify for grades one or two. This cream will be rejected.

Special sample bottles will be provided for holding the sample of cream to be graded. A sample of cream will be taken out of each can of cream accepted and the bottle kept in a cold bath until graded for flavor. In all cases the grading will be done the same day as the cream is received.

All samples will be graded at a

for every pound of grain produced; rye, 353 lbs.; oats, 376 lbs.; spring wheat, 338 lbs.; peas, 273 lbs.; red clover, 311 lbs.; horse beans, 282 lbs.; buckwheat, 363 lbs. All this means that for every pound of dry matter produced plants must give off upon an average 325 pounds of water. In this way the farmer can see what it means to his new clover or alfalfa seeding when he sows it with a heavy nurse crop. Many use as high as two bushels for a nurse crop when not above three pecks to the acre should be used.

Clean the Seed Grain.

Plan now to own or rent a good fanning mill, and clean and grade all seed grain before sowing next spring. In a section of the country where wild oat is practically the only weed of moment, the value of a fanning mill cannot be overestimated. Stop seeding wild oat with the seed grain and the problem will be much more easily solved.

A mill of the "gravity" type is far superior to the old form where the separating is done principally by the screens. Do not understand that the screens are not essential, for they are.

BEAUTIFY THE FARM

Jake H. Harrison

If you would keep your boys at home,
Go beautify the farm,
Repaint the house, trim up the trees
And give the place a charm;
Give them a pride in where they live,
Make home a place of rest,
Where peace and plenty both abide,
And they will love it best.

Too many homes are just a place
For boys to eat and sleep;
The house is just a "lumber shell,"
The furniture is cheap;
The food is common, work is hard,
You drive them night and day;
Then it is strange that when they can
They gladly get away?

Make friends with all your children, now,
Lay off your "crusty" mien,
Cut down the weeds about the yard
And beautify the scene;
Be just in dealing with your own,
And soon the time will come,
That towns will not be strong enough
To draw them from their home

Be hospitable to their friends,
Make home a pleasant place,
And treat your children all the time
With that becoming grace
With which you treat the passing guest,
And let them plainly see,
That from a kindly thought of them
Your mind is never free.

Your children often are but slaves,
Their home a prison den,
And is it strange, when old enough,
That they should leave it then?
And in the after years of life
Their childhood has no charm;
They count it but as years of toil
They spent upon the farm.

Then paint the house, trim up the trees,
And wear a smiling face,
Make home attractive all the time
A sweet, enticing place;
Where kindness rules with tender voice
And love is warm and true,
And—take my word—you cannot drive
Your "kids" away from you.

uniform temperature from 95 to 100 degrees. The flavor is more pronounced at this temperature and strong flavors will easily be detected.

Objections.

Of the various minor objections by patrons that would likely be met with, only two seemed to be at all reasonable:

1. Farmers receiving the lesser price would withdraw their support from the creamery.

2. Cream shippers and those living at some distance from the creamery would be placed at a disadvantage.

A closer examination of the first lessens any fear that one may have in this regard. This course will not likely be followed for three reasons: (1) To withdraw one's patronage will be a public acknowledgement that his cream was not good. This admission will not be made willingly. (2) Each will have desire to earn the higher payment. He has something to work for. To withdraw his support will deprive him of revenue. To use a slang phrase, "he cuts off his nose to spite his face." (3) His pride will not admit of his defeat.

Water Given off by Plants.

It is well to know something of the amount of water thrown off by plants in proportion to the amount of grain they produce. Barley gives off 310 lbs.

Warranted to Give Satisfaction.

Gombault's Caustic Balsam



Has Imitators But No Competitors.

A Safe, Speedy and Positive Cure for

Curb, Splint, Sweeney, Capped Hook, Strained Tendons, Founder, Wind Puffs, and all lameness from Spavin, Ringbone and other bony tumors. Cures all skin diseases or Parasites, Thrush, Diphtheria. Removes all Bunches from Horses or Cattle.

As a Human Remedy for Rheumatism, Sprains, Sore Throat, etc., it is invaluable. Every bottle of Caustic Balsam sold is warranted to give satisfaction. Price \$1.50 per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by express, charges paid, with full directions for its use. Send for descriptive circulars, testimonials, etc. Address

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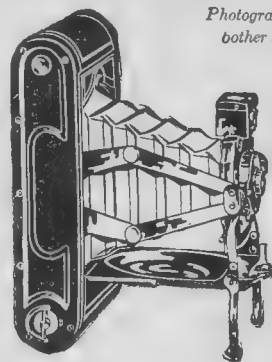
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2½ x 4¼
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Slips easily in and out of an ordinary coat pocket. Snap, it is fully extended and in focus. Snap, the picture is made. Snap, and it's closed again.

Carefully tested meniscus achromatic lens, accurate shutter; daylight loading, of course. Made of aluminum, covered with fine seal grain leather. Kodak quality in every detail. Loads for twelve exposures. Pictures 2½ x 4¼ inches. Price \$12.00.

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feathers and otherwise harm the fowls. Sometimes, if the hens are badly infected, Persian insect powder may be added to the material in the dust bath.

A tight box, three feet by three feet, and one foot deep, is a good receptacle for the dust. It should be placed where the sun can shine on it as many hours as possible; for, when the hens are not exercising by scratching for their feed, they will spend a good deal of time in the dust bath, which induces exercise. The hens will not use the bath freely unless the air is warm, for they dislike to open their feathers and expose their bodies to air below 60 degrees.

One end of the box may be put on the window sill, and the other supported on legs, with a canopy of denim or duck, open on one side and toward the window. This will confine the heat, and make the temperature in the box many degrees higher than the temperature of the house. The canopy should slant down from the upper part of the window, but of course, be closed up on all sides but one, so that there will be no draft to carry off the heated air.

Such a dust bath can be easily and cheaply made, and will add much to the health and happiness of the hen. The hen that is comfortable is the one that makes money for the owner.

Recognized as the leading specific for the destruction of worms, 'Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has proved a boon to suffering children everywhere. It seldom fails.

Wet or Dry Mash?

The followers of the wet and dry mash feeding systems for poultry are about equal in number, each being certain that the mash used in their own yards is the better. Which is the better will depend somewhat on the conditions and the flock to which it is fed. For the breeding flock we are inclined to believe that dry feeding is the better, it being less liable to stimulate.

In cold weather dry mash doesn't require such close attention in order to make sure that the birds get it in a palatable form. Wet mash becomes cold and freezes quickly in extreme cold weather, such as the poultry raiser of Alberta is forced to contend with.

The dry mash is mixed in quantities sufficient to last a week and placed in self feeders. The fowls can help themselves at all times. About 3½ pounds of whole grain is scattered in the litter each morning for a flock of fifty, and the fowls have to work to get this. About four pounds more of this whole grain ration is fed in the evening. Five pounds of mangel and a small bunch of steamed clover may be fed at noon, these being suspended where the chickens may pick at them. There are hundreds of different combinations and variations of this system of dry mash feeding that are fed with success, the above being taken as merely a model.

The wet mash system that corresponds to the above dry mash system is practically the same as the dry, with the ex-

ception of feeding and mixing. Either water or milk may be used in moistening the mash and vegetables may be chopped into it as well as steeped clover leaves. The wet mash is usually fed at noon at the rate of 3½ pounds to a flock of 50.

Equal parts by weight of finely ground barley, oats, bran and shorts make a good mash. To steep clover pour hot water over it, cover with a sack and let set for twelve hours before using. Sour skimmed milk will take the place of beef scrap in supplying the meat food for the hens. Table scraps of meat, offal of butcherings and meat rinds all give the necessary meat needed in making the yolk of the egg.

Street Sweepings as a Fertilizer.

The Bureau of Soils of the United States Department of Agriculture has been investigating the plant food value of city street sweepings, and the results are published in Circular No. 66.

While there is some variation in the character of the sweepings, yet on the whole they are very similar and contain appreciable amounts of nitrogen, potash, and phosphate. In tests with wheat, corn and radishes, the sweepings proved beneficial to the crop, but not as efficient as good stable manure.

They contained some oily material dropped from vehicles—in some instances as high as two per cent. Extracting this from the sweepings they then were prac-

tically as good as stable manure. Experiments with the oil showed that it was harmful to plant growth, and the circular suggests that the continuous application of the oily street sweepings for several years to the same field may have a cumulative effect that will eventually impair its productiveness.

The British Test Scale.

At the Royal Counties Show in England, the following method was used for determining the milk and butterfat tests of Jersey cows. It strikes us that this is a very fair and just method:

One point for every ten days since calving, deducting the first 40 days (maximum points for lactation 12). One point for every one pound of milk. Four points for every 1 per cent. of fat shown on an average of two milkings.

For short tests at fairs this arrangement appears to be quite comprehensive and just.

Egg Quality.

Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture, makes the announcement at last that a method of keeping eggs in good condition during July and August has been discovered. It may be news to the department that eggs laid by hens not mated to the male are infertile and do not spoil in warm weather; but to the poultryman it is as old as the chicken business. Twenty-five years ago the writer practiced taking the male away from the hens as soon as the breeding season was over.

Every poultryman using an incubator knows that an egg not fertile in the incubator at a temperature of 103 degrees is as good at the end of ten days as when laid.

The germ in fertile eggs laid when the thermometer is above 85 degrees will start to develop within 36 hours, but soon dies for lack of sufficient heat, and, therefore, the egg becomes bad.

Remove the male and, there being no germ to incubate, the eggs will keep much longer. No doubt thousands never heard of this before, and the department will, therefore, be doing a great deal of good by sending the information broadcast.

Uncle Sam says that eggs laid in March and April if placed in cold storage within 36 hours are better than the so-called fresh eggs in market during August. The government report takes the position that though "the statement that a cold storage egg is just as good as a fresh one is never true, good cold storage stock is to be preferred to eggs depreciated by injurious conditions during shipment; and that the eggs which have been put into cold storage while fresh ought to be satisfactory to the average consumer for use as frying, scrambling or omelet making stock." It states that the consumer must expect to pay from twenty to forty cents more a dozen than cold storage eggs ought to sell for, when he wants eggs good enough for soft boiling or poaching, and adds: "Even at that figure he is apt to get eggs that have been held by the farmer until they are really lower in quality than the cold storage article." There is no doubt but that a strictly "fresh laid" cold storage egg is preferable to a warm-weather egg in which the germ has started life and died the sixth or seventh day; but the trouble is that 999 out of 1000 cold storage eggs are nearly a month old before they are stored.

What are Fresh Eggs.

Last January considerably more than half the eggs used in New York had been in cold storage, and most of them were being sold as "perfectly fresh," a few small dirty lots being labelled "cold storage eggs." The report on the egg trade, based upon research work, with the prestige of the government behind it, explains that "in all likelihood" not an egg was sold, of whatever grade according to the label, that had not been in cold storage. Every man who handled the eggs knew this and paid a price in accordance with this grading. But the consumer, partly ignorant and partly prejudiced against all storage eggs, allowed the retailer to trade upon his ignorance

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and prejudice, to the great betterment of the retailer's pocketbook. At the present time it is known that one Philadelphia grocery firm possessing a chain of stores has 150,000 dozen eggs in an up-state storage warehouse. These are sorted and the large and clean eggs are labelled "selected," and are selling close to top price. The dirty and smaller ones are sold as storage eggs at 32 cents a dozen.

Although harmful, temperature, of course, causes many losses, it is stated in the government report, that these difficulties can be largely overcome, and that such handling is now becoming possible as will put our egg crop on the market in a reasonably good condition, provided the eggs get to the first refrigerator in this condition. The fact that they do not is charged to the producer's dallying, through lack of time in hot weather and through his desire to hold for better prices later in the year when the market is rising. The country merchant is an accessory, for he, too, is more likely to be careless than careful of them while they are in his possession, storing them in hot or damp quarters and holding for high prices when production is low.

The New Idea in Flax Culture.

When the final reckoning is made, perhaps no contribution to the science of agriculture during the last dozen years will be given a higher place than that of Prof. Henry L. Bolley, of the North Dakota Agricultural College, who is known

yarn for everything from coarse towings, rope, twine, crash and bagging to table linen, shirting, handkerchiefs and a hundred other articles of domestic value. That the United States should cease to grow a crop of such vast importance and come to depend upon Europe and South America for the raw material for this long list of necessities would in truth be an industrial calamity.

A Nomad Among Crops.

Yet flax is a wanderer upon the face of America—a nomad among grains. It has no single permanent abiding place. It never had. And what is worse, even the region where it may wander is being rapidly curtailed. A third of the entire flax crop of the United States for 1911 was grown in North Dakota. A large percentage of the other two-thirds was grown in South Dakota, Minnesota and Montana. Most of the flax produced in these four states was raised in the home-steading areas on new breaking. The bonanza farmers of the Dakotas and Montana have little more use for flax than their Eastern brethren, except as a reducer of wild land or as a crop that can be sown, like the proverbial buckwheat, after it is too late to sow any other grain. Flax on the sod and then no more flax—that is the order of things. Soon there will be no more sod in the Northwest. Then what?

It is because of such conditions that the American Paint Manufacturers' Association has made this public declaration: "The situation confronting consumers of linseed oil in this country is becoming acute. Unless the farmers take



Cutting a rich Manitoba field.

in the world of science as the Apostle of Flax.

Professor Bolley has given a lifetime of study, experiment and journeyings a-field from Oregon to Siberia to the task of discovering why flax, though grown since before the days of the Pharaohs, has never taken the place in agriculture to which it is entitled, and especially why its culture is rapidly declining in the United States. Success has followed his efforts. He has found out not only what is the matter with flax, but how to cure the trouble.

Inasmuch as flax culture has virtually been abandoned as unprofitable and exhausting to the soil in most of our Eastern and Middle Western States where it formerly thrived, and similar extinction is threatening it in the region where the crop is now grown, with the result that there has been an advance of from fifty to seventy per cent. on flax products. Professor Bolley, in solving the difficulty and preparing the way for the revival of the failing crop, has performed a work of great commercial importance to Americans.

No product of the soil is of wider usefulness than flax. None touches the people's pocketbook at more points. The seed and the stalk of the plant rival each other in value. From the former comes linseed oil, the prime ingredient of all paint, varnishes, linoleums and oilcloths. Out of the residue of the seed is made oil cake, highly prized as a feed for stock. From the fiber of the plant comes tow, out of which are made the materials used in upholstering and harness-making, the pulp for the best papers, and the

hold of the subject intelligently, within ten years we shall be buying the bulk of our supplies from Canada, Argentina and Russia, and for every gallon of paint or varnish used the American farmer will be paying tribute in large amounts to the farmers of these countries."

The manufacturers of linoleum and linen goods have a similar story to tell. The writer has at hand a letter written to an Iowa merchant by the editor of a commercial journal: "Due to the shortage in the flax crop, linseed oil, which was sold two years ago at 38 cents a gallon, has since reached \$1.05, and is quoted today above 90 cents. In the proportion of this increase is found the proportionate increase in the cost of making linoleums. In two years the cost of linen yarn has advanced from twenty-five to twenty-eight per cent."

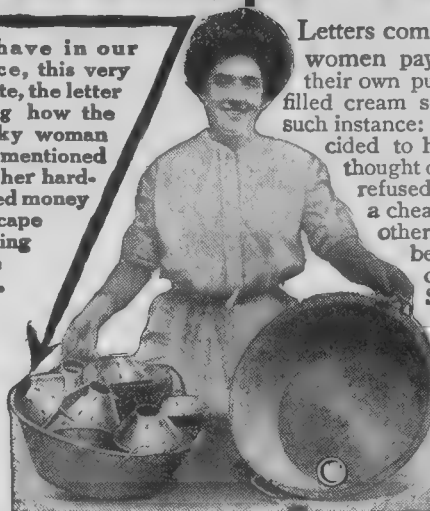
Although flax never has been grown in the United States with the care and painstaking attention that is given to it in Belgium, Holland, Ireland and other foreign countries, it has been produced after a fashion from the very beginning of the nation. At first it was raised almost exclusively for fiber. The spinning wheel in the corner of the modern American parlor speaks vividly of the olden days when our great-grandmothers spun "linsey" as well as "woolsey" yarn for household use. In 1629 the seed was ordered to be introduced into the colony of Massachusetts and manufactories for making sailcloth were established at Salem and Springfield in 1790. In Virginia flax was cultivated, spun and woven prior to 1648.

Since those early times flax has been

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Letters come to us telling how plucky women pay hard-earned money out of their own purses to escape washing disk-filled cream separators. Here is just one such instance: A lady and her husband decided to have a cream separator. He thought only of the purchase price and refused to pay more than the cost of a cheap, disk-filled machine. Like other women, this lady could not bear the thought of washing 40 or more disks twice a day. She wanted the wonderful

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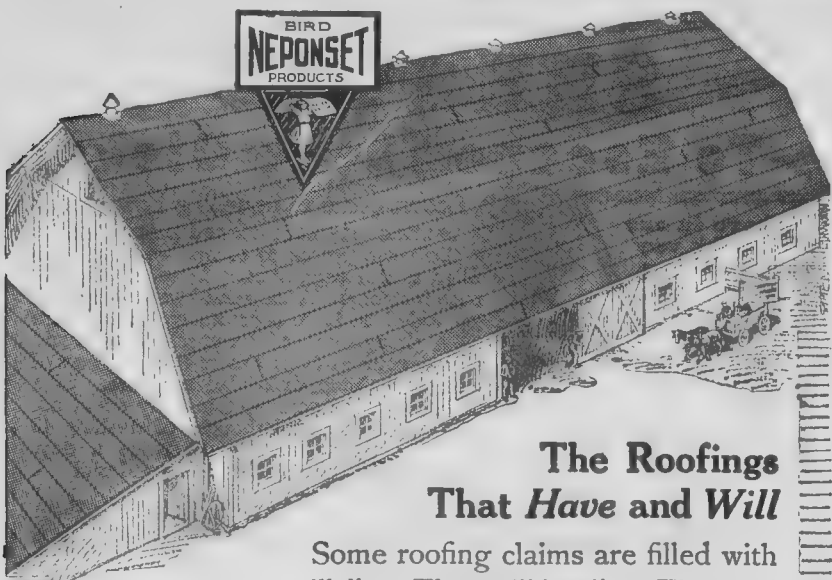
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grown at different times, and successfully too, in nearly every one of the Eastern and Central States, even as far south as Georgia; Pennsylvania, Kentucky and Tennessee were noted formerly for the excellent linen fiber they produced. Ohio in one year grew 18,000,000 pounds of fibre and 1,700,000 bushels of seed. Between 1860 and 1880 Illinois, Michigan, Virginia, New York, Wisconsin and Iowa all raised flax extensively. In the latter half of the period the crop was used principally for seed, however, for since 1870 growing flax for fiber has died out except in a few localities. The decline came so rapidly that in the single decade between 1870 and 1880 the yield fell off from 7,000,000 to 1,500,000 pounds. At the present time we are manufacturing less than one-twentieth of the linen products used in the United States. All bleached table linens, towels and better fabrics are imported. Only paper, coarse toweling and crashes are being made in this country in any appreciable amount.

In the United States the supply of home-grown flax for seed has until recently kept pace with the demand. We have even shipped abroad large quantities of oil cake from the Eastern mills. Little credit is due the American farmer, however, since at no period in our history has he given really serious, intelligent consideration to the culture of flax seed. At present even the Russian peasant promises to outclass him in the world's markets. That flax cannot withstand such negligence and carelessness the outcome of this American method of culture affords a shining illustration. Wherever the plant has been grown it has at first yielded abundantly, but later the product has gradually fallen off until eventually the crop has been raised at an actual loss. Its culture has then been abandoned, and once abandoned it has seldom been resumed, the farmer being convinced that his land is flaxed out, flax tired, or flax sick.

The conviction has become so well established that for many years it has been only on new land that the American agriculturist has dared to raise the varieties of flax best suited for seed. The result has been that the linseed belt has been constantly on the frontier, moving westward with the settler. Today it is beyond the Mississippi, and flax-growing for seed is no longer pursued east of the river to any degree worth mentioning. Flax for fibre is still produced in some localities—for example, in Yale and Applegate, Michigan, where the establishment of mills has been an incentive to the local farmers to give care and thought to cultivation.

The Curse of Careless Cultivation.

In 1909 and again in 1910 I was out on the Dakota frontier where the homesteader grows flax, and there saw for my self the sort of culture that has impelled Professor Bolley to assume the task of preaching the gospel of salvation for flax.

The homesteader puts up his shack and then hires a neighbor who is lucky enough to own a plow and four horses, or perhaps a steam breaking outfit, to come in the spring and break up some land. He expects the breaking to be done in April. It more often happens to be the last of May or even June. The turned-over sod, though endowed with all its virgin fertility, makes anything but a level seed-bed. Perhaps the homesteader, realizing this, finds time to run a disk over the unheaved land before he drills in his seed, or he may even chain a couple of logs together and drag the field with them. Even so, the the poor flax plant has a hard time in forcing its way its way through and round the great clods of earth. When harvest-time comes the binder has an equally hard time in cutting, usually hitting just short of the seed pods on part of the stand. The chopped-off heads shell out on the ground and are lost. What seed remains the homesteader has been selling within the past two years at anywhere from two to three dollars a bushel, often paying for his land in one year out of his profits. But he sets fire to the straw which might have made a bolt of linen cloth. It is estimated that last year 200,000 tons of flax straw went up in smoke in North Dakota alone. The second season the homesteader sows wheat; and the year after, wheat; and the year after that,

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Prof. J. F. DAVIS

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I want to say to the people of Toronto and elsewhere that "Fruit-a-tives" is my only medicine and has been for the last four years. Previous to that, I had been very much troubled with Rheumatism and Kidney Disease, and had taken many remedies as well as employing hot applications of salt bags etc., without getting satisfactory results.

Noticing the advertisement of "Fruit-a-tives", I adopted this treatment altogether and, as everybody knows, since taking "Fruit-a-tives", I have been enjoying the very best health and find it a pleasure to follow my vocation of Dancing and Deportment Instruction".

Prof. J. F. DAVIS.

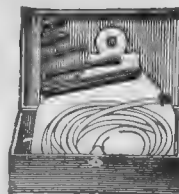
Prof. Davis, the celebrated teacher of dancing and deportment in Toronto, is quite frank in stating that "Fruit-a-tives" alone cured him of distressing Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble.

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Mr. S. W. Pryor, Merse, Sask., Canada.



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wheat. Either he has brought the flax-exhaustion belief with him from the East or his neighbor has given it to him. Ask him why he doesn't give flax another chance and he'll answer: "It's too hard in the land. You can't get a good crop after the first year. Flax is no good for anything but sod."

Professor Bolley has shown that this prejudice of the American farmer is not unwarranted, although the trouble is not due to soil exhaustion, but to the deadly work of a fungus—which has been named after its discoverer. The parasite is introduced into the soil in the seed. Once in the soil it spreads so rapidly that in four years, according to Professor Bolley, it will destroy the usefulness of the soil for the growth of the crop. It has been found to be widespread in its distribution in America and is the cause of the disappearance of the crop in all but the new lands of the Northwest.

The fungus is not limited in its activities to America. Professor Bolley has found it to be in existence in virtually every region where flax is grown, especially where it is raised for seed. Experiments have demonstrated that the varieties of flax grown for fiber are less susceptible to the ravages of the fungus than the seed-producing strains. This accounts in part for the performance of the fiber industry in such places as the Courtrai region in Belgium, though the great care expended in culture and rotation of the crop necessarily deserve most of the credit.

Rust Prevention.

The three great seed-producing regions of the world outside of our own Northwest are the new lands of Canada, Russia and Argentina. If, under existing conditions flax can be grown with profit nowhere in the world except on new land, Professor Bolley's discovery of the trouble and the remedy, is in truth, of far-reaching importance. In teaching the farmers of the Northwest how to overcome the difficulty, he is giving a lesson to flax-growers everywhere a lesson which if well learned will mean the performance of flax culture in all the regions where it is now followed.

The fungus Fusarium lini, like wheat rust and a variety of other plant diseases which farmers have learned to control, yields, he has demonstrated conclusively, to treatment by formaldehyde.

Raise your own seed is Professor Bolley's injunction to flax farmers. Grade it to a plump, bright type, removing all particles of chaff and bits of straw, and then treat it before sowing with a solution of formaldehyde. Practice a long-period series of crop rotation. After using tools, such as plows and harrows, upon infected land do not use the same tools upon other land until they have been properly cleaned.

If the farmers pursue this policy, "with the increased skill in culture which comes with practice," says Professor Bolley, "they will not only be able to keep the linseed oil industry, but will eventually be enabled to grow a quality of flax fiber which will compete for manufacture with the flax purchased abroad."

Education for Good Citizenship.

Some ringing words of protest against narrow views of the purpose of education come from President Butterfield, of the Massachusetts Agricultural College. "I deny," he says, "that a college-trained farmer or an agricultural expert should have simply a narrow, practical, technical training and nothing else. I have small patience with that conception of an agricultural course which reduces it merely to the practical preparation of the farmer as a worker." This statement was called forth by the opposition of the Governor of Massachusetts to liberal training in the agricultural college.

With President Butterfield's sane and much-needed opinion most thinking men agree. In no unimportant sense every man is known by his conversation. The farmer who can talk of nothing but farming, the banker whose tongue is coated with currency, the lawyer who will paraphrase Blackstone until he is black in the face—all these are ill educated. Talking shop is not positive evidence that a man can talk nothing else;

One Tractor-Day Equals One Team-Month

AN I H C tractor saves time, and time is money. As an illustration, a 45-horse power Titan or Mogul drawing an engine gang turns as much ground in one hour as could be turned with a walking plow in a day. If necessary, a tractor will work twenty-four hours a day, doing almost a month's work for a team and walking plow.

An I H C tractor saves money. If your seed bed must be prepared at a certain date to insure a profitable harvest, the tractor way is the cheapest way to plow, harrow, and pack it. To hire extra teams and help to accomplish the same amount of work in the same time would cost far more than doing the work with a tractor. Furthermore, this saving holds as true of the harvest time as of planting, and on a small farm as well as on a great bonanza ranch. There are few farm machines that save as much time and money as a reliable

I H C Kerosene-Gasoline Tractor

Nor is this all. An I H C tractor furnishes power for your threshing. It will haul the grain to market. It will grade the roads over which the grain is hauled. You can use it for well drilling, concrete mixing, irrigating and other pumping, and for many other purposes. Time, money, labor—these are the things that I H C tractors save.

I H C tractors are made in various styles, and in 12, 15, 20, 25, and 45-horse power sizes, for use on large and



small farms. I H C general purpose engines are made in all styles and sizes from 1 to 50-horse power. They furnish power for pumping, sawing, grinding, running the cream separator, feed grinder, or any other farm machine to which power can be profitably applied. They do satisfactory work in mill, shop and factory. The I H C local agent will give you catalogues and full information. See him, or, write the nearest branch house.

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I H C Service Bureau

The purpose of this Bureau is to furnish free of charge to all, the best information obtainable on better farming. If you have any worthy questions concerning soils, crops, land drainage, irrigation, fertilizer, etc., make your inquiries specific and send them to I H C Service Bureau, Harvester Building, Chicago, U.S.A.



but it places upon him a heavy burden of proof. A mathematician who plays Beethoven on the pipe organ is a much better type of man. So, too, is the professor of Greek who knows trees and flowers, or the chemist who serves two terms as mayor of a small city. These are the men who are really in touch with the world.

A supposedly cultivated gentleman

once boasted—confession would have been a more fitting mood—that he seldom or never read newspapers. In other words, he was out of touch with his country and probably with his own city. Newspapers are not inerrant or inspired scripture, but they contain a good deal of information which, to a responsible citizen and voter, is indispensable. Not to know, for example, that the question

of a parcels post is now being considered by Congress is discreditable.

The newspaper, however, is of course only one of the many means of making one's occupation, whether it be farming, preaching or selling bonds, a center from which shall radiate several avenues of departure. At the end of every such avenue are men in other occupations. To live in a community and live rightly

You Can Cure Yourself---At Home



If you are run-down, or suffering from any form of vital weakness, or lost vitality.

If you have Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Weak Back or Kidneys, Irritability of the Bladder, Prostatic Trouble, etc.

If you have Indigestion, Constipation or Liver Trouble, or any symptoms of Weak Stomach, such as loss of appetite—heartburn—bloating—belching of gas—losing flesh—complexion sallow—headache and a general all-gone feeling—or

If you have any trouble for which you have taken drugs without benefit, write for my free Book, which explains everything fully. This means women as well as men.

I have the grandest remedy of the age—electricity as applied by Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt. I can show you people who had suffered for years with rheumatism, kidney and liver complaints, debility, weakness and other chronic disorders, who never received any permanent relief until they used my Electric Belt.

If you want to get well and stay well, you must help Nature remove the cause of your ailment. Doping the nerves and vitals with poison will fool Nature for a while, but that doesn't cure the trouble. Nature must have strength, vitality, new life and energy for the weak, inactive organs of the body. Electricity supplies this strength and life, and that is how it helps Nature cure.

Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt is the most successful as well as the best electric belt made. It does not shock or burn, and the current can be regulated to any degree of strength.

You may have tried so-called electric belts and found them worthless, but my appliance must not be classed with those flimsy, fraudulent contrivances that were made only to sell. If my Electric Belt did not cure I would have been forced to get out of business long ago, as have the makers of fake belts. But the fact that my appliance has been constantly before the public for 30 years is pretty good proof that it has merit.

No matter how far away you live, I can assure you the same careful attention that you would receive were you here in my office. Write me about your case to-day.

Cured in One Week.

No. 60 8th No., Brandon, Man., June 14, 1912.

Dr. McLaughlin,

Dear Sir:—Your Belt has given every satisfaction. My wife was completely cured in one week, and no return of her troubles has been seen since. I have also worn the Belt for several times myself for slight troubles and obtained quick relief. The Belt has earned its cost over and over again.

Yours truly,

A. Shaw.

FREE BOOK

Write me to-day for my beautifully illustrated book, with cuts showing how my Belt is applied, and lots of good reading for men who want to be "The Noblest Work of God"—A MAN. Enclose this coupon and I will send this book, sealed, free.

Stomach Trouble and Rheumatism Cured.

Dr. McLaughlin, Rosthern, Sask., June 26th, 1912.

Dear Sir:—I have had no chance before to thank you for all the good your Belt has done me. I am perfectly cured of my stomach trouble and rheumatism after wearing the Belt only three months, and to show you how I appreciate it I do not know any better way to thank you than through this letter, and I am sure I will not forget to let my friends know about your wonderful Belt. Wishing you further success, I am,

Yours very truly,

Max Mahnke.

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Absorbed into the system while you rest or sleep.

Revitalizing the human organism by Nature's own process.

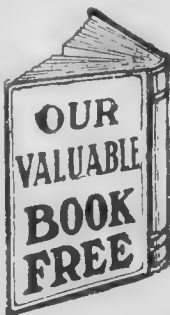
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1912

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg.

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implies a community of interests and tastes. The man who likes what you like, declared a great thinker, inevitably belongs to your class in society. There is no other proper test. Man is not merely a wage-earning animal. He should be capable of interesting others and of being interested himself. If a narrow vocational training unfits him to do this, the more shame to it. Exclusively practical education is one of the worst enemies of society—of men and women who like to associate with other men and women, whether in club, church or grange.

Hygiene and Ventilation.

To produce the best results, the air space of the night house or shelter should allow not less than 10 cubic feet per bird. To make this plain, a house to hold twelve fowls should be 6 feet high, 5 feet long, and 4 feet wide. It should have an open wire front, with a shutter to close down in severe weather. The run should be covered in as much as possible, and boarded round 2 feet

covered-over scratching sheds, boarded round, and fill up with 9 inches of straw in which scatter grain mid-day and evening for them to find by scratching. Also hang up, 18 inches from ground, a cabbage or mangold for them to peck by jumping up. Give warm meal early, but grain always for the last feed.

An Economical Arrangement.

Set two hens at the same time. At the end of seven days examine in the dark the eggs. By means of a candle, placing the eggs in front of the light, anyone can see if the egg is unfertile (that is to say, does not contain the germ of a chicken), or otherwise. If bright and easily seen through it will not hatch. If progress is all right, the egg will show a dark substance forming. Now, if this examination shows, say, half of the eggs to be unfertile, place all the good eggs under one hen, giving the second hen a new lot of eggs. The "clear" eggs are not wasted, but boiled hard, and make capital food for chickens when first hatched. By this plan, which, as amateurs can see, may be multiplied indefinitely broody hens give full bene-



A Waterfall on the G.T.P. Line.

high to shelter birds from cold winds. Further, the soil should be covered with litter, such as dead leaves or loft sweepings, to a depth of 8 or 9 inches.

Overcrowding to be Avoided.

Overcrowding is the amateur's fatal error. An acre divided into 50 runs of nearly 80 square yards each, using 25 at a time and running 12 hens in each, yields far better results than giving 400 fowls the unlimited run of an acre and housing them in large numbers. (This division allows plenty of space for passages.) Fowls are precarious and would crowd together, leaving three-quarters of the larger space practically unused and fouling the parts frequented. Houses (movable) should be about 6 feet by 5 feet. Change each pen in a fresh run every two months, and dig the old ones over before using again. Leave half each run grass. Ventilate house well at top, and leave doors open at night in hot weather, but avoid draughts. Do not coddle hens with extra warmth in cold weather. Fowls in small runs must have exercise. Provide

fits. The plan also admits of the chickens from two hens being given to one to bring up, as being the same as the hens could not tell difference of chickens put to from another. The added chickens should be placed under before the hens leave nest.

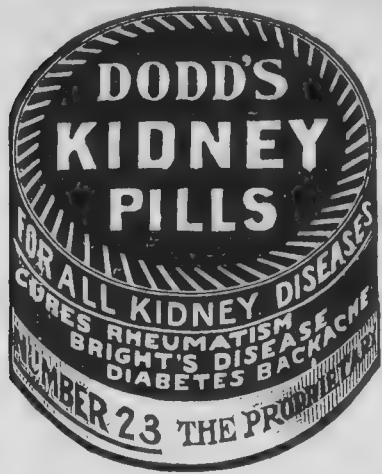
The Meadow Lark's Song.

From sunny glades and verdant shades,
With skies cerulean blue,
And grassy spring I gladly bring,
Their message back to you.

Of fields I dream, of hills extreme,
Of flow'rs of every hue;
The south-land's balm, its salient calm,
I whisper low to you.

From early spring, I'm on the wing;
From dawn till falls the dew—
To autumn's song, my joys belong;
I tell them all to you.

In harp-like notes, my trust devotes,
To God who keeps me true;
Of hope I trill, love's tender thrill,
I softly call to you.



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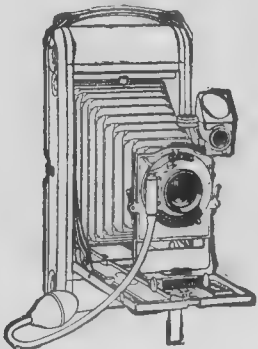
All Sizes of 8 exposure, 10 or 12 exposure, 20c.
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Correspondence.

We invite our subscribers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all the interesting letters received. The large amount of correspondence which is sent to us has, hitherto, made it impossible for every letter to appear in print. We would point out that we cannot send names and addresses of our contributors to these columns, but any one wishing to communicate with any of the letter writers should send us a letter in a stamped envelope, which we will address and send to the party named. We receive a great many letters, both for publication and to be forwarded from persons who are not subscribers, and we wish to say that so great is the work incurred that we really cannot promise to publish or forward any letters from non-subscribers. We think this only fair to our large number of subscribers, as they should be given the prior use of this column.

Time Brings Changes.

Irvine, August, 1912.

Dear Editor,—Will you kindly make room for another interested reader? Before I say anything else I would like to say that the editor is to be congratulated on the way in which he gets up The Western Home Monthly. It is certainly a very interesting magazine, and is such an admirable mixture of

fore our minds a picture of the struggle which took place amongst the ravines and bushes along the banks of the historic little stream. What a change a few years have wrought in that once wild and primitive country! In the old days it was a great resort for the buffaloes as is shown by the numberless skulls to be found in the vicinity and the well-worn buffalo trails leading through the deep coulees to the river. Now instead of the wild creatures of the prairie, we see herds of cattle and horses quietly grazing on the hillsides and by the little streams which go on peacefully as of yore; while instead of the wigwams of the "Red Men" are seen the shacks and stables of the "Paleface" and the dark patches of prairie which have been disturbed in their long sleep by the plow of the settler. Wonderful, indeed, are the changes which have taken place; and who can safely predict what the next century will bring? The spirit of advance seems to be almost world-wide just now. Look to China, for instance, which has slept for so many years. Her awakening has been sudden and complete. In a few generations, at least, the other nations will have no occasion to look down on her, with feeling of pity or contempt. By that time there is no doubt the yellow race will be a prominent factor in the great questions of the world. Well,



Maypole Dance, Assiniboine Park, Winnipeg.

light and solid reading that the reader's attention is held from cover to cover. Where are our old-timers Doctor and Young Farmer? Have they agreed to disagree in peace, or is it merely a lull before the storm? Joseph surely put his head into the lion's mouth when he undertook to "put one over" the dancers. I hold much the same opinion as many others on the subject, namely, that there is no harm in dancing any more than there is in card playing or any other pastime, provided that we don't try to make harm out of it, and that depends entirely on the character of the persons engaged. As we all know, there are some people who can twist and contort anything so as to take a doubtful meaning from it, but it hardly looks fair for the rest to suffer for the sins of these. How many of you are fond of travel? I like travelling myself and think it is a fine thing for broadening one's mind and giving a person a true idea of our country. Up to the present time my opportunities have been somewhat limited, although I have been over quite a bit of Saskatchewan and made my first excursion into Alberta this year. Last year I put in a little while by the Battle River in Saskatchewan, near the place where the battle was fought between the half-breeds and regulars in the Northwest Rebellion. We found the remains of a man, apparently an Indian, whom we supposed to have fallen in the contest. And by thus going over the ground we were able to bring be-

girls, as this leap year, I presume you are looking after all the likely looking young men in your respective neighborhoods. It is really rather hard on the man who is a ladies' favorite, though, don't you think? You see, he can't very well accept more than one, and if he has to buy many silk dresses, I am afraid he will have to be pretty economical for the next twelvemonth. Maybe he will do like a friend of mine, who, when he had the question popped to him, answered, "Yes, but you will have to be the second." By the way, Mr. Editor, what do you think of the idea of giving our correspondence club a name. I think it would be fine to give it a name and to start the ball a-rolling. I would suggest "The Westerners' Club." However, no doubt some of our readers can suggest more appropriate names. Well, I am afraid I have outstayed my welcome, so will close. Wishing The Western Home Monthly continued success. Yours truly,
Onlooker.

Womens' Rights.

Sept. 1912.

Dear Editor:—I have not written before, may I join? and may I express my opinion on, "Why country women work so hard." Of course they blame the men, but I think that the mother and sisters are really to blame themselves. The young girls, milking, feeding calves, pigs etc., carrying water, cutting wood, separating, digging the gar-

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SPECIAL OFFER TO OUR READERS

In order to advertise and introduce their home study music lessons in every locality the International Institute of Music of New York will give free to our readers a complete course of instruction for either Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Cornet, Banjo, Cello or Sight Singing. In return they simply ask that you recommend their Institute to your friends after you learn to play.

You may not know one note from another; yet, by their wonderfully simple and thorough method, you can soon learn to play. If you are an advanced player you will receive special instruction.

The lessons are sent weekly. They are so simple and easy that they are recommended to any person or little child who can read English. Photographs and drawings make everything plain. Under the Institute's free tuition offer you will be asked to pay only a very small amount (averaging 14 cents a week) to cover postage and the necessary sheet music.

No one should overlook this wonderful offer. Tell your friends about it—show this article to them.

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Millions of corns are kept growing for years. Think of it—*painful corns.*

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Which, in your opinion, is the wise way to treat corns? Try the new way and see.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
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den, and even helping in the fields,—they marry young men who see them do this, will they not expect them to help? Of course, I imagine I hear them say—it's no more than you did at home, and, my mother and sisters did it and it did not hurt them either, what can the young wife say?

Ah! I have seen so much of it, the man not understanding that it is more than the ordinary woman can stand, to be wife, mother, house-keeper and still chore around and help outside, the girls trying to keep up, trying to help these young husbands who are or mean to be kind. In a few years, and ah how few, it means, to the man—a cross irritable wife, the house often untidy, the children peevish, and uncontrollable, the little ones soon learn to watch for mother's expression and come to her or run away and the young wife who has overtaxed her strength and probably ruined her nervous system, is she happy or even contented—no. She imagines a great many more ills than she has and is even ready to meet trouble half way.

I am not a suffragate but I do believe in woman's rights—furthermore I believe women would get them if they took the right stand. The majority of them simply encourage men in leaving them at home and in putting burdens on them that they have no business to try to carry.

Then they complain of their hard lot, and their illness that is brought on by

teach their sons to take care of their sisters by taking the heavy work off their shoulders, we will not find the farmers wives as they are to-day—Old worn out, gray and drab before their time. Well I'm afraid that this has got past even secondly—and as I also fear the dangers of the waste paper basket I'll close, I would like some correspondents too—

Mignonette.

A Champion of Country Life.

Manitoulin Isle, Sept. 1912.

Dear Editor.—As I have never seen a letter from here in the correspondence column, I thought I would write a few lines.

First let me thank you for your excellent paper; it has come to my home every month for four years, and we all think it grand; indeed we could not do without it. There is a subject much under discussion now, that I hope this column will take up, that is Country Life v. City Life. I love the country and think it the most healthy but I have never lived in the city, but there are many of our readers who have lived in both city and country; they are the ones who can tell us if city life is better qualified to produce great men and women. My pen is not eloquent but I can tell the city people, what we have in the country that is essential to health and happiness—plenty of good pure food,

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NAVY PLUG
For Sale Everywhere
THE ROCK CITY TOBACCO CO. LTD.
QUEBEC**



A glade on the Moose Pass Trail.

carelessness and neglect.

Of course I do not say that women should never do these things, it is often necessary, when the men are in town or away, but threshing time is not the time to ask a woman for extra's and it is surprising how many men do it then, when a woman's strength is taxed to the utmost, to get ready the extra meals.

When they are first married why do they not take their proper sphere and keep it, it may be hard and seem selfish at first, but it's a well known fact that as you start so must you continue, and to be wife, companion and helpmate is what marriage is for, not drudgery.

Some make that helpmate stretch over a great variety of things and say their husbands are mean to them. If a woman keeps the house tidy, the mending done, has the meals on time and is clean and smiling herself, she has all she can do, and the one who does this and leaves the milking, separating and gardening to their husband, will receive respect kindness and attention that the other need never look for. And if, when they wish to go out—they would get some neighbor girl to keep the little ones instead of dragging them about with them, their husbands would be far more ready to take them. It can not be any pleasure to a man to take a wife and two or three cross sleepy children around, while if the wife would go and be a companion as she was before marriage the outing would take them back to the old days treasured in memory and make each dearer to the other.

When women do this and mothers

pure water and all and more than we can consume of God's free fresh air, and judging from the number of tourists we have in the summer months the city people cannot find those in the city. But what of those who can not come to the country, those who live in the slums and places where refined people shudder when they think of them, all through the hot summer months they must endure it. A Lady Humming Bird your letter is splendid, I hope you will come again.

I would like to correspond with girls and boys in the west; I am very anxious to know more about the west, would answer all letters, so lads and lassies want you please send me a line, my address is with the Editor. B.C. Observer am I right in saying you are a man?

Now guess if I am boy or girl—
Brownie.

A New Member.

Weldeck, Sask., Sept. 14, 1912.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to your paper, The Western Home Monthly, which is a very nice publication. The correspondence circle I think is the best that I have seen in any paper I have taken. I am not a subscriber to your magazine yet, but my brother has been for the last two years, and through him I have a chance of reading it. I am a bachelor, have a homestead, but am living with my married brother two miles away from it. I am fond of a nice dance or a quiet game of cards; am a teetotaler like a smoke in the winter, but hardly ever smoke in the summer. I am very fond of music and have an Edison grama-

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SEND NO MONEY !!

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DEPT. 15

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HAD PAINS AROUND THE HEART AND SMOTHERING FEELINGS

Mrs. Wm. Lee, Uthoff, Ont., writes:—"I have taken three boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and am now well. I had such pains around my heart and such smothering feelings that I thought I would surely die. My head used to be propped up with pillows to keep me from smothering. One day I read in a paper about your Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and three boxes cured me."

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Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say goodbye forever to the scalding, dribbling, straining, or too frequent passage of urine; the forehead and the back-of-the-head aches; the stitches and pains in the back; the growing muscle weakness; spots before the eyes; yellow skin; sluggish bowels; swollen eyelids or ankles; leg cramps; unnatural short breath; sleeplessness and the despondency

I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you \$3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, K2045, Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe, contains only pure harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power.

It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

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phone. I like shooting, riding horseback or any outdoor sport. I am an Englishman. Should like to correspond with A Manitoba Girl, or An English Girl, or The Old Home's Joy. My address is with the editor. Happy Lad.

A Good Example.

Foxwarren, Man., Aug. 15, 1912.

Dear Editor, — I have been a subscriber to your valuable magazine for two years. I think it's a great paper at a small cost. I would not be without it for \$2. I also subscribe for a friend as well. I always look through the correspondence columns first, then I go to the first page and read it through from beginning to end. I always read the girls' letters first, then go to my brother friends, the bachelors. I think some of those lovely blue eyed, curly haired bachelors with, oh, such lovely teeth ought to be in a glass case in some show room instead of on the prairie. Some of them are all right though, I also like to read the Young Man and His Problem, written by J. L. Gordon. When I was living in Winnipeg I used to attend the Central Congregational Church. I was never tired of hearing Mr. Gordon speak. I wish I was there now to hear him. There is one fault with his church, it isn't big enough. I believe if it was twice the size it would be crowded just the same on Sunday evenings. That's a nice letter from the 'Old Home's Joy'. I am sure there would be joy and happiness where she was, but I'm afraid she will work too hard. I have 230 acres of crop in this year. We had quite a frost this morning. I hope it hasn't done any damage though. I've seen 37 summers, but look much younger. My address is with the editor. Wishing your readers and The Western Home Monthly every success. Manitoba.

Would Like Correspondents.

Sask., Sept. 1912.

"Hello, hello, here's a different girl again."—We have taken the Western Home Monthly for some time and certainly hate to miss one number. I read A Waltzer's letter published in the June number, also that of Sod Buster, and to their argument I heartily cry, "hear, hear." Although not a professional, I am very fond of dancing and have yet to see any harm in it. I believe it to be a good healthful exercise. I also read A Homebuilder's letter. I see he has been reading his Bible. "But, say, Homebuilder, did you ever come across two verses reading this wise? First, As a man thinketh in his heart so he is; second, Charity thinketh no evil. I believe if we are so ready to think evil of harmful amusements we must be somewhat evil ourselves. On the other hand, if we are pure and clean no such thoughts will come to us. As for Josephus, say, Sod Buster, between you and I, do you think he can dance? I am doubtful, perhaps that's where the shoe pinches, or perhaps he has not been included in some of the invitations to dances in his locality, and so feels slighted; if so, we will have to be generous and forgive him. I should like a few of the more sensible correspondents, including A Waltzer and Sod Buster, or any others who will write first as I am rather shy.

Bonne Soir

Live and Let Live.

Dear Editor,—A few months ago I wrote to your paper. As I was not a subscriber, my letter must have gone to the w.p.b. I am glad to say that I have lately subscribed, so I am going to try again. I must say I enjoy The Western Home Monthly; in fact, when a hen takes an interest in a book then you can say it's something above the ordinary. I often smile when I read the letters criticizing tobacco and drinking. It's my belief that they don't sum things up properly. Supposing we all had our own way, there would be some stopping the manufacture of tobacco, and others intoxicating liquors. Think what that would mean. Thousands of unemployed. Surely we hear of enough poverty, and it would not do for every one to farm for a living. There is an old saying that one man's food is another's poison. There will be some say-

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and to enhance it, if that be possible, is a duty none the less binding because it has been made so agreeable. That duty centres in Beauty's chief expression, the skin.

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Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all woman's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address: MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box H. 88 WINDSOR, Ont.

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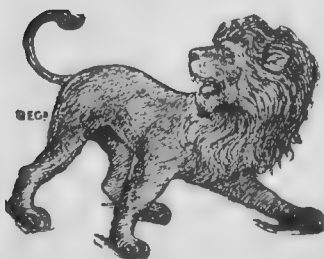
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Address—CHARLES GORDON, No. 100, Gordonholms Dispensary, Bradford, Yorks, England (Registered Copyright)

ing soon that no person should eat meat, then there won't be any cattle wanted. Speaking for myself, I would not criticize any habits, for I am very fond of a smoke. I do not drink intoxicating liquors, but I believe taken in moderation does one good. The same with smoking. I think that the tobacco plant grows for the purpose that it is used. Live and let live is another good saying. As I am living myself, I use up a small part of the tobacco manufactured, and so try to let others live. What a good thing for us with the bad habits it would be if others would only think a little before they started to criticize smoking and drinking. It's a good man that's perfect and I am sure that the non-smokers have got their faults. I will close wishing The Western Home Monthly the greatest of success and leaving my address with the editor. I will sign myself The Laughing Chicken.

Cookery Recipes Wanted.

Togo, Sask., Aug. 1912.

Dear Editor,—Am rather interested in reading the correspondence columns of the current number. There seems to be quite a debate on what are termed two evils, namely, card playing and dancing. Well, in my opinion, neither is an evil, but both pleasant pastimes. Of course, we all know there are a good many things which are made an abuse of. Would one put down a recreation of one who knows how to take such as mentioned for the sake of those who make an abuse of them? I should say not. There is nothing wrong in card playing, the wrong is in gambling. To stop such you will have to practically stop the world. Life's all a gamble. How many are ruined in this country through gambling. They buy things on time and are chancing in some cases more than their all on how a few acres of grain may turn out in the fall. The doctor gambles with life. The old saying of "kill or cure" has a savoring of truth in it. Not that I mean a doctor is no good; far from it. But he is never sure how the case may go. The real estate man, the investor, the financier, the stockbroker, in fact, mention any calling you like, and I say they're all gamblers on making a living or a fortune. Men commit suicide as a result of loss at card playing. How many do likewise when ruined in trade or profession? Enough for gambling. Now for dancing. To start with, I'm a non-dancer. I have been to many a dance, but always took my amusement at listening to the music and watching others perform from choice, not prejudice. It's said girls are ruined through the dance. Well, I came from a little village called London on the Thames. Yes, I'm a "Cockney," and have been in some of the biggest dance halls there. Well, in my opinion, dancing is a healthy exercise. It takes one out of one's self. What better than when fagged and worried to indulge in it. It braces one up to go to the serious again. Of course, we all know there are some people who can't conduct themselves properly, but these would do the same anywhere they might be, so what advantage to stop the dance? It's like local option. Anyone who wants their drink can always get it. We all have our faults more or less, and I think it is for us to take a broad minded view of things and not to look for the sin of fellow brethren. Rather look for their good points. "Pluck the mote from thine own eye" before condemning others. Don't forget the old saying "Evil to him who evil thinks." Before closing I have a little suggestion. How would it be to give the bachelors a cookery page and get the fair correspondents to contribute? Yours truly, Curly Billy.

A Girl's Opinion.

B. C., August 9, 1912.

Dear Editor,—I have just finished reading your correspondence columns and I feel that I, too, must say something about dancing. Frankly, and A Waltzer, I think your opinions on dancing are just splendid. If Josephus would take my advice and learn to dance he would surely find something different from what he believes them

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Deputy of the Minister of the Interior N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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to be. I would not like to apply to Josephus the old saying, "Who evil thinks he evil does," because he seems to me too true a man for that, but he certainly cannot know very much about dancing. I wish Josephus could live in our little wooden village for half a year. Why, even the minister of the English Church dances at our Cinderella dances. Here the parents take their sons and daughters with them to the dances and all join in the fun and form a sort of a happy family. Now, Josephus, surely you do not believe that a father would teach his daughter anything that is evil? I dance with my father as much as with anyone, and enjoy it. Furthermore, do you suppose that, if dancing had anything to do with sex, girls would wish to dance together, while several gentlemen would be only too willing and eager to "have the honor?" If a girl finds dancing with a gentleman unpleasant she has the privilege of refusing to dance with him. By the way, Sod Buster also said some very true things about dancing. I think I have said enough on that subject, considering that I am quite willing to give up dancing because I have had my share of it, though I am only eighteen. I think the letter from A Girl of To-day very interesting. She has introduced a subject worth considering. Won't some of you readers please write your opinions about it and follow her suggestion? I think the correspondence column has improved wonderfully of late, and it is really worth while read-

without your paper now. I must say that I heartily agree with "Cheerful Critic" in your June number on the vice of card playing, and must add that in this western country I believe that pool does more harm than cards. So many of these little towns have at least one pool room and often as many at three or four. People loading cars, especially in the winter season, often spend a couple of hours every day playing. I believe a good many start through not having any place else to spend their spare time. At first they may just go in out of the cold and look on, but they soon think that there is no more harm in playing a friendly game than looking on. From one thing it is very liable to lead on to another, like any other evil. Another thing to be considered is that as a rule the people that play pool are frequenters of the bar-room. Would like to hear from any of the fair sex, particularly "May Flower" in June number. Will close, wishing your paper and club the greatest of success. Thanking you for your valuable space and trouble.

Bumble Bee.

Get Busy, Every-Body.

Ontario, Aug. 5th. 1912.

Dear Editor:—This is the second letter to the Western Home Monthly. My first one was not in print, but I hope I will see this one in. I am not discouraged yet, because I feel the the only reason my letter was not in print, was that there were so many other



The last piece of ice on Moose River Trail. July 1912.

ing. I used to get so tired of reading letters in which the correspondents describe their looks. I extend my best wishes to you all, even to Josephus. With thanks to Mr. Editor.

Little One.

The Western Home Monthly in Old Ireland.

Ireland, June 9th, 1912.

Dear Editor:—I have often intended to write and say how very much The Western Home Monthly is liked over here. It is over three years since I first became a subscriber, and I find it is improving in every number; it is an ideal paper for the home, suitable for all ages. As I am only a year back from Winnipeg, I find many a familiar name or place in its pages. Few friends to whom I have sent it for some time all say they look forward every month for it, the reading being so interesting and telling so much about Canada. Now, I think I have said enough for this time. Wishing The Western Home Monthly renewed success.

An Irish Lass.

The Pool Room.

Yellow Grass, Sask., Aug., 1912.

Dear Editor:—I have been a reader of your excellent magazine for quite a few years; in fact, some one in the family has taken it as long as I can remember. I have watched with a great deal of interest the progress your paper has made not only the correspondence columns, which, indeed, are very instructive, but also the various other subjects it deals with. I know we would not like to be

letters more interesting than mine. We have been subscribers to your magazine for two years, and certainly do enjoy it especially the correspondence column. It seems very customary to describe yourself, but I don't think I will this time, only I will say I am a storekeepers daughter, and am not sixteen years of age. I don't help in the store much, as my two brothers help, and unless they are very busy, they don't need my assistance. Now I want every body to get busy, and write, and will answer promptly. Leaving my address with the Editor, and wishing the paper and all its readers every success. I'll sign myself.

Trixie.

Many Ahead of them.

Elswick, Sask. August, 1912.

Dear Editor:—I think I know the destination of my first letter since I received the number of the Western Home Monthly. However, I am not discouraged yet because I feel the only reason my letter was not in print was because so many other enthusiastic readers of the Western Home Monthly were ahead of me. Mildly expressing myself would say that I enjoy reading your valuable paper immensely and imagine I cannot keep away from the magic correspondence circle any longer and hope to be successful this time. I am very fond of letters particularly to receive them and would like to correspond with one or more of the young ladies for pleasure and pastime. I live in a lively city and will answer letters promptly. Wishing the paper and all readers every success I'll sign myself.

An old subscriber

THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC REVOLUTION

VITAL ENERGY DRAWN FROM THE LOWER ANIMAL KINGDOM AND SUPPLIED TO HUMAN BEINGS.

Serum Discovered by a Scientist who was formerly Head of Queen's Square Hospital, London, Quickly cures Neurasthenia, Anaemia, Rheumatism, Gout, General Weakness, &c. Will supersede Drugs and make possible a decisive conquest of Disease

The past half century has seen marvellous advances made in many branches of science.

Automobiles, express trains and gigantic liners enable us to annihilate time and space in a manner undreamed of by our forefathers.

An air-steering mechanism—the flying machine—gives promise of soon becoming a still swifter means of travel.

Through the medium of electrical waves we can check the criminal in his flight or hear a conversation which is taking place between the captains of ships in mid-ocean, hundreds of miles from where we sit and listen.

The value of the research and experimental work which made these things possible can hardly be estimated. But, wonderful as are the discoveries along these lines, their influence on the future of the human race will not be more potent than the knowledge amassed in recent years by the votaries of Medical Science in the laboratory and at the bedside.

This science found the world at the mercy of disease and began the work of rescue—at first in a crude manner by the use of a few simple herbs and the process of "blood-letting."

As time wore on research and experiment placed more powerful weapons in the hands of doctors. A revolutionary change took place in the method of healing, and drugs of almost infinite variety began to be used for every conceivable ailment; still later we find mechanical means, such as electrical contrivances and vibratory machines, being used in the fight against disease. To-day

ANOTHER GREAT REVOLUTION

is occurring in the manner of treating disease—a change which marks the next step in the evolution of medical science. Drugs and mechanical contrivances have been of value in the past—as were the more ancient methods in their time, but practical tests are proving that the



BROWN-SEQUARD,

F.R.S., F.R.C.P., London, Professor of Medicine at the College of France, the discoverer of Sequarine and founder of modern serum-therapy.

MEDICINE OF THE FUTURE

is the wonderful SERUM which was discovered by an English Doctor, who received a medal from the London Royal College of Physicians as an acknowledgment of the value of his discovery, and who was honoured with degrees from Cambridge University, The University of Paris, and Harvard University of America. This serum is known as Sequarine. It has been carefully tested in hundreds of cases by physicians of world-wide repute (a number of Royal Doctors among them), and its scope as accurate agent was found to be so great

as to be almost beyond belief. Many leading medical men expressed the opinion that in the near future it will have a place in every home and be regarded as one of the necessities of life. Just as the aeroplane will make possible the conquest of the air, so this serum will make possible conquest of disease.

Sequarine is really the basis of an old and well-established principle—the principle of natural immunity from disease. Within every animal body there exists a power of "disease resistance." This power resists the entrance of any disease into the body, and if it is of normal strength readily expels the disease even after it has gained entrance.

Sequarine is the element which furnishes the power of disease resistance in the form of

VITAL ENERGY EXTRACTED FROM ANIMALS AND SUPPLIED TO HUMAN BEINGS.

Sequarine increases the number of Phagocytes in the blood, furnishes power to the Nervous Organism, causes strenuous oxidation of impure matter, and acts on the heart, the lungs, the liver, and the kidneys, causing all these organs to function in a normal manner.

A REMARKABLE BOOK.

Sequarine is prepared under the supervision of L. H. Goizet, M.D., the collaborator of Prof. Brown-Sequard. A remarkable book has been prepared giving the details of its discovery, nature and action, and copies are being presented free to the public. Sequarine has definitely been found to cure:

NERVOUSNESS,	KIDNEY DISEASE,	INDIGESTION,
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RHEUMATISM,	DYSPEPSIA,	INFLUENZA,
GOUT, SCIATICA,	LIVER COMPLAINTS,	PULMONARY TROUBLES.

Every reader is invited to apply for a free copy of the Sequarine Book. It gives instances of cures which at first sight appear incredible, but which are supported by the evidence of medical authorities whose status sets the final seal of truth upon the statements.

Every sufferer and every doctor should become possessed of the Sequarine Book. Between its covers is to be found a large amount of reading matter of essential value and absorbing interest to the lay reader, to the professional man and to the student. The booklet can be obtained free by simply sending name and address to C. RICHTER & Co., Manufacturing Chemists, 59, New Oxford Street, London, England.

CANCER

R. D. EVANS, Discoverer of the famous Evans' Cancer Cure, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. Two days' treatment cures external or internal cancer. Write to R. D. EVANS, Brandon, Manitoba, Canada

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THE BLESSING OF MOTHERHOOD

Healthy Mothers and Children Make Happy Homes

Motherhood is woman's highest sphere in life. It is the fruition of her dearest hopes and greatest desires; yet thousands of noble women through some derangement have been denied this blessing.

In many homes once childless there are now children because of the fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound makes women normal, healthy and strong. This is evidenced by the following letters which are genuine and truthful:

London, Ont.—"I wish to thank you for the benefit I received by taking your famous medicine, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Before my baby was born I was so ill I could not stand long or walk any distance. I had to lie down nearly all the time. After I took your medicine I felt like a new woman. I could work from morning till night and was happy and well. I certainly think it relieves pain at childbirth and recommend it to every woman who is pregnant. You may use this testimonial if you like. It may help some other woman."—Mrs. FRANK CORBIN, 132 Adelaide St., London, Ont.



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A safe, reliable and effectual Monthly medicine. A special favorite with married ladies. Can be depended upon. Mailed securely sealed upon receipt of \$1.00. Correspondence confidential. J. AUSTIN & CO., Chemists, Simcoe, Ont.



The acknowledged leading remedy for all Female complaints. Recommended by the Medical Faculty. The genuine bear the signature of Wm. MARTIN (registered without which none are genuine). No lady should be without them. Sold by all Chemists & Stores. MARTIN, Pharm. Chemist, SOUTHAMPTON, ENG.

Is an L. L. D.

Burdett, Alta., Sept., 1912.

Dear Editor,—I wish to write a few lines to our fine paper which has been coming to our home for several years now and everybody reads it. I enjoy the arguments in the correspondence columns. I think on the card laying and dancing problems that any sane minded person ought to know from his own conscience when he is on the right path. There is considerable card playing, gambling and drinking throughout the West, but my views is this: that the population is largely young, care-free single men who want to have a good time at whatever cost. Now, don't understand me as some crank because I am one of the boys to a certain extent. My parents are in this country and I have put in four years home-staying on 320 acres, besides the lumber camps and ranching as side lines to make a living. As far as the male element is concerned, I know it pretty well from the Pass to the East side of the ranching country. All of us are pretty much alike once you take the mask off and show up their inner thoughts. For myself, I like a frisky game of cards or a country dance with an invited crowd, but am down on "boose." I like music and play some on the violin. As for occupation, I am an outdoor fellow or nothing. I can shoot some when the hunting season is on. But girls I can make cake or pie, and can give you a good recipe for hurry up "flipjacks." I would like to hear from the boys and girls. Hoping this letter won't go the way of the last, I will sign myself—

Montana Bill from Porcupine.

Saskatchewan Leads.

Rosthern, August, 1912.

Dear Editor,—Having read and pondered over a few of your subscribers' letters, I will fall in line with the boys and girls of this correspondence society and let you hear a little of our own vast and beautiful "Golden Wheat Belt." I'm proud of our Saskatchewan Province in its progress. May it long continue to increase in population as well as in different kinds of grain and the building of cities and towns. I'm really proud when I read of our "Wheat King," Mr. Seager Wheeler, although I was in Manitoba when I read it in the Winnipeg Telegram in the thriving city of Winnipeg. How my heart throbbed and thrilled with an ecstasy of joy to know and hear that the province of Saskatchewan where I made my home for five years was to be the leading province in wheat. Next I think was Manitoba and then Alberta. Much goes to say what these three leading provinces will be in a very short time. The three combined form a vast tract of land which in its blessing of soil and brain power may long lead and let us hope always be the leading provinces and in time win and keep the title of "Bread Garden of the World." Now to glance back to the different opinions of enjoyments and duties as given by some of your subscribers. I dare say Girlie has taken all her opinion from Josephus. Country dances are even far more injurious to the young ladies and gentlemen than public dances. Now I disagree there with her quite a bit but as my letter is getting too long I would be very pleased to answer all letters inquiring as to why I have taken the liberty to proclaim that dancing is not injurious to embitter young girls' lives and characters, although I'm not a constant attendant at dances etc., but when one's own neighborhood where a person is well acquainted gives a dance, for instance if your own brother, (pardon young ladies, may be you have no brothers and then I have again trespassed the line) but some dear particular friend gives a ball or dance and requests your pleasant company and would be offended at a refusal, and providing there were only people whom you know very well, would you go or offend the friend by a refusal? Please consider this question and then please write and tell me your decision or ask my reason for this question. My address is with the Editor of The Western Home Monthly to all who care to write to me. Would like particularly to correspond with Qui Vive, Bright Eyes, Mona and Curly Bill Number one. That is the one who gave a Little of my very

opinion in the March number. Would very much like to exchange letters with him and Qui Vive. Now Cheerful Cynic and Mona don't forget a lonesome lad of twenty winters or more and take pity and write to him as girl correspondents are just as much appreciated as boys. My looks are naturally very undecided but I guess it will not matter much as we are miles and miles apart and may never see each other. Now Girlie don't forget your critic as I'm a little used to, or rather should be, as I'm a printer. I'm not always so grouchy as this will sound. Write and try me. Wishing the Western Home Monthly and publisher every success and happiness and all its readers.—

Your own "Critic"

Is a Good Cook.

Edmonton, August, 1912.

Dear Editor.—I have been an interested reader of your paper for many years and think there is no magazine like it. I am very much interested in the correspondence columns, and would like very much to see my letter in print. I am a stenographer in the fair city of Edmonton and like the closing up part of my work very well. I would much rather leave the description of myself to someone else, as we are all apt to shirk at times. I am a bean pole, but have never been used for that purpose. I have a lovely disposition as long as I have my own way, and I can cook so well that I am sure my husband will not live over two years. I was born and raised in the country and am fond of all animals except the pig. I am very fond of all sports and can ride, shoot (although I never shot anything), and can play many games—even football. I am very fond of boating, especially fond of a canoe, having just run for two, but I like one who sits still in the canoe. I am very fond of dancing and music, but do not care for cards. I hope the editor will be good enough to print my letter and I hope some one will write to me. I know one girl who wrote and she got fifty letters every day for two weeks, but then she was good looking. Don't let what I said about my cooking frighten you. I love a brave man. Wishing the Western Home Monthly much success, I remain,

U. S. Maid.

From Across the Sea.

County Antrim, Ireland, Aug., 1912.

Dear Editor,—I suppose you will be a lass from the old country join the happy family. I have read your paper for almost three years and certainly look forward to its coming every month. I see every one has something to say about card playing and dancing. I do not dance myself because there is no chance to learn round here, but the first chance there is I shall take it. I do not think it would be proper to dance all night and have oneself fit for nothing next day, but how "Josephus" or any one else sees any harm in a few hours fun I don't know, and about card playing where is the harm in "Snap Old maid," "Donkey," "Thank you," "Cheat," "B" of my neighbor, or "Impertinent questions?" I live in a place where card games such as these are the chief amusements at a party and what would we do if they were taken from us. I suppose I am taking up too much of your valuable space, so I will close. Should anyone care to write to me they will find my address with the editor. Wishing The Western Home Monthly all success possible. I sign—

A Lonely Neagh Lassie.

Why not do this?

Sask., Aug. 20th, 1912.

Dear Editor.—Being an interested reader of your magazine for many years, and seeing by the label on my paper that I am in arrears since last December I thought it advisable to forward the years subscription and save dunnies. During the time we have been receiving your paper many have enjoyed its columns as we have had considerable hired help both male and female, and we have often talked and laughed together at meal times and evenings over the correspondence column which I think all of us enjoy to a certain extent, but apart

Smoke of Herbs Cures Catarrh

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way and It Costs Nothing to Try.

This preparation of herbs, leaves, flowers and berries (containing no tobacco or habit-forming drugs) is either smoked in an ordinary clean pipe or smoking tube, and by drawing the medicated smoke into the mouth and inhaling into the lungs or sending it out through the nostrils in a perfectly natural way, the worst case of Catarrh can be eradicated.

It is not unpleasant to use, and at the same time it is entirely harmless, and can be used by man, woman or child.

Just as Catarrh is contracted by breathing cold or dust and germ-laden air, just so this balmy antiseptic smoking remedy goes to all the affected parts of the air passages of the head, nose, throat and lungs. It can readily be seen why the ordinary treatments, such as sprays, ointments, salves, liquid or tablet medicines fail—they do not and can not reach all the affected parts.

If you have catarrh of the nose, throat or lungs, choking, stopped-up feeling, colds, catarrhal headaches; if you are given to hawking and spitting, this simple yet scientific treatment should cure you.

An illustrated book which goes thoroughly into the whole question of the cause, cure and prevention of catarrh will, upon request, be sent you by Dr. J. W. Blosser, 151 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Canada.

He will, also, mail you five days' free treatment. You will at once see that it is a wonderful remedy, and as it only costs one dollar for the regular treatment, it is within the reach of everyone. It is not necessary to send any money—simply send your name and address and the booklet and free trial package will be mailed you immediately.

\$3.50 Recipe FREE For Weak Men.

Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have it Free and Be Strong and vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—with out any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow men to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop dragging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest acting restorative, up-building, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and secure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson 4215 Luck Building, Detroit Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain, ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge \$3.00 to \$5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

WE ABSORBINE, JR. LINIMENT FOR IT



Corns, Bunions, Callous Bunions, Tired, Aching, Swollen Feet. It allays pain and takes out soreness and inflammation promptly. Healing and soothing—causes a better circulation of the blood through the part, assisting nature in building new healthy tissue and eliminating the old. Alex. Ahl, Tobinsport, Ind., writes Nov. 15, 1905: "No doubt you remember my getting two bottles of your ABSORBINE, JR., for a bunion on my foot. My foot is well." Also valuable for any swelling or painful affliction, Gout, Enlarged Glands, Varicose Veins, Milk Leg, Strains, Sprains, Heals Cuts, Bruises, Lacerations. Price \$1.00 and \$2.00 at all druggists or delivered. Book 4 Free. W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 138 Lyman's Bldg., Montreal, Can.

It is spelled A-B-S-O-R-B-I-N-E and Manufactured only by W. F. Young, P.D.F., 138 Lyman's Building, Montreal, P.Q. Also furnished by Martin Bile & Wynne Co., Winnipeg. The National Drug and Chemical Co., Winnipeg and Calgary. and Henderson Bros. Co., Ltd., Vancouver

"Cholera Infantum"

THE SUMMER COMPLAINT OF INFANTS

Cholera infantum begins with a profuse diarrhoea, the stomach becomes irritated, and in many cases vomiting and purging set in. The child rapidly loses flesh, and is soon reduced to great languor and prostration.

Cholera infantum can be quickly cured by the use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Mrs. David A. Cleveland, Apple River, N.S., writes:—"Last September my little boy, four years old, and little girl, two years old, were taken one afternoon with vomiting spells, and in a few hours they had cholera infantum. I had Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in the house, and commenced using it. The cholera got so bad the next day, they passed nothing but blood. I kept on using the medicine, and in a few days they were cured. I always keep a bottle in the house, as I don't think there is anything better for summer complaint than Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry."

Some dealers may try to sell you something else, but for the good of your child's health, insist on having "Dr. Fowler's." It has been on the market for over sixty-five years, so you are not using a new and untried remedy. Price 85 cents. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Artificial Limbs

To show our artificial limbs to the experienced wearer is to make a sale.

They are neat, strong, light, and practical.

We can fit you out at short notice with the best that money can buy.

Write for further information, also state what kind of amputation you have.

J. H. Carson

357 Notre Dame Avenue, Winnipeg

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WINNIPEG

from the correspondence we consider we receive value for our money. Since becoming a subscriber to The Western Home Monthly, I think I have read letters from persons situated in almost every sphere of life, and as I have been living alone for some time (which is not by my choice by any means) I thought I might get acquainted with some of the readers, having spent the greater part of my life in the west. Coming from Ontario in 1888 a young man, through life I followed farming and succeeded fairly well from a business point of view but on account of other misfortunes I am led to ask the question is life worth living? Like Burns.

But, Och! I backward cast my ee,
On prospects drear
And forward though I canna see—
I guess and fear.

The one thing helps me to look on the bright side of life is, I have little cares, which duty calls me to care for, and if I fail to do it who could I expect to care for them? As both widows and widowers have been allowed in the correspondence circle I trust I am not out of place if so, drop me in the W.P.B.

I am not now the bright faced curly haired young man you read about, but instead some carelines are showing, and also gray hairs, but these are expected when forty years are past. Now if any one wishes to correspond with an old timer my address is with the Editor.

Wishing your paper success, I remain yours—
A Reader.

Too Bashful to write First.

Mozart, Sask. Aug. 16, 1912.

Dear Editor and Readers,—Being a very interested reader of your paper for some time and seeing that there are very few correspondents from Saskatchewan I thought maybe there would be room in the column for me. I always look forward to the coming of the new issue of The Western Home Monthly. As I find much pleasure in the Correspondence column.

I have had a steady position for three years; Clerking in a general store in a small town and I certainly find lots of enjoyment although I do not dance. There are always lots of private parties here. Where young folks can spend their evenings. If any one of either sex cares to write I will gladly answer.

I'm too bashful to write first. I may find more to write next time this is my first attempt.

Wishing The Western Home Monthly, and its readers and Editor every success I will sign myself—
Bashful Nell.

Gets Better as it gets Older.

Edmonton, Alta. Sept. 1912.

Dear Editor,—Your paper gets better, as it gets older, though like a great many more of your readers I would rather it came twice a month instead of once.

I believe you had a competition once, which caused us much brain work, it gave us great pleasure, though we did not win anything. Why don't you start another?

I am, Yours truly—
J. B. S.

Got the Western Fever.

Fielding, Sask., Sept. 1912.

Dear Editor,—I'm a subscriber to The Western Home Monthly and am a very ardent reader. In each and every branch that is constituted in the forming of this interesting magazine, I find it to be original and helpful.

After graduating from the High School, I finished a commercial course at College. Soon after the receipt of my diploma I secured a position as private secretary for a prominent minister, then I advanced and became a reporter and stenographer for an attorney.

I like the work real well but after a couple of years, I was seized by the western fever, and soon found myself located on one of the Dominion fair homesteads. I'm 24 years of age and will leave the rest to the imagination. I will say I love music and play the piano and piccolo.

Any one wishing to correspond will find my address with the editor. I wonder if I will see this in print if so it will please a—
Yankee Stenographer.

THE SECRET OF LONG LIFE.

Do not sap the springs of life by neglect of the human mechanism, by allowing the accumulation of poisons in the system. An imitation of Nature's method of restoring waste of tissue and impoverishment of the blood and nervous strength is to take an alternative glyceric extract (without alcohol) of Golden Seal and Oregon grape root, Bloodroot, Stone and Mandrake root with Cherrybark. Over 40 years ago Dr. Pierce gave to the public this remedy, which he called Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. He found it would help the blood in taking up the proper elements from food, help the liver into activity, thereby throwing out the poisons from the blood and vitalizing the whole system as well as allaying and soothing a cough.

No one ever takes cold unless constipated, or exhausted, and having what we call mal-nutrition, which is attended with impoverished blood and exhaustion of nerve force. The "Discovery" is an all-round tonic which restores tone to the blood, nerves and heart by imitating Nature's methods of restoring waste of tissue, and feeding the nerves, heart and lungs on rich blood.



MRS. DORN.

"I suffered from pain under my right shoulder blade also a very severe cough," writes MRS. W. DORN, of New Brookland, S. C., to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. "Had four different doctors and none did me any good. Some said I had consumption, others said I would have to have an operation. I was bedridden, unable to sit up for six months—and was nothing but a live skeleton. You advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. When I had taken one bottle of the 'Discovery' I could sit up for an hour at a time, and when I had taken three bottles I could do my cooking and tend to the children. I took fourteen bottles in all and was then in good health. My weight is now 157 pounds.

New Vitality for Men

USE THE

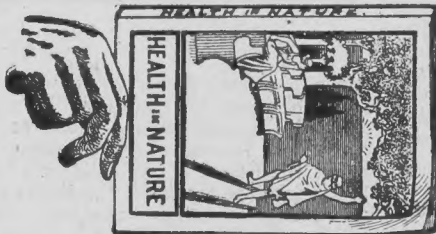
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The Home Doctor.

Sanitation in the Schoolroom.

Avis Gordon Vestal.

"We've such a lovely new school-house in our town," Mrs. Allen was enthusing to several of her hostess's friends. "It's pressed brick, with stone trimmings."

"And is it sanitary?" asked one of her hearers.

"Why, I suppose so," was the reply. Was this new building healthful? Mrs. Allen had three children shut up within its walls for six hours a day, five days in the week, and yet she only "supposed" that the conditions there were conducive to health. Do you, as a mother of school lads and lassies, caring for their health at home, know certainly whether their schoolrooms are undermining or sustaining their bodily welfare? Visit the school and see for yourself, bearing in mind the following principles:

Location: In the first place, the school should be upon dry, well drained soil, not too heavily shaded by trees. If it is not, some drainage may be effected by tiling in the yard. At any rate, when a new edifice is required, you can agitate for a more healthful situation.

Building: The old stone and solid brick walls, formerly so common, are usually damp and difficult to heat. Brick built with air spaces in the walls disposes of moisture and is a good non-conductor of heat, making a building warmer in winter and cooler in summer. Frame is also dry, but too treacherous of fire, against the spread of which great precaution should be exercised in the arrangement and materials used throughout the whole structure. If there is a basement or coal cellar it should be cement lined, if possible, or at least tile drained and with open windows. Lime or charcoal will aid in purifying the air and in dispelling moisture.

Seats: Have you not seen overgrown boys stuffed into seats three sizes too small and little girls dangling their feet from seats four inches too high? Each room should have most of its desks of a uniform size, but with several both larger and smaller ones. Better still, as soon as new ones can be purchased buy those whose seat or desk or both can be regulated in height by a lever kept in the possession of teacher or janitor. Too many cases of spinal, nervous or eye trouble are due to misfit seats.

Light: Light should be provided in abundance, through windows, and by skylights where outside wall space is limited. When practicable, arrange these windows so as to avoid direct glare in the faces of the pupils or conflicting lights from opposite directions. The area of windows should equal one-tenth to one-fourth of the floor area, depending upon the points of the compass from which light is admitted and upon the amount of shade from nearby buildings. Thus a room 20 by 30 feet has 600 square feet of floor and requires 60 to 150 square feet of light-openings. Where windows can be cut in only one wall the use of prismatic glass is helpful, for it bends the light rays so that they reach the dark sides of the room.

Cream or yellow walls are best for dark rooms because they reflect light instead of absorbing it as darker colors do. White holland shades upon rollers that can be lowered or raised by a pulley and rope are best for the schoolroom. They soften brilliant light and, when desirable, the lower sash may be shaded while the upper one admits full light. Lacking these, cheese cloth sash curtains are helpful in screening too brilliant sunshine.

Artificial lights should be installed for use on dark days, and they are worth their cost in their benefit to both eyes and discipline, which is noticeably more difficult on dark days. If gas, it should not be in flickering open jets but in Weisbach mantles, which give a stronger and steadier light with less gas. Whether gas or electricity be used the

fixtures ought not to be higher above the desks than is necessary for a grown person to pass under them, and they need dark shades above them to reflect all of the light downward instead of diffusing it through the entire room. If kerosene is used the lamps should be more numerous and thoroughly clean. Electricity vitiates the air not at all, gas mantles are next in purity, while open gas jets or kerosene requires much oxygen in burning and throw off some unwholesome gases, therefore needing more ventilation to keep the air breathable.

Heat: A cold boy is likely to be a stupid boy, for his circulation is sluggish and his brain poorly supplied with blood. Likewise, an overfed, overheated

Air: If the schoolroom be crowded, high ceilings supplement the air space. When windows alone provide ventilation it is advisable in winter to raise the lower sash by a board the width of the window and six inches high. Thus the air circulates between the two sashes at the middle of the window. Another way to avoid direct drafts upon pupils is to fit a frame the size of one sash with a canvas cover, and to insert it under the raised sash.

For efficient mental and physical activity thirty to fifty cubic feet of air per person is used every minute. Average pure air contains carbon dioxide as three parts in ten thousand; air that has been breathed has lost much of its life-sustaining, oxygen and in turn has more carbon dioxide which has been thrown off by the lungs as waste. Six or seven one-hundredths of one per cent. of it may be breathed safely, but when the proportion rises to fifteen hun-

pay for sufficient janitor service, to have the floors mopped daily with water and antiseptics and to have the dusting done with a damp cloth, frequently washed, than to pay doctor's bills, and to have suffering, even needless death, among our loved children.

Miss Henry, of Worcester, Mass., has solved the problem without expense. Each month two girls from each room are appointed to the "Health Brigade." These two come early every day for that period, don aprons and caps, and do the damp-dusting. The cloths are rinsed daily and boiled weekly. Every year eighteen little maids are helping themselves and their roommates and learning principles of neatness valuable in their mature years as homekeepers. As a result of a year's experiment she reports not a single case of contagion among 425 pupils, "the first year in the history of the school that this has been true."

Disease: Besides the diseases conveyed in dust, there are others moving from family to family via the school. Typhoid, dysentery and cholera germs lurk in impure water; see that the water is examined by a physician periodically. Mouth diseases, as diphtheria, and some poisons, also the white plague, can be communicated from a drinking cup which has touched many lips in succession. A spouting fountain, doing away with cups, is best. Failing of this, urge the use of individual paper or paraffin cups, to be burned after using, or at least of separate cups kept by each child in a box in his desk.

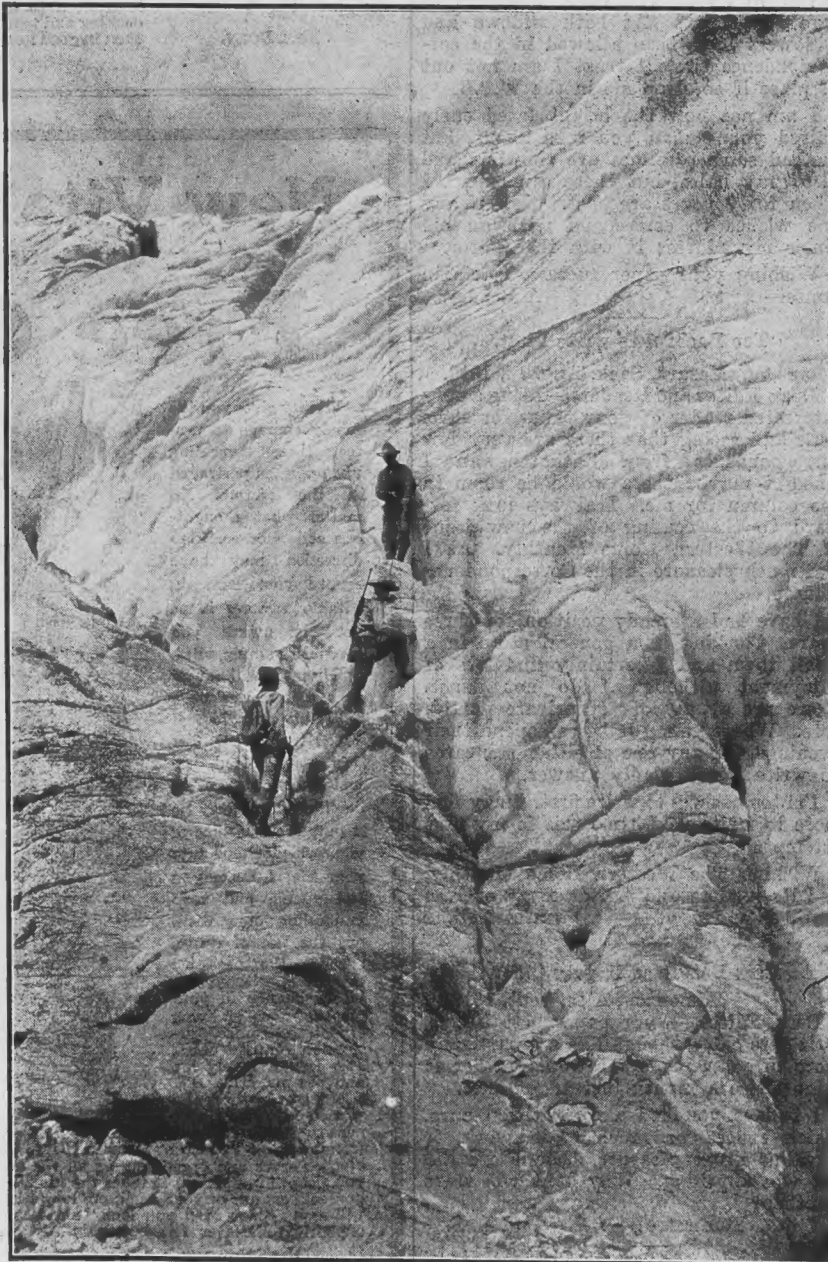
Teach the youthful learners that their mouths are for eating and speaking and not to be used as pockets for pencils, marbles, and the like, and that they should not "swap" partly eaten food or borrow each other handkerchiefs.

Knowing that the school is a natural mingling place for the germs of the community, we close them and fumigate them during epidemics which have resulted in several deaths. Why not substitute an ounce of prevention for this costly pound of cure? Fumigation might be conducted to advantage every week end, or at least monthly. Sunlight and streams of fresh air begin the purification. Burning sulphur is popular, but it is usually not in sufficient amount and it spares certain bacilli of disease. Carbolic acid, if used, should be in strong solution, applied to wooden surfaces. Corrosive sublimate is good in washing floors and walls, but injures metals. The best means of disinfection is formaldehyde gas. One pound of commercial formaldehyde (a solution of 40 per cent. in water) is necessary to be volatilized for each 1000 cubic feet of space. It is most effective when vapor is present from an open kettle of steaming water or from wet sheets hung in the room. The gas penetrates well.

Toilet Facilities: It is desirable that a healthful school should have plumbing for cleanliness and the disposal of waste. Where you have it, see that it is free from leaks and the soil pipe above the roof at least four inches in diameter at its outlet. Closets should be self-flushing and these and the lavatories should be washed daily with antiseptics to prevent the spread of skin diseases.

If you can have only the outdoor sheds, at least separate those for the two sexes by a six-foot board fence. Each building should have individual compartments and be scrubbed daily, with lime thrown often into the vaults.

Having visited your schools with seeing eyes, rejoice if they be ideal in wholesomeness! If not, as is too frequently the case — suggest needed changes to the superintendent or board of education. Many defects are remediable at slight cost. If you are told, "Changes cost money and the taxpayers are grumbling already," mention the possibility of a rearrangement of expenditures, providing for health at the expense of some less necessary feature. When radical and expensive alterations alone will safeguard your children, educate public opinion through an organization of the parents of school pupils, or through "Parent-Teacher Associations," to more generosity of school allowances.



The mountain climber's paradise.

ed child cannot do active mental work. In both cases, not "feeling like studying," the youngsters are prone to mischief. A thermometer on the wall about the height of the children's bodies best regulates the heat, the limits of 68 to 72 degrees being conducive to most efficient work. Steam or hot water furnaces best stand the test of providing sufficient warmth in zero weather or within thinly walled buildings, but they are apt to overheat in mild weather. Hot air, delivered through wall shafts supplies warmth and ventilation at once. Many of them, however, in certain phases of the wind, fail to distribute their heat equally. Soft coal stoves heat most country and village schools. With them, the floors are too cold, while the pupils on the front rows simmer as those at the back of the room endure arctic temperatures. As the combustion of the fuel in the room exhausts its oxygen, more fresh air is needed than in any other case.

dredths of a per cent., headache ensues. In both our homes and our schools the warm air is too dry. Air can take up more water vapor as its temperature rises and this should be available. An open vessel of water on the stove or radiator will evaporate the needful moisture. Wet cloths suspended to dry serve the same end. For a temperature of 65 degrees a relative humidity of 60 per cent. is proper. Colds, influenza, catarrh and pneumonia are most dangerous to those whose systems have been weakened by overwarm, dry air.

Dust: Dust from powdered soil not only irritates the sensitive mucous membranes of the throat and lungs but it carries with it untold germs of disease, as tuberculosis and scarlet fever. Smooth floors, walls, and woodwork prevent the permanent lodgement of dust. Paint or oil best finishes a floor after its cracks are well tightened or filled. Burn all the feather dust-scatterers in the school. It is cheaper to



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